



TRUE MARTIAL WORLD

BOOK 13

Cocooned Cow

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True Martial World

(真武世界)

by

Cocooned Cow

(蚕茧里的牛)

Synopsis

With the strongest experts from the 33 Skies the Human Emperor, Lin Ming, and his opponent, the Abyssal Demon King, were embroiled in a final battle. In the end, the Human Emperor destroyed the Abyssal World and killed the Abyssal Demon King. By then, a godly artifact, the mysterious purple card that had previously sealed the Abyssal Demon King, had long since disappeared into the spacetime vortex, tunneling through infinite spacetime together with one of Lin Ming's loved ones.

In the vast wilderness, where martial arts was still slowly growing in its infancy, several peerless masters tried to find their path in the world of martial arts. A young adult named Yi Yun from modern Earth unwittingly stumbles into such a world and begins his journey with a purple card of unknown origin. This is a magnificent yet unknown true martial world! This is the story of a normal young adult and his adventures!!

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Chapter 1201: Reliance

"It's really Yi Yun! How terrifying! The Myriad Immortal Pavilion offered an astronomical reward to capture him, but not a single trace of him was found. Yet, he returns in disguise? And not one person here managed to see through his disguise."

"The Myriad Immortal Pavilion has truly been fooled by him. Also, Yi Yun is able to cure the plague so easily. Didn't he also treat Dong Xiaowan back then?"

People began breaking out into a discussion. At that moment, everyone in Myriad City—be it, alchemists, doctors, warriors, the young, the old, juniors, or upper echelons of sects—had immense reverence for Yi Yun. He was simply too terrifying.

The strong were always looked up to in the martial world. If Yi Yun had been destroyed by the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, people would only have sighed and commented how the heavens were envious of geniuses. Some might even engage in schadenfreude. But now, Yi Yun had turned the tables and dealt with the Myriad Immortal Pavilion. It was completely different.

His strength, alchemical skills, and spirit made people have no choice but to respect him.

"Who is... Yi Yun?"

Skyfire Sacred Hands pricked up his brows. It was his first time in the Myriad Divine Territory, so he did not know of Yi Yun.

At that moment, Six-Fingers took a few steps forward and informed him of Yi Yun's identity. Although this was also his first time in Myriad City, he had noticed the wanted posters plastered across the city's walls. One time, he had inquired out of curiosity.

When he was informed of Yi Yun's identity and circumstances, Skyfire Sacred Hands was astounded.

"What did you say? He has cultivated for less than seven decades?"

Skyfire Sacred Hands found it unbelievable. He had cultivated for three millennia but even so, he was already an absolute genius. He was also considered a member of the younger generation in the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect.

As for the red-dressed girl, she was completely dumbfounded. She gazed at Yi Yun's true face. How did he look anything like a middle-aged man?

"He's... about the same age as me?"

The red-dressed girl found it unacceptable. If he were an old freak that had lived for many years, it made sense for her to be inferior to him. However, if he was about her age, the blow to her only left her beaten blue and black.

As she beheld Yi Yun, the youth that was the focus of attention,

she felt that she lacked the courage to look at him straight. She knew that even if the information regarding Yi Yun had been exaggerated, it could not be too far from the truth. It was a fact that he only had a cultivation level at the Dao Palace realm. His ability to match a Supremacy was something she had just witnessed with her own eyes, so how could it be an exaggeration?

...

"Well done! Very well done! You are the first person to dare despise my Myriad Immortal Pavilion in such a manner!" Si Shanhe's voice resounded through the entire pocket world, causing everyone's ears to hum.

"Today, you will definitely die no matter who tries to interfere! Now that we have you here, don't even think of leaving!" Si Shanhe's eyes emitted intense killing intent. Instantly, his clothes fluttered without a wind. He resembled a brewing volcano that was about to erupt as tremendous strength seemed ready to lash out at any moment.

Against such a threat, few people could withstand the pressure. However, Yi Yun stood in place with his hair fluttering from the domineering might, all the while remaining calm. He even looked extremely arrogant.

"You just took the words that I wanted to deliver to you. By daring to come here today, I naturally have the necessary reliance!" Yi Yun's voice was not loud but it similarly resounded through the entire area, entering everyone's ears.

"Reliance? You? No matter how much stronger you are, you only have the strength of an early-stage Supremacy. Against me, you have no way of resisting!"

Si Shanhe's voice was loud and clear, like the gongs of a war drum.

He waved his arms and a squarish seal appeared above his head. It was Si Shanhe's intrinsic enchanted artifact—"Shanhe Seal!"

It was once a nameless ancient treasure that Si Shanhe obtained in his youth. He named it after himself and, with it in hand, Si Shanhe's aura rapidly increased, completely repressing Yi Yun.

At Si Shanhe's realm, as long as he didn't release his aura, there was no way to gauge his cultivation level. As Yi Yun sensed Si Shanhe's aura, he knew that his strength far exceeded Skyfire Sacred Hands's. Although Skyfire Sacred Hands was peerless in alchemy, he had only cultivated for three millennia, whereas Si Shanhe was hundreds of thousands of years old. His cultivation level had long reached the pinnacle of his life.

But at that moment, Si Shanhe's expression suddenly changed as he looked at City Lord Qin. "Qin Zhengyang, you..."

He sensed killing intent from Qin Zhengyang!

"So that's the reason. I was wondering why this punk remains

fearless. It's because you have schemed with this little bastard to go against me? Qin Zhengyang, you may be Myriad City's City Lord but you are nothing in front of me. It was the Myriad Immortal Pavilion and the other factions that gave you the position of City Lord. If you were to publicly attack me, your days as City Lord would be over. Furthermore, you can't kill me. You will only end up dying an ignominious death!"

At Si Shanhe and Qin Zhengyang's level, it was very difficult to actually kill a comparable opponent. Even if one found themselves vastly outmatched, escape was an option, allowing for them to wait for an opportunity to seek revenge. Therefore, when the typical expert had a contentious relationship with another expert, they would not be willing to lose all decorum, much less speak of a life-and-death battle. The price would be too heavy.

"Die an ignominious death?" City Lord Qin laughed. "The one dying today is you!"

As he spoke, City Lord Qin took out a black broadsword from his interspatial ring. This two-handed sword was five-feet-long. Its blade was lusterless.

Si Shanhe narrowed his eyes. He never expected Qin Zhengyang to draw his Blackcloud Broadsword. It meant that he was absolutely serious. Wasn't he afraid that the Myriad Immortal Pavilion would seek revenge?

This thought flashed across Si Shanhe's mind when his expression changed. He sensed that the surrounding worldly laws were undergoing a subtle change.

A massive array formation enveloped a small area of space, and Si Shanhe found himself in the center of the array!

As for Qin Zhengyang, he was standing on one corner of the array.

The array formation had other corners, and there was a figure at each spot.

Including Qin Zhengyang, there were six people!

Out of these six people, only two of them, including Qin Zhengyang, had been in the pocket world the whole time. The other four had suddenly appeared.

"Guiyuan Potian! Perfected Qianhua!"

Si Shanhe looked at a colorful-robed elder. He was the Patriarch of the Guiyuan family, Guiyuan Potian.

There was a woman carrying a zither. Her hair was tied up high and she wore an ornate headdress. She was the master of Paradise Chapter's Fairy Youqin, Perfected Qianhua!

And standing not far from Perfected Qianhua was a woman in a Daoist robe who held a whisk. This Daoist nun was someone Si Shanhe had never seen before.

"Master!"

Princess White Fox was overjoyed seeing her master arrive, having not seen her in years.

The female Daoist glanced at Princess White Fox and gave her a relieved smile. She had been touring the world, but received a voice transmission from Qin Zhengyang asking her to come to the Myriad Divine Territory. Her strength was comparable to Qin Zhengyang's. She had hidden among the crowd, avoiding the probes of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion's upper echelons.

So it was that they had set up a massive trap to kill Si Shanhe!

However, despite having a powerful line-up, they still needed a good pretext for war. The Myriad Immortal Pavilion had been in business for years. It had nurtured many underlings and was a resilient behemoth. Once Si Shanhe mustered the other factions as Myriad Immortal Pavilion allies, the advantage Yi Yun and company had in this war would turn into a disadvantage.

However, Qin Zhengyang was acutely aware that these factions were simply fence sitters. They were not fully loyal to the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, but were loyal to benefits.

By letting them see that Yi Yun possessed the means to easily treat their juniors, and a limitless potential, he would act as both a massive allure and deterrence!

No faction would be willing to go up against a group of experts that included Qin Zhengyang. Furthermore, it included Yi Yun, who was bound to mature in the future.

Even the Myriad Immortal Pavilion had suffered at the hands of Yi Yun. Even the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect had been badly subdued. Skyfire Sacred Hands had even lost his Skyfire.

Against the formidable Yi Yun, as long as these Myriad Immortal Pavilion lackeys considered how much weaker they were compared to the Myriad Immortal Pavilion and the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect, they would know who to choose.

Previously, Yi Yun had taken action with the sole goal of shocking and awing the crowd. Now, with Qin Zhengyang and company taking action, he was the determining factor!

Chapter 1202: Reappearance of the God Confining Lock

"Well done! Well done! It looks like this has been in the works for a long time. All of you were planning to use today's Grand Alchemical-cum-Medical Meet to end me!"

Si Shanhe was like a trapped beast, his voice sounding maniacal.

In the entirety of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, there were only two mighty experts. One of them was Si Shanhe, and the other was a Grand Elder that was permanently in seclusion.

The Grand Elder was nearing the end of his lifespan. In terms of strength, he had already begun waning. He was not much stronger than Si Shanhe, so if Si Shanhe was killed, one of the two main pillars of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion would collapse!

"Zhou Shikang! Where are you going!?" Si Shanhe suddenly bellowed coldly. He could see the Zhou family's Patriarch, Zhou Shikang retreating in fear upon seeing the scene.

The Zhou family was considered a loyal lackey of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion. But faced with the present circumstances, he was filled with trepidation.

At that moment, Yi Yun said, "Everyone! All of you from Myriad City have had to endure the Myriad Immortal Pavilion acting like an overlord for millions of years. Today, I, Yi Yun, hereby promise

to remove your juniors' plagues so long as you don't meddle in today's battle! I have a grudge with the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, and have come today to seek revenge. I have no desire to control Myriad City. I will not intervene with any future power struggles in Myriad City."

The moment Yi Yun said that, the people that had shrunk back were even more unwilling to intervene. Si Shanhe could no longer fend for himself, and Yi Yun would become a terrifying enemy in the future. Not to mention, Yi Yun had the ability to cure the plague.

Weighing the two sides against one another, it was already obvious what these people would choose.

Zhou Shikang glanced at Si Shanhe guiltily before suddenly turning to Yi Yun and cupping his hands. He said, "This matter has nothing to do with my Zhou family!"

"Nothing? Hmph! Some amount of nothing. The idea to lure Yi Yun out with the Soul Returning Root was suggested by Zhou Baifeng!" Si Shaoyu was huddled on the ground. No one had been paying him any attention. At that moment, he roared and made everyone realize that an unlucky fool like him still existed.

Instantly, Zhou Baifeng, who was standing not far behind his patriarch, as well as his distinguished guest, Zhang Zhiyuan, had pale faces. Their entire bodies were trembling.

The situation unfolding before their very eyes was that of

everyone kicking the Myriad Immortal Pavilion while it was down. Many factions had no plans to intervene in the battle, and even actively hoped for the Myriad Immortal Pavilion to collapse. Then, they could carve up the Myriad Immortal Pavilion's territory and each have their share.

But under these circumstances, the relatively weaker Zhou family would likely be lumped in with the Myriad Immortal Pavilion if it was caught in the maelstrom.

Zhou Shikang's eyes sank. He glanced at Yi Yun, but Yi Yun wore an uncaring expression. He did not say a word.

In that moment, Zhou Shikang was filled with mixed feelings. Yi Yun had already said that he was a person that settled his grudges. And Yi Yun's future rising was no longer preventable. It was no longer a challenge for Yi Yun to become a Divine Lord. It was even very possible for him to go beyond that.

The Myriad Immortal Pavilion had already suffered as a result of this person, so what could the Zhou family do?

Zhou Shikang steeled his heart and suddenly turned around. He aimed his palms at Zhou Baifeng and Zhang Zhiyuan and struck down.

"Ah!" Zhou Baifeng cried out tragically. His abdomen sank in the shape of a palm print as blood spewed from his mouth.

He collapsed to the ground and struggled to get up. After a moment, he made a shrill cry, "My dantian!"

As for Zhang Zhiyuan, he was in a similar situation. His face showed the great pain he was in. As Zhang Zhiyuan pressed down on his abdomen, he looked at Yi Yun as though as he was watching a demon king.

"Young Master Yi, I have maimed Baifeng and his servant of their cultivations. Is this sufficient to appease your anger?" Zhou Shikang said to Yi Yun as the corners of his mouth trembled.

The Zhou family's successor was not Zhou Baifeng, but Zhou Shenyu. He was the number one genius of the Zhou family and the hope of revitalizing it. However, he was already suffering from the plague and bedridden. He was in need of treatment. Furthermore, Zhou Baifeng was also infected with the plague. He was bound to lose his cultivation, anyway. How could Yi Yun save him?

Therefore, Zhou Shikang might as well steel his heart and do the inevitable as a clear indication of his stance. In doing so, he could ensure that the Zhou family would remain safe in this treacherous storm, as well as ensure Yi Yun's treatment of the genius juniors of the Zhou family.

"Zhou Shikang, you are really a coward!" Si Shanhe spat contemptibly. Then, he looked at Yi Yun and company. His gaze was as sharp as a blade as his aura increased exponentially. "Then, let's see if you can kill me today!"

"Si Shanhe, you can only fight desperately like a cornered beast!" Qin Zhengyang said coldly.

At that moment, there was a resonating chanting that rang throughout the pocket world. It sounded sacred. Instantly, Si Shanhe's aura and soul seemed to be sealed within Si Shanhe's body.

The feeling was obvious. Everyone in the pocket world was astonished. What array formation was this?

Even Qin Zhengyang and the other five were astonished by the array formation. Although they had tried the array formation in secret, this was the first time they were using it in a real battle.

"It's really a wonder where Yi Yun obtained the God Confining Lock array!" Qin Zhengyang sighed inwardly.

The God Confining Lock array was provided by Yi Yun. It was the thing that made the group confident that they could deal with Si Shanhe.

The other large factions had array formations but in terms of strength, they were far from comparable to the God Confining Lock.

The array formation was extremely ancient, and many large factions did not even know of its origin.

In fact, this array had been borrowed by Yi Yun years ago from the Pure Yang Sword Palace. He used it to deal with the Black-armored Demon God, but later, the Pure Yang Sword Palace Sword Spirit left the God Confining Lock in Yi Yun's hands and did not ask for it to be returned. It was unexpected that it could be of use again today.

As an array formation that was hidden by Pure Yang Sword Palace owner, the God Confining Lock's strength was not to be doubted. After all, the Pure Yang Sword Palace owner had a cultivation level above a Divine Lord's. He had once slashed open a world and damaged a bronze giant in its prime!

In the lower realm, Yi Yun's allies were only able to draw forth a tiny portion of its strength. Now, Qin Zhengyang and company were jointly powering the array, making it completely different from the past.

"Si Shanhe, it is your good fortune to die under this array!" said Yi Yun.

Si Shanhe sensed that the terrifying nomological powers had confined his surroundings. It made his expression change drastically.

He was not foolish enough to battle six people alone. As long as he tried his best to find a flaw in the array, he still had a trump card that allowed him to escape. When the time came, he would be able to escape at the cost of some cultivation and lifespan. Still, it was much better than dying here.

However, the array formation was a lot more terrifying than he imagined!

At that moment, between the Heavens and Earth, shimmering golden chains that looked like they sprouted from the Heavens and Earth, chained up Si Shanhe's four limbs!

The six chains were controlled by City Lord Qin and company. The six experts' strengths were simultaneously exerted on Si Shanhe's body.

Ka Ka Ka!

The immense energy caused Si Shanhe's knees to buckle. He forcefully held up his body but even his spine produced sounds that depicted how unbearable it was for his bones.

"Yi Yun! I want you dead!" Si Shanhe's eyes were bloodshot. He suddenly burst out with all his strength as he slammed the Shanhe Seal above him at Yi Yun! At the same time, he struck out with his two palms and sent overwhelming force at the stage.

Yi Yun did not even move. At that moment, the six chains tightened simultaneously. They vibrated, causing tumultuous sounds as the chains' luster grew brighter. It formed a gigantic web that held back the Shanhe Seal!

At the same time, City Lord Qin and company attacked!

With a rustling sound, Perfected Qianhua struck out with her zither, and Princess White Fox's master waved her whisk. Immediately, it was as though millions of stars in the cosmos came surging at Si Shanhe with Perfected Qianhua's zither tunes.

At that moment, Si Shanhe's eyes turned turbid. He seemed to fall into a momentary trance.

From the start, Qin Zhengyang, or any of the other five, were on par with Si Shanhe. With the array's help, their strength was dominating.

"Attack!" City Lord Qin took a large step forward as he cleaved down with his Blackcloud Broadsword!

Across him, Guiyuan Potian and company began attacking.

Six terrifying Yuan Qi beams struck Si Shanhe from different directions. The tiny space immediately had a rush of air, as a squall stirred. Even the entire pocket world began quaking. It was as though the enchanted artifact that contained the pocket world could crack at any time.

Every one of Si Shanhe's attacks was held back by the God Confining Lock. He was unable to move and, after failing to escape the array, he had less than ten percent of his strength left. Yi Yun could easily dodge the aftershocks.

Si Shanhe watched helplessly as Yi Yun stood in front of him, but he lacked the strength to kill him.

And his strength was reduced with every wave. Even if tried to burn his blood essence in a desperate attempt, it was already too late.

To escape the God Confining Lock array, he would have had to do it when it first befell him. Now, it was impossible. Si Shanhe's resistance only turned weaker.

Hatred, indignation, and anger overwhelmed Si Shanhe. He never imagined that an overlord like him, that controlled the fates of countless weaklings, trampling over them as he pleased, would meet his end being besieged by others. And this siege was orchestrated by a junior!

"Ah!" An angry bellow, made up of countless mixed emotions resounded through the pocket world. At the same time, six Yuan Qi beams penetrated Si Shanhe's body. With an explosion, light illuminated the world and Si Shanhe, an overlord of Myriad City, turned to ash!

"It's over." Yi Yun heaved a sigh of relief. As long as Si Shanhe was dead, the Myriad Immortal Pavilion's strength would decrease drastically. In addition, the Myriad Immortal Pavilion's prestige had been dealt a severe blow. There was no way it could withstand the annexation of the combined forces of the Guiyuan family, the Paradise Chapter, and City Lord Qin. There would be numerous factions that would profit from the situation. It was even possible that large numbers of traitors would appear in the Myriad

Immortal Pavilion itself. They would take riches away and pledge allegiance to the enemy. Then, the juggernaut would completely collapse!

But although Yi Yun had orchestrated the destruction of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, he had only accomplished it by using the conflicts between the major factions in Myriad City. He had borrowed the strength of City Lord Qin and Princess White Fox's master. He himself was no match for Si Shanhe.

This was not what Yi Yun wanted. He wanted to be in complete control of his own fate. He would kill anyone who threatened him!

Chapter 1203: The Die is Cast

Seeing Si Shanhe die so easily, the factions that had once been wavering were secretly delighted. They never expected the God Confining Lock to be so formidable. Thankfully, they had not stepped forward to help Si Shanhe or they would have shared his fate.

With Si Shanhe dead, the storm that had been brewing in the Myriad Divine Territory could no longer be prevented. In this storm, new factions would arise and become stronger. There would also be older factions that would weaken or even be destroyed. Mishandling the situation could result in dire consequences.

Now, there was no doubt that the Guiyuan family and the Paradise Chapter would rise up with unassailable force. City Lord Qin's status would also increase greatly, becoming a force that held great weight in Myriad City.

Then, of course, there was Yi Yun. At the Grand Alchemical-cum-Medical Meet, he had become immensely influential. No one in the Myriad Divine Territory would dare to provoke Yi Yun. If he desired, he could even become the absolute hegemon of Myriad City in the next few centuries.

Despite not being the strongest person, he had instantly become the number one figure in Myriad City!

"Yi Yun, this is Si Shanhe's interspatial ring."

Qin Zhengyang waved his hand and obtained Si Shanhe's interspatial ring from where he died.

It was of extremely high quality. It had remained undamaged despite the potent explosion, showing how incredible it was.

As the Pavilion Lord of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, Si Shanhe's interspatial ring would obviously contain immense wealth.

However, Yi Yun shook his head and said, "I do not need the items in the ring. The assault on Si Shanhe succeeded thanks to you and the other five seniors. All I did was preside over the array, and that did not take much effort."

Aside from the Guiyuan family and the Paradise Chapter, Princess White Fox's master had deliberately cut short her travels and rushed to Myriad City to aid him, so how could he not show his thanks?

"Hahaha! Young Master Yi, you are too generous. If we decide to split the loot, then I, Guiyuan Potian will offer my share to Young Master Yi. I do not want anything!"

After obliterating Si Shanhe, Guiyuan Potian was in high spirits. From this day forth, his Guiyuan family would be able to take over most of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion's massive estate. That was the foundation of a family clan. Although he was tempted by the ring, it was better to use the items in the ring to express his good

intentions to Yi Yun. After all, Yi Yun had limitless potential.

"I do not want my share either." At that moment, Perfected Qianhua spoke out. The Paradise Chapter similarly did not mind losing a single ring.

"In that case, I'll take all the natural treasures and a small number of pills and elixirs from the ring. As for the cultivation manuals, enchanted artifacts, talisman charms, array formations, and Myriad Runes, I do not want them."

Since the Paradise Chapter and Guiyuan family were relinquishing their shares, Yi Yun did not stand on ceremony. He was only at the first floor of the Dao Palace realm. In terms of strength, he was naturally invincible against his peers, but compared to the older generation he was still vastly inferior.

"Young Master Yi, I'm Zhou Shikang and I am humbled before you. Since Young Master Yi is interested in refinement herbs, I happen to have some I can offer. I can deliver them to you as early as tomorrow, Young Master Yi. I wonder when you might be free to pay a visit to my Zhou family's residence, and in passing, take a look at the useless juniors of my Zhou family..."

Upon seeing the situation turn increasingly clear, Zhou Shikang immediately spoke up.

Although Yi Yun had mentioned that he would treat the juniors of the various large factions for free, it was only a verbal agreement. If a treatment was to happen, shouldn't he prepare

some substantial gifts? Yi Yun was now the absolute hottest thing in town! Average factions would not even have a chance of currying favor with him. So, how could he miss this opportunity to shower him with gifts?

"Alright."

Yi Yun nodded in agreement. There was no reason to reject the treasures he offered him. They could be used to refine pills.

Instantly, various factions began expressing themselves. However, Qin Zhengyang's Yuan Qi voice transmission rang in Yi Yun's ears—

"Skyfire Sacred Hands has left."

"Yea..." Yi Yun sighed slightly. He had noticed it earlier. Skyfire Sacred Hands had left the pocket world with the downtrodden red-dressed girl and the ashen-faced six-fingered youth after Si Shanhe's death.

Yi Yun did not stop them because he could not stop them.

Yi Yun was slightly weaker than Skyfire Sacred Hands in terms of strength. There was no way he could retain the trio.

And he had no right to ask Qin Zhengyang and company to take action. The assault on Si Shanhe happened with the promise of benefits for everyone, so there was no problem in that.

However, killing Skyfire Sacred Hands meant openly declaring war with the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect!

Now, Myriad City was about to undergo a major upheaval. No faction would wish to offend the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect. Nor could they afford to!

"Yi Yun, I know what you are worried about. You robbed Skyfire Sacred Hands of his Soaring Serpent flame, which means your relationship is irreconcilable. If you can't handle him, I'll help you. But, that can't occur now. There are too many people watching. If I were to kill Skyfire Sacred Hands, I wouldn't be able to withstand the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect's assault either. After Skyfire Sacred Hands is a certain distance away and in the wild, I can assassinate him. When that time comes, the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect might not know that it was done by me!"

Yi Yun was rather grateful when he heard Qin Zhengyang offer his help. This risk was not something most people would be willing to take.

However, Yi Yun shook his head. "City Lord Qin, I'm grateful for your kind intentions. However, if you were to assassinate Skyfire Sacred Hands, even if it were in the wild, it will be very easy for the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect to investigate the matter. After all, I'm unable to match Skyfire Sacred Hands and you have such a close relationship with me. It will be easy to guess who the assassin is. Furthermore, the subsequent sacking of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion requires your presence."

When he said that, Yi Yun looked into the direction where Skyfire Sacred Hands had headed. Skyfire Sacred Hands was long gone.

In fact, Yi Yun had seen Skyfire Sacred Hands crush a voice transmission charm when they began attacking Si Shanhe. It was possibly the hailing of reinforcements or the providing of Yi Yun's details to the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect.

If Skyfire Sacred Hands was killed, the blame would be on Yi Yun and he would be pursued by the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect.

And as Skyfire Sacred Hands said, Yi Yun would only be hunted by Skyfire Sacred Hands alone in the beginning. He was not afraid of him. Furthermore, he was planning on dedicating himself to cultivation, experiencing the longest seclusion he had ever had since he began practicing martial arts. He wanted to experience a leap in strength.

Now, with the overturning of the Myriad Divine Territory, and the substantial gifts from the various major factions, Yi Yun would receive large amounts of natural treasures. With the divine alchemist's heritage, Yi Yun could use these resources to the greatest extent, allowing his strength to greatly increase.

"Young Master Yi, my Guiyuan family and Perfected Qianhua have already sent men to surround the Myriad Immortal Palace. Perfected Qianhua and I will hereby bid you farewell. We will be heading to Myriad Immortal Palace to preside over the situation."

As Guiyuan Potian said this, he cupped his fists and departed with the wind. Perfected Qianhua and company followed closely behind. After City Lord Qin advised Yi Yun on a few matters, he followed the rest.

In fact, the main battleground was the Myriad Immortal Palace. Although victory was at hand, they could not be careless.

Yi Yun nodded. He had no interest in participating in the subsequent battles.

Chapter 1204: Ample Spoils of War

With his business at the Grand Alchemical-cum-Medical Meet concluded, Yi Yun returned to City Lord Manor. Over the next few days, City Lord Manor was bustling with visitors.

"All of you can go home now."

Yi Yun waved his hands at the ten-plus young elites in front of him as he spoke nonchalantly.

Over the past few days, Yi Yun had wiped out the plague. Starting with singular treatments, he eventually began treating ten-plus people a time. Many people were at a loss when they saw how Yi Yun treated the plague as simply as pouring water. It did not drain his stamina or mental strength at all. He made it look too easy.

"Young Master Yi, this is a little something from my Mystic Yang Manor. It's just a small token to show my appreciation. Young Master Yi, you must accept it."

A green-dressed girl came to Yi Yun and bowed gracefully. Her slender arms held a wooden box which opened to reveal a silvery-white bone.

Upon seeing the item, Yi Yun's brows pricked up slightly. "This is the spine of a Green Water Snake?"

Yi Yun was well-versed in the divine alchemist's notes and was

very knowledgeable. He could tell at a glance the origin of the white bone. As long as he handled it with the Desolate Heaven technique, he could refine supreme-grade relics—Green Water Lazurite—that would fortify his body and regulate his mind.

"Young Master Yi truly surpasses others in knowledge. This is the spine of the Green Water Snake! I'm really impressed that Young Master Yi is able to identify it immediately."

Yi Yun shook his head and said, "It's nothing impressive. You used Heavywater Wood to construct this box, which gave me some clues. The bones of Green Water Snake contain water-elemental essence. Without a box made of Heavywater Wood, the essence would be lost."

"Young Master Yi, you are right. My Mystic Yang Manor has been keeping this bone for many years and it seems appropriate to give it to Young Master Yi. For curing our juniors of the plague, our Manor Lord specially exhorted me to offer this spine bone to Young Master Yi. Please accept it."

The green-dressed girl's voice was gentle and soft. Just listening to her voice made one's bones turn soft.

"Then, I'll be thanking Mystic Yang Manor Lord."

Yi Yun did not stand on ceremony. It was only normal for him to receive some benefits from administering his medical treatment.

When he received the jade box, he felt his palm itch a little. He glanced at the green-dressed girl oddly. She had stretched out her slender fingers and gently grazed his palm.

Realizing that Yi Yun had looked at her, she blushed slightly and whispered, "I'm Xuan Shui'er, a disciple of the Mystic Yang Manor. If Young Master Yi has the time, he should pay the Mystic Yang Manor a visit."

Having said that, the green-dressed girl rushed to get up and ran off quickly.

She left Yi Yun in a daze. This girl was truly too bold.

At that moment, a charming laughter was heard. "Young Master Yi sure has luck with romance. Even Xuan Shui'er is flinging herself into your arms."

Yi Yun turned to look when he heard the voice. He saw Princess White Fox and Fairy Youqin walking over.

For the past few days, Perfected Qianhua had left Fairy Youqin in City Lord Manor. She had become familiar with Yi Yun, so it was actually her that made the teasing comment.

"What does that mean? Fairy, are you familiar with Xuan Shui'er?"

"No, I just know of her. Young Master Yi, didn't you save Dong

Xiaowan in the past? There was a ranking of the top women in Myriad City, and Dong Xiaowan was ranked nineteenth? As for this Xuan Shui'er, her background is far better than Dong Xiaowan's, so her ranking is rather high. I think it was fourth or fifth. That's quite impressive. And besides her, there are many of my friends who wish for me to introduce them to you."

As Fairy Youqin spoke, a faint smile suffused from her portrait-like beauty. Now, Yi Yun was enjoying great prestige in Myriad City. He was a top expert that could exceed a Divine Lord in the future, and had superb alchemical skills that destined him to be an alchemical sage. Any of these qualities would make large factions drool with envy.

If they could manage to be related to Yi Yun in any way, they would benefit forever.

Of course, to women, Yi Yun was the perfect man. Many were even willing to be his concubine.

"Yi Yun, this is something Uncle Qin wants me to hand over to you."

In order to prevent Fairy Youqin from teasing Yi Yun any further, Princess White Fox handed a jade box to Yi Yun. "This was obtained from the Myriad Immortal Pavilion's treasury."

Over the past few days, the Myriad Immortal Pavilion had been obliterated. Rats flee a sinking ship, so many Myriad Immortal Pavilion disciples had pledged allegiance to other sects or

splintered off into smaller factions. Qin Zhengyang and company had obtained innumerable amounts of riches from the Myriad Immortal Pavilion's treasury.

Yi Yun was not interested in the riches, cultivation manuals or enchanted artifacts. Naturally, they were split among the other factions. As for the top-grade natural treasures, especially treasures that could enhance one's cultivation level, Qin Zhengyang would deliver them to Yi Yun.

Although these treasures were great, Qin Zhengyang had already reached the acme of his cultivation. It was unlikely he could raise it higher, so leaving the treasures to Yi Yun ensured that they were put to good use.

"City Lord Qin really is generous. This is already the twentieth box or so. And every one he delivers is especially precious."

Yi Yun estimated that Qin Zhengyang had delivered the majority of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion's top-grade natural treasures to him.

Although these things were only an extremely tiny portion of the immense wealth the Myriad Immortal Pavilion possessed, they were very important to Yi Yun.

Yi Yun did not stand on ceremony and took the jade box. He knew that while besieging the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, City Lord Qin had kept a lot of cultivation manuals, enchanted treasures and a portion of the pills for himself. Many of them were

useless to City Lord Qin but were used as rewards for juniors.

City Lord Qin was probably intending to build up a faction of his own.

Before this, Myriad City's City Lord was not supposed to have his own faction. But now, with City Lord Qin's high prestige and Yi Yun's formless support, no one would stop him from establishing his own faction. Yi Yun was very willing to see this happen.

"Young Master Yi, with the sacking of Myriad Immortal Pavilion, the Guiyuan family and the Paradise Chapter have become the new powerhouses. Now, the businesses in the central district have been carved out anew. My master had deliberately kept the Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic and intends to gift it to you, as one of your estates."

Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic?

Yi Yun faltered for a moment. His first thought was to reject it, since he would eventually leave the Myriad Divine Territory. Even if it was a store in prime real estate, he wouldn't get much use out of it.

But on second thought, Yi Yun changed his mind. He said, "Then, thank you, Fairy Youqin. I'll accept this store."

As he spoke, he extended his hand and a tiny pagoda appeared spinning out of thin air. It was none other than the God Advent

Tower.

"Ru'er, Xiaowan, come on out."

As he spoke, Ru'er and Dong Xiaowan were transported out of the God Advent Tower. Yi Yun had already obtained all the materials needed to refine the Hollow Soul Pills, and so no longer needed Ru'er and Dong Xiaowan to take care of Ling Xie'er. However, he wanted to leave the two girls a respectable home.

"Ru'er, Xiaowan, I have a store which I want you two to help me take care of. In the future, if I ever come back to Myriad City, I'll be sure to visit."

Owning a piece of land in Myriad City was quite nice. Besides, the revenue it received would be immense.

"Ah? Store?"

Ru'er and Dong Xiaowan were still unaware of what had happened in Myriad City. They were at a loss, for they were still under the impression that Yi Yun was being hunted by the Myriad Immortal Pavilion.

"Young Master, this place is..."

Dong Xiaowan was astounded when she saw Fairy Youqin and Princess White Fox. Could this be Myriad City?

"Follow me."

As Yi Yun spoke, he led Dong Xiaowan and Ru'er out of City Lord Manor.

When the two woman saw that they were coming out of City Lord Manor without any disguises, they were somewhat dumbfounded. Had the Myriad Immortal Pavilion rescinded its pursuit of Yi Yun?

However, as they walked, they saw that many of the pedestrians on the streets recognized Yi Yun. Not only did they not tip off the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, they were even extremely polite to him.

This left Dong Xiaowan and Ru'er flabbergasted. What had happened in the span of a few months?

"Up ahead is the Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic."

Fairy Youqin said with a smile. They were already in the busiest district of Myriad City.

The magnificent Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic towered in the middle of Myriad City. However, its plaque had been removed, and replacing it was Yi Yun's 'Yun Xin Loft'!

Upon seeing the words 'Yun Xin Loft' hanging high above, Yi Yun

felt a mix of emotions. Back when Ling Xie'er's soul suddenly weakened, he was in dire need of a Soul Restoring Relic. He had borrowed eight hundred thousand Myriad Runes to buy the medicine from Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic, yet he had been schemed against by Huyan Cang and Zuoqiu Haoyu. As things were made difficult for him, Yi Yun had no choice but to leave. He only managed to save Ling Xie'er by expending half of a Soul Returning Root.

And now, Yi Yun was back here, as the new owner of the Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic.

The way things changed in the world really left one sighing.

Fairy Youqin clearly knew of Yi Yun's experience at the Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic. She said softly, "Young Master Yi, as a member of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, Zuoqiu Bo has been disposed of. As for Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic, Huyan Cang was in cahoots with the Myriad Immortal Pavilion from the start. Now, with the Myriad Immortal Pavilion destroyed, he has long surrendered. However, due to his grudge with you, my master was worried about him. She made him sign a slave contract and, as long as you refine the master contract, Huyan Cang will be loyal to Young Master Yi for a tenure of a hundred thousand years."

"He will be at Young Master Yi's disposal, and can serve the Heaven Bestowing Medicinal Clinic— Oh no, I mean serve Yun Xin Loft."

After finished her explanation, Fairy Youqin shouted, "Huyan Cang, come out."

The moment her voice faded, a reverential-looking Huyan Cang rushed out. He gave Yi Yun a bow and said, "Young Master Yi, greetings from this old slave, Huyan Cang."

Typical warriors would rather die than sign a slave contract; however, Huyan Cang was no typical warrior. He was a person that preferred life to dishonor. All he cared about was riches.

It was better to be alive than dead. At least he could still be an alchemist at Yun Xin Loft. The contract was a hundred thousand years, and Huyan Cang had quite a bit of lifespan left in him. After the hundred thousand years, he could regain his freedom.

"A hundred thousand years sure is long."

Yi Yun secretly clicked his tongue. To a warrior that had cultivated for less than a hundred years, a hundred thousand years was exceedingly long. However, to many old freaks, a punishment of a hundred thousand years wasn't considered long. It was truly quite pressing on that old man.

Yi Yun took the master contract from Fairy Youqin and casually passed it to Ru'er. He said, "Ru'er, refine the master contract. From today, you and Xiaowan will help run Yun Xin Loft. I'll come back from time to time to take a look."

"Wh...What?"

Dong Xiaowan and Ru'er widened their eyes. They were already stunned from seeing Huyan Cang run over to bow at Yi Yun while calling himself old slave.

Now, with them knowing that Yi Yun had handed them a store to run—the number one store in Myriad City—with one of the grand alchemists as a slave to Ru'er, it truly shattered their worldview.

"Young Master, what's the meaning of this!"

"That's right. How can we do a good job with you leaving such a big store to us?"

The two girls were in somewhat of a panic.

However, Yi Yun did not mind. He said, "Just try it out. If there are any difficulties, you can seek City Lord Qin's help. As for what happened over the past few days, Myriad Immortal Pavilion has already been obliterated. Now, there has been a power reshuffle in Myriad City. This store was actually claimed by the Guiyuan Family and the Paradise Chapter, but they have left it to me."

Yi Yun casually informed them of the recent happenings, leaving Ru'er and Dong Xiaowan somewhat in a daze. They were not dumb, so they knew the cost of the store. For him to receive it meant that he had played an important role in destroying the Myriad Immortal Pavilion. If not, he would not have been given such remunerations.

It was completely unbelievable. Myriad Immortal Pavilion, the hegemon of the Myriad Divine Territory, was a massive behemoth to the two girls. A few months back, the Myriad Immortal Pavilion had offered great rewards for the pursuit of Yi Yun but now, it had been destroyed...

"Young Master Yi truly has great foresight to leave such a store to sisters Xiaowan and Ru'er. Sisters, you sure are lucky. If you encounter any problems while running the store, it's not just City Lord Qin, but my Paradise Chapter would be willing to help as well," Fairy Youqin said sincerely.

She knew that many charming women in Myriad City wanted to acquaint themselves with Yi Yun, and many of them were more excellent than Dong Xiaowan and Ru'er, yet they did not get such a chance.

The two girls were truly lucky. Although they were only helping Yi Yun run Yun Xin Loft, with most of the profits going to Yi Yun, they were still helming a high position. And with Yi Yun backing them, their statuses in Myriad City would only rise. They would become members of the upper echelons of Myriad City and could truly be depicted as sparrows turning into phoenixes.

Ru'er and Dong Xiaowan knew that Yi Yun's ultimate goal was not in the Myriad Divine Territory. With all said and done, Ru'er began refining Huyan Cang's master contract.

Upon seeing this scene, Huyan Cang's face looked like a bruised eggplant. He was fine being Yi Yun's slave. After all, Yi Yun could break through to become a Divine Lord in the future or become an

alchemical sage. It wouldn't be as shameful in that case; however, Yi Yun didn't even want him. He casually left him to a maidservant beside him.

Upon thinking how he had to be a slave to a young lass for the next hundred thousand years, it was obvious how depressed Huyan Cang felt.

In the next two weeks, order in Myriad Divine Territory was reestablished. Yun Xin Loft was opened again and Yi Yun had casually refined a few cauldrons of pills. On the opening day, the crowd nearly busted down the doors.

Ignoring the fact that these were the quality pills refined by Yi Yun, people would fall over each other to buy even the ordinary pills. There was no reason other than because it was Yi Yun's brand.

Ru'er and Dong Xiaowan busied themselves with the business. Simultaneously, Yi Yun was bidding farewell to City Lord Qin and Princess White Fox.

He did not plan on leaving the Myriad Divine Territory just yet, but he was planning on entering a long, seclusive retreat. During this seclusion, he planned on refining the Hollow Soul Pills to save Ling Xie'er.

Once Ling Xie'er was awoken, the Heretical God Fire Seed would have a spirit. It would greatly enhance Yi Yun's combat strength and alchemical skills.

Now, he was in dire need for growth.

Chapter 1205: Hollow Soul Pill Completed

The Myriad Divine Territory spanned a vast area of land. A long mountain range stretched along the northern regions of the Myriad Divine Territory, and these mountain ranges were covered with primordial forests and had no traces of human activity.

In this mountainous valley, there was an amber-like lake. The water was still, allowing one to peer all the way to its bottom. It perfectly reflected the bright moon hanging in the night sky, exuding an extraordinary beauty.

"This shall be it."

Yi Yun looked at the surrounding landscape that was a model of a treasured land. Most importantly, it was quiet and undisturbed.

With a flick of his hand, the Thousand Snow flying sabers flew out like snowflakes as they formed a hurricane saber array that tore straight through the mountains and drilled deep down.

Yi Yun followed the Thousand Snow flying sabers and quickly came to a spot a hundred meters underground. Here, he used his pure Yang flames to open up a vast cave for himself.

Rooms were separated: a cultivation chamber, a herb garden, a bedroom, an alchemical lab, etc.

Following that, Yi Yun sealed the entrance and set up a

concealment array. From afar, the entrance had vanished and even the valley could not be seen. There was only a lake with clear water. There was nothing that seemed amiss.

As a finishing touch, Yi Yun distorted the space underground. He separated the cavern into an independent pocket world. High in the sky hung a pure Yang sun, and he began planting random flowers and grass. He used his spiritual energy to cause them to instantly sprout, and soon, the underground pocket world was illuminated with the sun shining gaily. Nature was everywhere in the air and it seemed like an otherworldly paradise.

Yi Yun looked at his cavernous abode with satisfaction. Without knowing it, he was now capable of opening up a pocket world of his own. There was a time when such a feat seemed impossible to Yi Yun.

The cultivation chamber, bedroom and alchemical lab did not need any further description, but the herb garden was a special place. Yi Yun had dozens of precious herbs in his possession. They had been accumulated by the Myriad Immortal Pavilion over millions of years, so much so that the old freaks of the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect would turn envious at the mere sight of these treasures.

And among the dozens of herbs, the most precious ones were inside the two jade boxes in Yi Yun's hands.

Yi Yun first set up an array formation around the herb garden before opening a box.

"Whew!"

A white beam shot out, and a tiny white deer that was about a foot tall jumped out of the jade box and burrowed deep into the ground before vanishing.

This was a Whitejade Deer Monarch Ginseng, a supreme-grade herb. Furthermore, this herb had taken form and possessed intelligence. It made it more precious than any other precious item.

In the divine alchemist's notes, it was written that one could use Whitejade Deer Monarch Ginseng to refine Nine-Colored Pills that were used to aid a Supremacy in breaking through. Although Yi Yun was only at the Dao Palace realm, his foundations were robust and he had the Azure Wood Divine Tree in him, so he could definitely use such pills to cultivate.

Although the Whitejade Deer Monarch Ginseng had vanished, the space they were in had been sealed shut by Yi Yun's array. He did not need to fret about it for it had no means of escape.

The second jade box opened up to another world. In it was an aquatic realm. Like the deer, a spiritual aqua had taken form.

Using such spiritual aqua for refinement was naturally excellent, but Yi Yun had no intentions of doing so. He planned on using the spiritual aqua to nourish the herb garden and even the entire cavernous abode. It would allow his seclusion to have adequate

amounts of spiritual energy so that the herbs could grow luxuriantly.

Yi Yun completed furnishing his herbal garden in half a day's time. Following that, he meditated in his alchemical lab for three days and three nights. After he felt that he recovered to peak condition, Yi Yun took out the Soul Returning Root he had.

All the supplementary herbs were prepared. With that, Yi Yun conjured the Divine Alchemy Cauldron.

Although it had lost its core array, it was not of great importance. With Yi Yun's present strength and the numerous supreme-grade herbs he had, refining the Hollow Soul Pills would be a sure thing.

Yi Yun took a deep breath as he looked solemnly at the herbs. He lit up the Divine Alchemy Cauldron using the Heretical God Fire Seed with one hand and threw a supplementary herb in.

In the past, using the Purple Crystal, Yi Yun could extract the medicinal essence in minutes. He had even thrown numerous herbs into a cauldron once, extracting them all together.

However, Yi Yun was especially meticulous this time. Not only did he extract each herb one at a time, he even took thirty minutes to extract every herb, ensuring that he could flawlessly extract the medicinal essence from them, without a shred of waste.

After four hours of this, Yi Yun finally began refining the main

herb, the Soul Returning Root.

The Soul Returning Root that the Myriad Immortal Pavilion had found was of better quality, but the remaining half of Yi Yun's Soul Returning Root did not go to waste. Both of the Soul Returning Roots were placed into the Divine Alchemy Cauldron and refined together.

This time, Yi Yun spent two hours refining the Soul Returning Root. Bit by bit, he painstakingly extracted each strand of essence like he was undergoing a complex surgery.

As he maintained the Heretical God Fire Seed, Yi Yun found his mental energies taxed. However, he was long prepared for this moment. He consumed a Soul Restoring Relic that he had prepared ahead of time. The spiritual aqua that had taken form had also been moved into the alchemical lab, providing him with the purest spiritual energies.

Finally, when all the medicinal essence was done extracting, Yi Yun did not rush to the completion seals. Instead, he spent an entire day carefully baking the herbal liquid using the Heretical God Fire Seed, cleansing it of all impurities.

The liquid that was about the size of a fist shrunk, becoming crystalline and resplendent, with an emerald green luster.

At this point, even if Yi Yun ended the refinement process, just the herbal liquid would be a supreme-grade liquid that could be used for restoring the soul.

But Yi Yun pressed on, and began forming his seals. Every seal was done conscientiously and meticulously. The Hollow Soul Pills needed a hundred and eight seals. With the Purple Crystal's absolute control over energy, each seal was done perfectly.

Finally—pill completion!

At this moment, Yi Yun had already consumed his second Soul Restoring Relic. He planned to complete it in one go. Be it the opportunity or the heating required, he had to grasp it perfectly.

"Peng!"

The lid of the Divine Alchemy Cauldron flew open as a green beam shot out. Yi Yun grabbed at it as he held hot pills in his hands. When he spread out his palm, he saw a total of nine Hollow Soul Pills!

Every Hollow Soul Pill had beautiful pill engravings that were formed naturally from the worldly laws.

The maximum number of Hollow Soul Pills that could be refined in one cauldron was nine. Not a single pill was missing and each of them was perfect. It could be said that this was the most successful cauldron of pills that Yi Yun had ever refined!

Upon seeing this scene, Yi Yun was delighted. He breathed out and wiped away the dense beads of sweat that had formed across

his forehead.

Finally, all his efforts had not been in vain. The supreme-grade herbs that were aged and in high demand, together with the Heretical God Fire Seed, Soul Restoring Relics, and the spiritual aqua that had taken form had facilitated such an outcome.

Hollow Soul Pills were extremely precious. They were, to date, the most precious pills Yi Yun had ever refined. With these nine Hollow Soul Pills in hand, he could finally treat Ling Xie'er. The remaining Hollow Soul Pills were also very useful to Yi Yun.

Chapter 1206: Ling Xie'er Awakens

In the tiny underground world, there was a cozily-decorated bedroom. The floor was covered with flowers that gathered around a soft bed. On that bed lay Ling Xie'er. Her tiny face was pale and her incorporeal body appeared weak.

She had been in slumber for a very long time. Despite having consumed half the Soul Returning Root, and had it nourishing her, her incorporeal body remained weak. It was as though just a tiny disturbance could scatter her into nothingness.

The way she looked only left one feeling sympathetic for her.

Yi Yun came to her side but did not take action. The Heretical God Fire Seed in his body gradually spread out, turning into wisps of azure smoke before lingering about Ling Xie'er.

After the long period of preparations, it was finally time to awaken Ling Xie'er. The Heretical God Fire Seed lingered in the form of azure smoke and seemed to be awaiting her awakening. The wisps of smoke gently caressed Ling Xie'er as though they were trying to awaken her.

Yi Yun opened a jade bottle, and immediately a medicinal aroma emanated the bedroom. Yi Yun poured out one of Hollow Soul Pills and gently opened Ling Xie'er's mouth, letting the pill roll in.

Ling Xie'er had an incorporeal body so ordinary pills were ineffective on her. However, the moment the Hollow Soul Pill

entered her body, it immediately transformed into countless light dots that dispersed throughout her body, nourishing her ethereal form.

Soon, Ling Xie'er's body suffused a thin halo. Her body turned somewhat translucent because of the halo, as though she were an ice sculpture.

Upon seeing this scene, Yi Yun did not hesitate further. He took out another Hollow Soul Pill and fed it to Ling Xie'er.

After the second pill, the halo surrounding Ling Xie'er's body turned richer. Her pale face finally took on a reddish glow after so long.

With that, Yi Yun extended his hand and a small water blob flew out from the spiritual aqua. He placed the third Hollow Soul Pill into Ling Xie'er's mouth and downed it with a mouthful of spiritual aqua. At this moment, Yi Yun felt that the soul force in Ling Xie'er's body was constantly surging forth like water from a spring. This amount of soul force was not much different from when Yi Yun first met Ling Xie'er.

Yi Yun was delighted as he immediately fed her the fourth Hollow Soul Pill.

Not only could Hollow Soul Pills awaken Ling Xie'er, they were also soul medicine that could invigorate her. They were very beneficial to Ling Xie'er's body, so Yi Yun was not stingy in using them.

With that, in the hazy white light, Ling Xie'er's body slowly floated up. Following that, she gradually opened up her eyes... as though she was coming to after a long dream. She had finally awoken.

She looked at Yi Yun, her eyes showing a look of loss.

Looking around her, she found a pleasant scene. It stood in stark contrast to the fiery lands she remembered from before she lost consciousness.

"This is..."

Ling Xie'er was taken aback. She sensed her surroundings and found that the worldly array that once trapped her no longer existed. All the scorching heat, lava, and red molten liquid had vanished. This was an independent world that seemed to be a welcoming spring. It was cozy and beautiful.

The enemies that had tortured her were no longer around. Beside her, there was only a smiling Yi Yun.

"Xie'er, you have finally awoken."

Yi Yun sighed. His years of hard work were not in vain.

"Wasn't I already..."

Ling Xie'er remembered what had happened before she lost consciousness. She knew that she was like a candle in the wind and, in that state, it was only natural that her soul would weaken till she slowly died. However, she could sense the surging soul force running through her body. It was stronger than when she was in the Sun Burial Sandsea.

"Brother Yi, did you save me?" Ling Xie'er blinked and looked at him. She noticed the remaining Hollow Soul Pills in Yi Yun's hand. A simple glance was enough for her to tell that these miraculous pills contained soul force.

"Yes, and from now on, you will not be trapped by that massive array. I have someone I intend to search for and, at the same time, I want to become stronger. Xie'er, you can accompany me if you are willing."

Yi Yun held Ling Xie'er's hands. Although she had lived for such a long period of time, she did not seem like she could grow. She still looked like a prepubescent young girl. Her hand was much smaller than Yi Yun's, but after having consumed a few Hollow Soul Pills her body was more corporeal. Her hands even had a hint of warmth.

Although the Heretical God Fire Seed had fused with Yi Yun, he did not want to force Ling Xie'er to follow him because of that. He would absolutely not stop her if she wanted to leave.

Ling Xie'er had fallen into the prolonged slumber because she

was trying to save him.

"Yes." Ling Xie'er nodded heavily and could not help but pounce into Yi Yun's embrace.

She hugged him and suddenly felt a sense of unprecedented safety. She had been on the verge of death but now she was revived. Furthermore, she had finally departed the hellish Sun Burial Sandsea, abandoning the everlasting loneliness. It made Ling Xie'er feel like she was in a dream.

She could finally see what the outside world was like.

...

While Yi Yun began his seclusion, other events transpired a million miles away, on the original grounds of the Jadewave Sect.

Ever since the Jadewave Sect moved, this place had become desolate. Especially, the World Stone mine of the Jadewave Sect, it had been sealed and destroyed. It looked no different from a ruin.

However, there were many things that could not be sealed.

At that moment deep underground, in the cold ancient ruin, a figure appeared.

It had appeared suddenly, and did not seem like it was part of the

existing world.

The figure was a red-haired man in black clothes. He looked extremely young.

He studied the primordial ruin and the densely arranged tombs, finding thousands of holes. The tombs looked like they had been plowed. All the coffins were open and empty.

"What exactly happened?" The red-haired man's voice resounded in the ruin independently.

"I sensed something happening to the demonic servants, but by the time I got here I was already too late..."

The red-haired man stretched his hand out as a cold and horrifying aura emanated out immediately, covering the entire region.

However, no matter how far his aura emanated, the red-haired man did not sense an inkling of the demonic servants' auras.

It was not yet time for these demonic servants to awaken, and even if some of them had awoken prematurely, they would be in the minority. It was impossible for them all to awaken so suddenly.

"To think that in this world, there is someone who can detect traces of the demonic servants and do such a thing... No matter who it is, this person has to die or plans will be ruined."

Even if a typical warrior were to chance upon this ruin, there was no way they could discover the demonic servants. The cemetery had been sealed by a massive array and besides, the demonic servants were hard to discover.

"It looks like the plan has to be pushed forward."

The red-haired man muttered to himself and took a step forward. Beneath his feet, strange distortions happen around space. In one step, he had crossed vast distances and soon, he left the primordial ruin.

And this whole scene was not witnessed by anyone.

The original lands of the Jadewave Sect remained silent and dead. It was as though it was a desolate land that no being had ever stepped into before.

Chapter 1207: Quasi-Sage Level

Time passed in an unfathomable fashion. In the underground world where Yi Yun entered seclusion, the days and nights could be determined from the pure Yang sun in the sky, but there was only one season. Thanks to the rich Yuan Qi, the vegetation here was evergreen.

It was truly a paradise. Ling Xie'er felt that she could live happily for the rest of time in this pocket world, especially when she looked at the idyllic scenery and thought of how Yi Yun was with her.

The only imperfection was that she almost never saw Yi Yun take a break.

Day after day, Yi Yun was constantly busy. For example, one time he had entered the alchemical lab and stayed in there for two years with the door closed.

Ever since Ling Xie'er woke up, the Heretical God Fire Seed experienced a qualitative change. It allowed Yi Yun to have even greater control over it.

Back when Yi Yun first obtained the Heretical God Fire Seed, he could only control one wisp when refining pills. Later on, thanks to the precious herb that Dong Shaoqing had brought him, Yi Yun had refined and consumed Mental Nourishing Pills. With him gaining more skill in controlling the flame, he was able to barely control two wisps of the Heretical God Fire Seed at once.

And now, after Ling Xie'er woke up, the Heretical God Fire Seed began possessing a spirit. In addition, Ling Xie'er had immense trust and reliance on Yi Yun. This was reflected in the Heretical God Fire Seed, as the flame became completely intrinsic to Yi Yun.

Now when Yi Yun used the Heretical God Fire Seed, he felt as though he had possessed it for tens of millions of years. He could control ten wisps of the flame while refining a pill without breaking a sweat.

This made Yi Yun's alchemical skills and Desolate Heaven technique increase rapidly. Therefore, over the two years of seclusion, Yi Yun began attempting to refine the sage-level pills that were recorded in the divine alchemist's notes.

Due to the great variety of pills and relics, in addition to the discovery of new pill formulas, there was no grading among lower quality pills.

However, for truly top-grade pills, there were unspoken grades. People who could refine sage-level pills and relics were considered alchemist sages.

The reason for Skyfire Sacred Hands's pride was that the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect had previously produced two alchemist sages. It was one of them that had managed to obtain the Extreme Frost-ice Flame mother flame.

These two alchemist sages determined the legacy of the Nine

Cauldron Alchemical Sect. Their work had also facilitated the exuberance of the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect.

And now, with Yi Yun obtaining large quantities of treasured herbs from the destruction of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion, he had dozens of materials, all of them extremely precious.

With these materials, the enhanced Heretical God Fire Seed, and the Purple Crystal's help, Yi Yun finally met the minimum requirement needed to attempt refining sage-level pills.

Unfortunately, he was still somewhat lacking. All he could refine were quasi-sage level pills.

This difference of a single word left Yi Yun extremely displeased. Despite having control over all sorts of favorable conditions, he could not overcome that tiny obstruction.

In fact, even in the Candle Cauldron Divine Territory, which was well-known for its alchemy, quasi-sage alchemists were already extremely honorable. They were at the level of sect masters or grand elders of a major sect.

Even Skyfire Sacred Hands himself was still far from a quasi-sage.

"Phew—"

Inside the alchemical lab, Yi Yun exhaled. He felt the pinch when

he looked at the destroyed dregs in the cauldron. Although he had tried his best to avoid using the most valuable herbs for refinement, he still found it a pity when some valuable supplementary herbs were destroyed.

Some of the supplementary herbs would make Supremacies turn red with envy. Only a person as wealthy as Yi Yun could use herbs of that grade as fodder for an experiment.

"This can't carry on. If I attempt any more, I'll be wasting too many herbs. My cultivation has been delayed and I'm still too young. I lack the preparation, so it's just too difficult to become an alchemical sage immediately!"

With this thought in mind, he glanced at the floating Divine Alchemy Cauldron. Suddenly, he had a thought.

The Divine Alchemy Cauldron was a supreme-grade cauldron. To a very large extent, it determined the success rate of pill refinement. Unfortunately, the Divine Alchemy Cauldron was incomplete!

Its quality had dropped drastically because of its missing core array.

"If... I can fix the Divine Alchemy Cauldron, then perhaps I'll be able to refine sage-level pills."

With this thought in mind, Yi Yun felt somewhat tempted.

Everything would be completely different once he became an alchemist sage. He could attempt to refine Celestial Yuan Pills, True Dragon Relics, Great Unity Luck Pills, and other sage-level pills. Then, the day of him becoming a Supremacy would not be far off.

When that time came, powers like the Myriad Immortal Pavilion would be nothing to him. There would be no need for him to borrow the strength of City Lord Qin and company. He alone could easily obliterate any foe.

Unfortunately, the Divine Alchemy Cauldron's quality was too high. In order to mend it, he needed a refinement master and an ancient mystic array. This was easier said than done.

Another year passed, and the day arrived when Yi Yun finally came out of seclusion.

Ling Xie'er missed him terribly after not seeing him for so long.

"Brother Yi, why did you enter seclusion for so long? What did you do?" Ling Xie'er was somewhat clingy to Yi Yun. She had already run over to him and warmly held his arms.

Yi Yun smiled as he ruffled Ling Xie'er's tiny head. He did not say anything, but instead took out a number of bottles.

All the top treasured herbs that were swept away from the

Myriad Immortal Pavilion had now been transformed into pills by Yi Yun.

Among them were nearly a hundred pills at the quasi-sage grade! As for pills that were slightly lower in grade, there were more than a thousand of them.

Although Yi Yun still lacked the ability to refine sage-grade pills, it did not stop him from using them. Without saving anything, he refined all of them.

Although it was a little wasteful of the medicinal essence, it was still an acceptable trade-off. After all, treasured herbs were meant to be used. If he ran out in the future, he could always search for them again. However, if his time and potential were wasted, they could never be gotten back. Now, Yi Yun was trying to increase his strength at all costs.

"So many pills!" Ling Xie'er said in astonishment.

"Yes. Unfortunately, my alchemical skills are lacking. I wasn't able to refine the best but I can make do with these."

If other sects heard Yi Yun's nonchalant reply, they would probably cry.

Such a batch of pills was worth more than the combined pill rooms of several large factions. Even if they had the same treasured herbs as Yi Yun, they would still need to plead with

other refinement sects to refine the herbs for them. Even then, if they managed to hire someone to do so, the result would be at Skyfire Sacred Hands's level. The quality of the refined pills would be far inferior to Yi Yun's.

Yi Yun chose about a dozen soul nurturing pills from his stash, including the remaining Hollow Soul Pills, and handed them to Ling Xie'er.

"Xie'er, it's time you began cultivating."

"Cultivating?" Ling Xie'er was a little lost when she heard that term. Ever since she came into being, over her hundreds of millions of years of existence, she had never cultivated.

"Yes. The more you cultivate, the stronger your soul will be. Your incorporeal body will also become harder to damage. Furthermore, the spirituality of your true form, the Heretical God Fire Seed, will also become stronger. It will be easier for me to control it, allowing me to attempt even higher grade pills."

Ling Xie'er was taken aback momentarily when she heard Yi Yun's words. "My cultivation will help Brother Yi?"

"Yes. Xie'er, after you woke up, my ability to control the Heretical God Fire Seed had increased severalfold."

"Alright, I'll cultivate then." Ling Xie'er nodded heavily. Her raven-black eyes seemed to sparkle.

Chapter 1208: Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon

After Ling Xie'er began her cultivation, Yi Yun entered another cultivation chamber.

The cultivation chamber was spartan. There was only a stone bed situated in the middle of a patch of spirit grass.

Yi Yun sat on the stone bed and spent a few days attuning himself, before finally coming out from the state of refining pills.

When his mind was completely calm, and it felt as though he was the only person left in the world, Yi Yun stretched his hand out and wiped across his interspatial ring, taking out a shiny piece of paper.

It was the remnant page of the 'Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon'!

This was given to him by his master, Felicitous Rain Lord, before they separated. Felicitous Rain Lord had once said that trying to learn the 'Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon' would be more harmful than beneficial if one lacked the strength.

Now Yi Yun was at the first floor Dao Palace realm, and was capable of escaping unscathed from Supremacies. He had the Azure Wood Divine Tree and Heretical God Fire Seed inside him, so he could now safely attempt it.

The stronger the cultivation technique, the faster it would be to cultivate. It would become immensely powerful after mastering it. The same attack would have a completely different effect if it was powered by a different cultivation technique.

The 'Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon' was a supreme-grade cultivation technique of the 12 Empyrean Heavens. Countless people would go mad to grasp even a single remnant page of it. A bloody storm would be the only result.

Yi Yun placed the remnant page in his palm and gently moved it up.

Immediately, the remnant page flew up and floated in midair. Following that, it emitted a dazzling golden light, bathing the tiny cultivation chamber with the golden light.

At the same time, formulations began surging into Yi Yun's mind.

"The remnant page of the 'Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon' is most suitable for the Fey, but I have a Heaven Devouring Wurm bloodline. In addition, I have the three-legged Golden Crow and Nine Neonate as my totems. I can cultivate this cultivation technique!"

Yi Yun closed his eyes before suddenly opening them again.

In his eyes, there was a resplendent starry sky but it also seemed

like a sun was rising.

Large amounts of Yuan Qi surged towards Yi Yun. Slowly, golden runes began to appear on Yi Yun's body. On careful inspection, these golden runes were nomological lines.

The laws swirled around Yi Yun and appeared on his skin, as though they were fusing into his flesh and blood.

Countless golden runes gradually filled the entire cultivation chamber. As they circled Yi Yun in a profound manner, they emitted terrifying nomological fluctuations.

And in the middle of all these laws, Yi Yun sat on the stone bed with his top completely destroyed. Throughout his body, on his warm-as-jade skin, there were nomological lines everywhere. They seemed to be another layer of golden skin that was extremely glaring.

Nomological runes flashed across Yi Yun's eyes in an indescribable manner.

While Yi Yun was enveloped by the fascinating nomological runes, time flowed away like rapids. Unknowingly, the Golden Crow and the Nine Neonate totems appeared. Even the Azure Wood Divine Tree's phantom image appeared behind Yi Yun's body.

The Golden Crow and Nine Neonate circled the Azure Wood

Divine Tree in flight as they cried out with voices that could reach the highest heavens. The phantom image of the Tang Valley with Fusang emerged behind the Azure Wood Divine Tree as well.

A brand new world seemed to appear behind Yi Yun, and he was the absolute hegemon of all order in this world. He held the natural laws in his hands.

In his cultivation that had no inkling of time, Yi Yun seemed to enter a mystical space. He had never experienced such phenomena when cultivating any other cultivation technique.

The nomological runes imprinted themselves into his skin, flesh, and blood. All of these were clearly reflected in Yi Yun's perception.

It felt more astonishing than being reborn into a new body.

Yi Yun immersed himself in cultivation, completely forgetting the external world.

The underground world was extremely safe. Ling Xie'er was also cultivating so there was nothing that needed his attention.

...

Myriad City.

After the tumultuous changes of a few years back, Myriad City had changed completely.

The only thing that didn't change was that it remained the central trading area of the Myriad Divine Territory. It was still flourishing immensely.

Warriors constantly streamed in from the various areas of the Myriad Divine Territory or even other Divine Territories.

The moment they came out of the teleportation arrays, they would eagerly enter Myriad City.

"I heard of a Yun Xin Loft in Myriad City that is extremely famous for the pills it sells. I'm here this time to buy some medicine."

"I'm not here to buy medicine. I'm only interested in taking a look to broaden my horizons. I heard that the true owner of Yun Xin Loft is Yi Yun. He was the one who led the destruction of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion."

"I know that too. That Young Master Yi is truly a legend."

Yi Yun!

Behind this group of people, a man wearing a hood came to a sudden halt when he heard Yi Yun's name.

He looked at the distant Myriad City's skyline and his eyes flashed with killing intent.

The hooded man did not enter Myriad City and instead appeared on a mountain not far away.

After ensuring that there was no one around, he removed his hood.

If Yi Yun was here, he would have immediately recognized this person to be Skyfire Sacred Hands.

Back at the Grand Alchemical-cum-Medical Meet, Skyfire Sacred Hands had escaped but, after returning to his sect, he had been punished for losing the Soaring Serpent Skyfire and the loss of the Extreme Frost-ice Flame child flame of another disciple.

Even worse, he lost to a junior that had cultivated for less than a century in alchemy. Yi Yun had caused him to suffer immense ridicule. He felt that his confidence had been completely shattered by Yi Yun. With his Skyfire snatched away, his strength and alchemical skills had dropped drastically. As long as Yi Yun still drew breath, he could not eradicate the mental demons that plagued him.

Yi Yun himself was only at the Dao Palace realm. Skyfire Sacred Hands had prepared a particular item to deal with Yi Yun. He was confident that even if he unexpectedly failed to kill Yi Yun, he would be able to snatch away Yi Yun's flame.

Yi Yun's special flame left him with a sense of yearning.

However, when Skyfire Sacred Hands rushed back to Myriad City, Yi Yun had already entered seclusion. He had spent several years searching for him, but failed.

Although Yi Yun's whereabouts were unknown, Skyfire Sacred Hands remained very patient. He believed that he would be able to wait until the day Yi Yun appeared.

"Yi Yun, you only managed to drive the evil spirits away and cure the plague because of that special flame! When I rob you of your flame, you will have nothing and I will further my journey towards becoming an alchemical sage!" Skyfire Sacred Hands muttered to himself with a heavy and sinister expression.

The humiliation he had suffered felt like it was about to erupt and explode. He needed to vent it. Yi Yun had become a legendary figure of Myriad City and everyone extolled him. As for him, he had become like a despised tramp.

But at that moment, a voice suddenly sounded from behind him. "A very intense sense of hatred. Why don't you tell me in detail?"

Skyfire Sacred Hands's body stiffened.

Who had managed to silently appear behind him without his detection?

Skyfire Sacred Hands's figure immediately flew far away before turning around. He realized that there was a red-haired man standing in front of him only a few steps away.

The red-haired man looked at him apathetically. "I've been watching you for a long while. I have heard the name Yi Yun several times over the past few years. You seem to have a grudge against him? It's best you do not act foolishly. Although I have yet to recover to my peak state, you can still be easily defeated."

"Who... who are you!?" Skyfire Sacred Hands was overwhelmed by alarm. The person spoke strangely and his actions effused oddness!

In front of the red-haired man, Skyfire Sacred Hands felt his soul repressed. The man had followed him for several days without him noticing!?

"I will not repeat my question again. Tell me about Yi Yun!" The red-haired man spoke again.

Skyfire Sacred Hands had a feeling that if he did not answer him, the red-haired man would immediately attack.

Chapter 1209: Crisis

Against the red-haired man, Skyfire Sacred Hands felt his vibrancy clamping up. There was no room for resistance. He was a proud man, but against the red-haired man he could only submit. The pressure exuded by this man was just too great.

He told the red-haired man everything he knew.

"Oh? He's able to easily remove the plague with a Dao Palace realm cultivation level?"

"Yes, I was unable to do a thing to the evil spirits. The way he easily removed them is inexplicable." Skyfire Sacred Hands did not dare to even breathe more than was necessary.

The red-haired man stroked his chin and pondered. How could a Dao Palace realm warrior eliminate the demonic servants without harming the possessed?

Yi Yun appeared to have some secrets.

"What are you hiding from me?" The red-haired man's voice suddenly changed. At the same time, Skyfire Sacred Hands felt all the blood circulating through his body freeze. He found it difficult to breathe.

"No...nothing..."

Skyfire Sacred Hands said those words with great difficulty, but then he suddenly felt his dantian rapidly freezing. If this continued on, he would be maimed of his cultivation.

"It's... it's a flame... He has a type of... strange flame... He must have used the flame... to burn the evil spirits..."

Skyfire Sacred Hands struggled with all his might to say those words. Finally, he was released by the red-haired man. As he held his neck, Skyfire Sacred Hands took in deep gasps. He was nearly crippled of his cultivation just a moment ago.

"Fire?"

The red-haired man fell into deep thought. He did not know of any flame that could easily burn the demonic servants without harming the dantian of the possessed.

All of this could be ascertained, but only when Yi Yun was captured.

He glanced at Skyfire Sacred Hands and said, "You are of no use to me anymore. I'll give you two choices. Dedicate your life soul to me, or you die!"

Upon hearing the red-haired man's words, Skyfire Sacred Hands's face turned pale. He knew that there was no way he could escape today's calamity.

As a genius alchemist of the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect he had his own pride, so how could he easily give up his life soul?

"Do not think that you will be at a loss by submitting. In several more years, the 12 Empyrean Heavens will cease to exist, and it will instead be ruled by my race! My race's power is not something you can imagine. If I weren't so lacking in manpower, I wouldn't bother to give you a chance. I do not want to continue with this nonsense. I'm giving you thirty seconds to consider. If you submit, you will obtain greater strength, allowing you to kill your enemy. Otherwise, you will die now!" The red-haired man said indifferently, causing the corners of Skyfire Sacred Hands's mouth to twitch.

The 12 Empyrean Heavens would no longer exist? What a joke!

He looked up at the red-haired man. Although this man currently had him seized by terror, Skyfire Sacred Hands sensed that he was only at the Supremacy level. There were still Divine Lords above him, and even mightier existences beyond that. The person in front of him was definitely not capable of wiping out the 12 Empyrean Heavens.

From what he gathered from the red-haired man's words, the race he belonged to had even more powerful existences. They had been lurking around somewhere without anyone knowing.

Where did they come from? Could it be the Sinkhole?

For some unknown reason, Skyfire Sacred Hands suddenly

thought of the evil spirits Yi Yun destroyed. The sudden appearance of the evil spirits, the ancient ruins, as well as the red-haired man's inquiry about the evil spirits, caused him to make several connections.

"Those evil spirits were reared by your race?" Skyfire Sacred Hands suddenly realized the possibility and asked.

"You are rather smart. Indeed, the demonic servants are members of our race. However, it doesn't matter if they are destroyed. Although I'm somewhat interested in the Yi Yun you mentioned, I am not worried by him. Our might cannot be obstructed. He is only a special ant to our race."

As the red-haired man spoke, he extended his hand. His fingers spewed black gas, as though he was about to suck away Skyfire Sacred Hands's soul.

Skyfire Sacred Hands no longer had a choice. His intuition told him that many of the things the red-haired man said were true. If that was the case, then pledging allegiance to the red-haired man was indeed an opportunity for him to become stronger. Furthermore, with his Soaring Serpents Skyfire robbed, him suffering a drop in status in the sect, and the mental demons that still plagued him, he had no future as he was now.

"I... submit!"

Skyfire Sacred Hands said the words heavily. Each word took all his strength.

...

The days and seasons passed by quickly. Twenty years had passed since Yi Yun first began his seclusion.

The entrance to Yi Yun's seclusion cavern had been covered in layers of sand. Vegetation grew on top of it and, even if the concealment array had been removed, nothing seemed amiss.

Twenty years was like a snap of a finger to most warriors. However, it was extremely long for Yi Yun. Before this, Yi Yun had only been in a one-time seclusion for eighteen years in the Primordial Empyrean Heaven's trials.

Yi Yun left the Tian Yuan world in his thirties and spent twenty years with the Luo clan upon arriving in the 12 Empyrean Heavens. Later on, he became a disciple of Felicitous Rain Lord and spent four years manifesting his Dao before heading to the Azure Wood Great World, witnessing the battles between the Divine Lord and the bronze giant. By the time he came to the Sun Burial Sandsea in the Yang God Empyrean Heaven, Yi Yun was about sixty.

After experiencing growth in the Central State Divine Territory and the Myriad Divine Territory, Yi Yun entered seclusion once again, and his cultivation was nearing a hundred years.

During the twenty years of seclusion, Yi Yun expended most of the quasi-sage pills and relics he had. The expenditure rate was terrifying.

Even a large sect like the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect would keep quasi-sage level pills as the best pills in their treasury. They would have a scant few sage-level pills, and those would be considered a cornerstone item of the sect, guarded by the sect master or grand elders.

Under such circumstances, a core disciple of the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect enjoying a few quasi-sage level pills or relics by a hundred years would be impressive. However, Yi Yun had eaten about eighty pills within twenty years.

Now, there were large amounts of medicinal essence within Yi Yun's body that had not been refined. However, he did not mind. He ate another quasi-sage Dao Palace Manifestation Pill and began refining it.

Such a consumption rate would be seen as destroying heaven's treasures to the disciples of other factions. If they obtained a quasi-sage level pill, they might enter seclusion for a decade or two to absorb it clean, without wasting one bit. Even if they did want to eat more, they might not even be able to completely digest them.

However, Yi Yun had the Azure Wood Divine Tree in him that needed to grow. The speed at which he expended pills was not something other geniuses could compare to.

Now, Yi Yun's Azure Wood Divine Tree had grown to more than two hundred feet. The Azure Wood Divine Tree had already fused with the Nine-treasured Dao Palace, so the two grew together.

Every hundred feet the Azure Wood Divine Tree grew, Yi Yun's Dao Palace would increase another floor, which also meant him breaking through a subrealm of the Dao Palace. Now, Yi Yun was already at the third-floor Dao Palace and was taking his first steps towards the fourth-floor.

However, Yi Yun did not know that during his seclusion, the Myriad Divine Territory and even the entire Yang God Empyrean Heaven was facing a massive crisis.

Three years ago, City Lord Qin had begun sending out many people to secretly search for Yi Yun. However, no one knew where Yi Yun had secluded himself. The Myriad Divine Territory was huge, so searching for one person was like finding a needle in a haystack. There was no way to even begin...

Chapter 1210: Uninvited Guest

Myriad City, Yun Xin Loft—

During Yi Yun's twenty-plus years of seclusion, Yun Xin Loft gradually grew until it became the biggest medicinal clinic in Myriad City.

Most of the growth was obviously thanks to the Paradise Chapter, the Guiyuan family, and City Lord Qin's guidance, but it was also partially thanks to Dong Xiaowan's aptitude towards management.

Yi Yun had left Yun Xin Loft to the two girls—Nangong Ru'er and Dong Xiaowan. Ru'er was indifferent to fame or profit and wasn't great at management, but Dong Xiaowan was rather talented in this aspect. Over the years, Yun Xin Loft had even opened up two branch stores, one selling weapons and another talisman charms.

Without Yi Yun, Yun Xin Loft was naturally lacking in amazing pills and medicine. But in the sale of ordinary pills, they were able to ensure quality for a reasonable price. They also had a very good reputation among customers.

This was especially true a number of years ago, when many major factions in Myriad City had jointly organized a Treasure Appraisal Meet in which the Yun Xin Loft dazzled and played a huge role. As a result, the two female bosses of Yun Xin Loft, Dong Xiaowan and Ru'er, became highly respected.

At this moment, on the second floor of Yun Xin Loft, there was a middle-aged man who wore a hat. He was guarding a door.

His name was Li Zhong, a six-floor Dao Palace realm expert. Although Dao Palace realm experts were numerous in Myriad City, high-floor Dao Palace realm experts were relatively uncommon. After all, upon becoming a Supremacy, one could become an Elder of a major faction.

However, Li Zhong was only head of the guardians in Yun Xin Loft. It was a good job, the pay was good and it gave some status. Li Zhong owed Dong Xiaowan for the position. In his youth, he had been Dong Shaoqing's personal guard and had watched her grow up.

Now, Yun Xin Loft was about to close for the day. The noisy hall on the first floor also finally fell silent. Li Zhong was standing guard outside a suite. For a head guardian to guard a door naturally meant that the guest inside was extraordinary.

Li Zhong already knew that Paradise Chapter's Fairy Youqin had come. She was discussing various matters with Dong Xiaowan.

There was no need to elaborate on Dong Xiaowan's status in Yun Xin Loft. Everyone treated her with respect. As for Fairy Youqin, she was designated as the successor of the Paradise Chapter. Now, Fairy Youqin enjoyed an extremely high status which could only be matched by Fairy Wuxia.

"Xiaowan, I heard that a plague similar to the one that happened

two decades ago has broken out in the neighboring North Mystic Divine Territory. Many geniuses are unable to cultivate and many of their lives are at stake."

Fairy Youqin looked like she had many worries on her mind. She was in no mood to drink the excellent Five-colored Iceheart tea despite holding a cup of it in her hand.

"Isn't that news from a year or two ago? Why are you mentioning it again now?" Dong Xiaowan looked up and asked.

"It is old news, but recently there is talk that the evil spirits within the possessed geniuses have finally matured. Those geniuses have died and turned into sinister beings. Not only has their strength increased severalfold, they also became cold-blooded and ruthless. They are no different from monsters."

Fairy Youqin's words chilled Dong Xiaowan's heart. The thought of a genius being a vessel for the breeding of an evil spirit before turning into a monster sounded terrifying and sinister. It sent a chill down her back.

"Will this plague break out again in our Myriad Divine Territory?" Dong Xiaowan asked with a frown.

The North Mystic Divine Territory was also a large Divine Territory and had forces no weaker than the Myriad Divine Territory. However, against the strange plague, all the mighty figures of the North Mystic Divine Territory were helpless.

"I heard that people from the North Mystic Divine Territory have already learned of Young Master Yi's capabilities from our side. They are now in search of him. Furthermore, the city lord has clearly become more nervous in the recent days. City Lord Qin has also been secretly searching for Young Master Yi but to no avail."

When Fairy Youqin said that, Dong Xiaowan shook her head gently. "Miss Youqin, I know your intentions. I mentioned before that if Young Master were to pass me even the slightest bit of information, I will inform you immediately. However, he is in seclusion and it will be a very long one. He said as much before he left. When he comes out of seclusion he will easily cure the plague, even if it has spread to us."

Ever since the Grand Alchemical-cum-Medical Meet of two decades ago, Yi Yun's prestige was rooted deep in the hearts of many, Dong Xiaowan included. She was absolutely confident when it came to Yi Yun.

However, Fairy Youqin shook her head when she heard Dong Xiaowan. Her instinct told her that the plague wasn't that simple. It seemed like a dark cloud was gradually shrouding the entire Myriad Divine Territory.

"Let's hope Young Master Yi will come out of seclusion as soon as possible and rid us of the plague..."

Just as Fairy Youqin was mentioning her wish, she heard an explosive sound. Following that, there were crunching sounds.

Fairy Youqin was alarmed as she stood up from her seat, scanning the region outside with her perception. When she sensed it, her expression immediately changed.

Outside Yun Xin Loft, there was a hooded man floating like a night owl in midair. Beneath his feet was a shattered plaque. The Yun Xin Loft plaque that had been hanging for two decades had been smashed by this hooded figure!

"Who is it!?" Dong Xiaowan was enraged. All these years, not one person dared to make trouble in Yun Xin Loft. Yet now, someone had directly destroyed Yun Xin Loft's plaque.

"Who doesn't want to live any further!?"

At that moment, the guardian Li Zhong had charged out. He brought with him a group of Yun Xin Loft guardians. Their jobs were typically rather relaxed and today was the first day they were encountering trouble.

However, just as they came into contact with the hovering man, they felt like they had struck an invisible wall of air. Their bodies not only tightened, but they were also rapidly repelled.

"Bam! Bam! Bam!"

The guardians were thrown back into Yun Xin Loft like cannons, crashing through many walls and shelves. Some even shot through the entirety of Yun Xin Loft and came out the other side. Their

bodies were covered in blood!

"Uncle Li!"

Dong Xiaowan rushed to Li Zhong's side in a few steps. When she extended her hand out to test for Li Zhong's pulse, her expression turned ugly. That one strike was enough to break nearly all of Li Zhong's bones. Even his meridians had been mostly maimed. Although Li Zhong still had breath in him, he had suffered injuries that were equivalent to maiming half his cultivation level. In the future, his strength would only drop and would never increase. Perhaps he might not have a few hundred years to live.

"Miss, quick... quick leave. Inform City Lord... City Lord Qin."

Li Zhong said those words with great difficulty as blood constantly spewed out of his mouth. He knew that he was nearly crippled, but at that moment his focus was on Dong Xiaowan. In the Jadewave Sect, Dong Xiaowan was the heir apparent.

At this moment, Fairy Youqin had also appeared beside Dong Xiaowan. She had immediately sent a voice transmission to the upper echelons of Paradise Chapter.

However, she was acutely aware that the black-cloaked man, with his strength, could absolutely cause irreparable damage before the upper echelons of the Paradise Chapter reached them. Fairy Youqin did not know if she could withstand him.

"Where's Yi Yun? Tell me where he is!"

The hovering figure issued an extremely jarring voice.

Chapter 1211: The Power of the Evil Spirits

Faced with the man's interrogation, no one spoke a word. There were many people gathered in the vicinity of Yun Xin Loft, watching the sudden turn of events.

Ru'er was in the backyard and rushed out when she heard the commotion. However, she was held back by Dong Xiaowan. "Ru'er, go back. Don't come out!"

In terms of strength, Ru'er was the weakest.

"So it's the two of you. I know you. You are Dong Xiaowan, the principal herb. You are in charge of the management of Yi Yun's store."

"And you, you must be Fairy Youqin. You were also involved in the destruction of the Myriad Immortal Pavilion."

The cloaked man's voice was harsh on the ears. He clearly knew a lot about Yi Yun.

At that moment, Fairy Youqin's gaze penetrated the shadows of the man's hood and saw half his face.

It was an extremely pale face that suffused blood specks. The blood looked like it had oozed out beneath the man's skin, giving him a gruesome and horrifying appearance.

Fairy Youqin's heart tightened. The face looked somewhat familiar!

"You... You are... Skyfire Sacred Hands!?"

Although he had changed drastically, the contours of his facial features had not changed much. He was undoubtedly Skyfire Sacred Hands!

Upon hearing Fairy Youqin's words, the man guffawed.

"To think someone still remembers me. Hahaha! It feels great being remembered!"

"You are right. It's me!"

The man removed the hood and his pale, blood-speckled face left people tingling.

Was he really Skyfire Sacred Hands!?

There were many people present that had witnessed the Grand Alchemical-cum-Medical Meet two decades ago. Back then, Skyfire Sacred Hands looked high-spirited. Many of the major factions of Myriad City had to treat him with absolute respect. Later on, Skyfire Sacred Hands had faced failure in the form of Yi Yun and was robbed of his Skyfire. However, his status remained lofty and unreachable to ordinary people. Who could have imagined that he would have transformed into such a state after two decades?

"You... cultivated in some heretic technique? Or..."

Fairy Youqin could tell that not only had his aura and appearance changed after two decades, Skyfire Sacred Hands's strength had also greatly increased. To increase his strength in such a short period of time to such a state was definitely not something accomplishable through orthodox means.

"Although Yi Yun did rob you of your Soaring Serpent Skyfire, you did not lose everything. To seek revenge on Yi Yun, you turned yourself into this thing that's neither man nor ghost. Was it worth it?"

Fairy Youqin questioned him with a forceful tone. She could even sense a cadaveric aura from within Skyfire Sacred Hands's body.

Skyfire Sacred Hands immediately laughed out loudly. "Yi Yun!? What a joke! Is he worth my actions? The only thing of worth is unlimited power!"

"I am glad I made this choice years ago. Now that I have finished my seclusion after nearly two decades, my lifespan has been extended by ten times and my strength has increased exponentially. All of this is beyond what you ants can imagine!"

"I only want to kill Yi Yun to rid myself of mental demons. That is all! By the way, the Myriad Divine Territory will be mine. From the moment I came out of seclusion, your destruction was already destined!"

As Skyfire Sacred Hands spoke, he glanced at Yun Xin Loft and a sinister smile suffused his lips. "This store is such an eyesore. I'll start by demolishing it!"

As Skyfire Sacred Hands spoke, he swiped his hand, causing Yun Xin Loft to vibrate vigorously. It looked as though it was about to collapse.

"You!" Dong Xiaowan turned anxious. This was a medicinal clinic that Yi Yun had left her to manage. She had put twenty years of time and effort into making it flourish. It had now become the biggest medicinal clinic of Myriad City.

Although Dong Xiaowan did not mention it, deep in her heart, she always remembered what Yi Yun said before leaving. She knew that Yi Yun would return to take a look and yearned for that day to come. She wanted to show him a completely different Yun Xin Loft when he returned. Despite knowing that Yi Yun was not overly concerned with this estate of his, she wanted to do her job well, satisfying him.

But now, her twenty years of hard work was about to be destroyed by a casual strike from Skyfire Sacred Hands!

Boom!

Yun Xin Loft began collapsing as large pillars began falling, smashing into the shelves. Pill bottles crashed to the ground, shattering upon impact.

Upon seeing this scene, Dong Xiaowan felt her heart bleeding!

She knew she could not stop any of this. She looked furiously at Skyfire Sacred Hands with a stare that seemed to penetrate him!

"Lass! I sense immense killing intent from your eyes. Against my strength, you, a mere Dao Manifestation warrior, can actually produce killing intent. Good, very good!"

Skyfire Sacred Hands grinned hideously when he said that. "Since you are Yi Yun's subordinate and Yi Yun can remove the plague, I'll plant a new demonic servant in your body. Let's see if Yi Yun can remove it or not!"

As Skyfire Sacred Hands spoke, he struck Dong Xiaowan with his palm!

The strike seemed to shroud the entire world. Instantly, dark clouds shrouded the sun as demonic aura surged. People could see an evil spirit howling from Skyfire Sacred Hands's palm!

It looked like a human face that was squirming in pain as though it wanted to devour everything.

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

When the demonic wind passed through her body, the Yun Xin

Loft behind her exploded completely, blasting apart into endless rubble! People that were close to it were injured by the flying shrapnel. They collapsed to the ground amid cries.

Dong Xiaowan was in the middle of all of this. She received the full brunt of the howling evil spirit!

She stood still, not because she didn't want to dodge but because she knew it was impossible for her to do so.

"Phew—"

The evil spirit entered her body as she grunted painfully. Her body retreated rapidly as the color in her face drained.

An evil spirit had entered her body before so she was very familiar with the feeling. However, the evil spirit in her body now was more than a hundred times more powerful than before!

"Evil spirit! You can control the evil spirits! As a disciple of the Nine Cauldron Alchemical Sect, you are actually willing to degenerate yourself, selling your souls to the evil spirits!?" Fairy Youqin shouted. She had sensed a familiar aura from Skyfire Sacred Hands's body, and now she realized it was the power of the evil spirits!

"Sold my soul to the demonic servants? What a joke!" Skyfire Sacred Hands looked at Fairy Youqin. "You are very interesting. In your dantian, it seems like there are remnants of a demonic

servant. Why? Was Yi Yun unable to completely remove the demonic servant in your dantian, or did he deliberately leave some of the demonic servant's strength behind, allowing you to raise your strength by refining it?"

"Well done, very well done. Since you have such spirit to use the demonic servant as a grinding stone for your strength, let me give you a pleasant surprise!"

As Skyfire Sacred Hands spoke, he struck down at Fairy Youqin with his palm!

The strike contained the same terrifying demonic powers as before. It sealed the void and, even with Fairy Youqin's strength, she was unable to dodge it!

Fairy Youqin grunted painfully as she took several steps back. Her brows furrowed as she felt a grinding pain in her dantian that was absolutely unbearable.

Skyfire Sacred Hands had implanted an evil spirit in her that was a lot more powerful than the one she previously had. It was completely incomparable to the one from two decades ago.

"Enjoy the feeling of being devoured by the demonic servants!"

Chapter 1212: Having no Qualms

The demonic servants that Skyfire Sacred Hands planted were intrinsic demonic servants he had painstakingly nurtured. Once these demonic servants entered the body, even Fairy Youqin, who had experience refining the demonic servants, would be unable to withstand it. They were like sitting ducks.

"Since Yi Yun is hiding, I'll plant these demonic servants in you. I wonder if he will stand back and watch all of you die."

Just as Skyfire Sacred Hands said that, his expression suddenly changed. He sensed a few mighty powers rushing towards him from three directions.

They were the experts of Myriad City!

Skyfire Sacred Hands sneered and did not panic. He stood firm in midair and waited for them to arrive.

Within moments, an azure-clothed middle-aged man had appeared in front of Skyfire Sacred Hands like a wisp of azure-colored smoke.

Upon seeing this person, Skyfire Sacred Hands suffused a smile.

"City Lord Qin, how have you been!?"

Skyfire Sacred Hands had met City Lord Qin two decades ago. Back then, he was naturally greatly lacking when compared to City Lord Qin. Today, however, he was composed and relaxed.

At his present cultivation level, he could clearly see City Lord Qin's realm. He was, in fact, only considered to be at the quasi-Divine Lord level. He was still slightly short of the Divine Lord level, much less having obtained the Divine Lord Royal Seal.

Following closely behind City Lord Qin were Paradise Chapter's Perfected Qianhua and the Guiyuan family's Guiyuan Potian. Perfected Qianhua had been in seclusion, but when she received word that her disciple was in trouble, she stopped her seclusion immediately.

"Qin'er!"

Perfected Qianhua's face turned as cold as frost when she saw Fairy Youqin's pale expression. "It's you!"

Skyfire Sacred Hands looked at Perfected Qianhua indifferently. "Perfected Qianhua, is it? Twenty years ago, you could lord over my life and death, forcing me to flee. Twenty years later, here we are, meeting in Myriad Divine Territory again."

"Release Qin'er or you will lead a life worse than death!"

"Hahaha!" Skyfire Sacred Hands laughed out loud. His body gradually turned ethereal and became a blurry black shadow. He

looked somewhat similar to the demonic servants' true form!

"Life worse than death? You can try it. The demonic servants planted in them are intrinsic to me. If I were to die, things won't look good for them! Hahahaha!"

"These two are only a warning! Every day that Yi Yun does not appear, more people will be implanted with evil spirits. Eventually, the entirety of Myriad City will cease to exist!"

Amid jarring laughter, Skyfire Sacred Hands's black figure instantly shot into the sky and disappeared in a blink of an eye.

As for Perfected Qianhua, City Lord Qin, and the others, their expressions were frozen in an extremely ugly way.

They were alarmed by Skyfire Sacred Hands's appearance. He was able to transform into such a form?

"This Skyfire Sacred Hands has almost become an evil spirit. He can be anywhere and possesses tremendous speed. Even if we had taken action, it is unlikely we would have been able to retain him." City Lord Qin said with a frown.

Now that Skyfire Sacred Hands possessed such power, he had no qualms about doing anything. As for them, they moved too carefully, afraid of causing collateral damage.

Skyfire Sacred Hands had come to Myriad City to embark on an

arrogant rampage but all they could do was watch helplessly as he fled.

"Qin'er!" Perfected Qianhua rushed to Fairy Youqin's side. She enveloped her with Yuan Qi and probed her dantian.

The glint in Perfected Qianhua's eyes darkened the moment she probed. She revealed a pained expression.

"Qin'er, don't worry. I will not watch idly as you get devoured by the evil spirit." Perfected Qianhua infused a bout of Yuan Qi into Fairy Youqin's body but it was like a rock sinking to the bottom of an ocean.

Fairy Youqin's expression was pale. She shook her head and said, "Skyfire Sacred Hands's return is most likely connected to the plague in North Mystic Divine Territory. I thought that there was someone pulling the strings behind his back. This time, he attacked me and Miss Xiaowan in order to force Yi Yun out..."

Yi Yun was the only one that could treat the plague the other time. Fairy Youqin knew that Skyfire Sacred Hands' aim was not only revenge, but also to wipe out the only person that could deal with the evil spirits.

Under such circumstances, how could she implicate Yi Yun for her own sake?

Dong Xiaowan felt the same, but much stronger. She had feelings

for Yi Yun and would rather die than put Yi Yun in any danger.

"I..." Just as Fairy Youqin went to say something, the remaining color drained from her face and her body turned limp. With a stumble, she fainted.

"Qin'er!" Perfected Qianhua hurriedly caught Fairy Youqin in her arms. At the same time, Dong Xiaowan had collapsed too. She was being held up by Ru'er.

"This..." Perfected Qianhua looked anxious. The possession in the past would not result in unconsciousness so quickly.

"The evil spirits planted by Skyfire Sacred Hands are too overbearing. Dong Xiaowan won't be able to withstand it. As for the evil spirit in Youqin's body, it's even stronger. Furthermore, she already had an evil spirit inside her, so the two stimulated each other, making it difficult for her to endure their combined effects." City Lord Qin said after an immediate probe.

The two women had fainted. Yun Xin Loft was now a ruin and Ru'er was carrying Dong Xiaowan, nearly bursting into tears.

What were they to do? Were they going to watch Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin die?

Ru'er had followed Yi Yun for quite a period of time. She believed that this was absolutely not something Yi Yun would want to see. However, how were they to find Yi Yun?

But at this moment, City Lord Qin's expression changed. He turned his head abruptly and looked in the direction City Lord Manor. There were dark clouds above City Lord Manor as though a fiendish god had appeared.

"No good!"

City Lord Qin's expression changed. Ignoring Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin, he transformed into a beam of light and flew for City Lord Manor.

Perfected Qianhua clenched her teeth and followed closely behind.

The dark clouds were made of dense demonic gases, and were clearly the work of Skyfire Sacred Hands. He had not left but instead made a feint before appearing at City Lord Manor!

City Lord Manor, which had tight security, appeared uninhabited in front of Skyfire Sacred Hands. He wantonly laughed in an ear-piercing manner.

"Father! Father! Save me!"

A painful cry sounded. Following that was Skyfire Sacred Hands's maniacal voice—

"Qin Zhengyang, is this your son? This trash that even a demonic servant couldn't be bothered to possess!?"

Qin Zhengyang rushed there just in time. From afar, he saw the dense demonic gases transform into a thick and large demonic arm. It grabbed at a youth who was none other than his youngest son, Qin Wufeng.

In the past, Qin Wufeng had gone to Myriad Immortal Palace to gallivant and was tricked into a fighting gamble by Si Yusheng. He bet his arms and nearly had them amputated. If not for Yi Yun's compromise, Qin Wufeng would have been maimed.

From that moment onwards, Qin Wufeng was grounded by Qin Zhengyang for a very long time and forced to reflect on his faults. However, Qin Wufeng remained prodigal. His cultivation level improved slowly as all he focused on was pleasure and women. Whenever he had the chance, he would secretly visit Heavenly Treasures Arch.

"Hahahaha, since no demonic servant is willing to possess this piece of trash, I'll cripple him. City Lord Qin, consider it me taking out the trash for you!"

As Skyfire Sacred Hands spoke, he struck at Qin Wufeng's dantian. Qin Wufeng cried out in pain as his body plummeted like a kite that had its string cut!

Chapter 1213: Exiting Seclusion

"Wufeng!"

Qin Zhengyang was enraged. Although his son had not amounted to much, he was still his son in the end. Through his entire martial career, there was one woman he loved deeply. She had been pursued by Qin Zhengyang's enemies, and died because of her association with him. This matter had become an everlasting point of hurt for Qin Zhengyang. The son she left him might have been a good-for-nothing, but Qin Zhengyang still loved him and accommodated him.

Back then, Yi Yun had fought Si Yusheng for the sake of this son of his. He was saved then, but now he had been crippled by Skyfire Sacred Hands!

"Hahaha! Qin Zhengyang, Lord Demonspirit has left the Myriad Divine Territory in my charge. From this day forth, I will come visit Myriad City occasionally. Wait for me!"

As Skyfire Sacred Hands spoke, his body shot up into the sky like a blazing arrow. When he got high into the sky, his body transformed into dozens of shadows before dissipating. In a blink of an eye, he had vanished.

What sort of escape art was that?

Upon seeing this scene, Perfected Qianhua and Guiyuan Potian felt helpless. Although they were at first confident in their ability

to suppress Skyfire Sacred Hands, what could they do if they couldn't even catch his shadow?

At that moment, Qin Zhengyang landed beside Qin Wufeng. As he looked at his son's shattered dantian and blood-covered body, Qin Zhengyang felt terrible.

"Father... Save... save me..." Qin Wufeng said with great difficulty.

He extended his blood-stained hands as though he was trying to grab onto something. His eyes were filled with hope and indignation.

Qin Zhengyang shook his head. Wufeng's future was certain now. Qin Zhengyang knew his youngest son's character. If not for Skyfire Sacred Hands, he would have still ended up in this state sooner or later.

"In the future, live peacefully as a mortal."

After Qin Zhengyang said that, he shot a pill into Qin Wufeng's mouth.

"I..." Upon hearing Qin Zhengyang's words, the hope in Qin Wufeng's eyes turned to despair. He coughed out a mouthful of blood and, perhaps being unable to withstand the mental blow, he fainted immediately.

Qin Zhengyang sighed and fell silent.

"Uncle Qin." Princess White Fox appeared and quietly walked to Qin Zhengyang's side. During Skyfire Sacred Hands's attack, she was still in seclusion while Qin Wufeng was fooling around with his maids. He was naturally the first to be attacked.

When Princess White Fox came out after hearing noises, it was already too late. Besides, she would not have been able to save Qin Wufeng either.

"Sorry..." Princess White Fox said guiltily.

"It's not your fault. Skyfire Sacred Hands is not someone you can stop at all. If there's anyone to blame, it's me. If he had a portion of your strength, he might have been able to last a little longer under Skyfire Sacred Hands's attacks, long enough for me to come to his rescue."

Qin Zhengyang had rushed to City Lord Manor immediately but it was still too late.

"Uncle Qin, I wonder who this Demonspirit that Skyfire Sacred Hands mentioned is. If he is under Demonspirit's orders to deal with the Myriad Divine Territory, it appears this disaster is not only limited to the plague..."

"That's right. Perhaps the entire Yang God Empyrean Heaven might suffer a calamity. I had been hoping to find Yi Yun, but now

I wish that he would not appear. Yi Yun is too young and will not be able to withstand such tumultuous waves. Call your master back. I'll need to trouble her again..."

As Qin Wufeng spoke, he looked into the distance with his brows furrowed. The power struggle of the Myriad Divine Territory had just been settled, but after a few short years of peace, were they about to enter another bitter struggle...?

...

Cultivation knew no time. In the small world Yi Yun secluded himself in, there was still bright sunlight and lush vegetation.

Yi Yun sat cross-legged on a stone bed in a chamber. Beside him was a pot of spiritual aqua.

Over these years, the spiritual aqua had assisted Yi Yun while he made breakthroughs by providing him the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi he needed.

More than half the spiritual aqua had been absorbed by Yi Yun. What started as an immense spiritual aqua spring had now turned into a tiny stream.

At this moment, Yi Yun beckoned with his hand at the spiritual aqua. A few drops of aqua the size of beans floated up. Their essence began to condense and formed a hazy patch, allowing themselves to be swallowed by Yi Yun's opened mouth.

When these water droplets entered Yi Yun's meridians, they slowly infused into Yi Yun's dantian and went deep into the Azure Wood Divine Tree's root network.

These days, Yi Yun would refine a tiny amount of aqua directly on a daily basis. The spiritual aqua had unknowingly been transported to beneath the Azure Wood Divine Tree's root network and become the spring that provided for the Azure Wood Divine Tree, nourishing its growth.

As for Yi Yun's cultivation level, he had just made a breakthrough to the fourth-floor Dao Palace realm not long ago.

At that moment, Yi Yun suddenly heard Xie'er's voice coming from outside the chamber—

"Brother Yi Yun, can I come in? I sense a group of people approaching."

"Oh?" Yi Yun was slightly surprised. All these years, he had chosen to seclude himself in an uninhabited place. So far, only tiny animals would approach the lake for water. It was truly rare for a group of people to come so deep into the mountains.

Yi Yun opened the door and saw Ling Xie'er standing by the entrance prettily. Her face exuded a healthy glow and the lifeblood in her was a lot more vibrant. Her body had condensed into a corporeal form and she seemed to be bursting with energy.

If he did not know that Ling Xie'er had an incorporeal body, he would definitely believe that she was a real young girl made of flesh and blood.

Speaking of which, ever since Ling Xie'er began cultivating, the power of her soul increased by leaps and bounds. Her cultivation talent was heaven-defying.

Then again, considering that she was an incorporeal body born out of the Heretical God Fire Seed, it wasn't exactly a surprise.

As Xie'er grew in strength, her body also began to mature. She was an inch taller and she looked about twelve years old instead of ten. She remained pure and adorable but there were hints of a teenage girl's beauty in her.

"Who are they?"

"They are warriors. They seem to be in a terrible state. A few of them are injured too."

Now that Ling Xie'er's strength had greatly increased, she had the capability to tour outside the pocket world spiritually. Xie'er had an active nature. As Yi Yun secluded himself for such a long period of time and she was alone, it was rather boring to spend a decade or so in a chamber.

She did not dare to venture out alone, afraid of exposing Yi Yun.

Thus, she used the method of spiritual traveling to look at the valley's scenery. There, she watched deer drink water or bunnies chew on grass.

She wanted to have some fun today but saw a group of people escaping into the woods. They had set up a concealment array and looked like they intended to rest here for a few days. Hence, she decided to inform Yi Yun.

"They are injured?"

Yi Yun pondered for a moment before saying, "Then, let's go out and take a look."

"Out? Really?" Ling Xie'er felt delighted. She had been trapped in the Sun Burial Sandsea in the past. It was not easy for her to escape the massive array with Yi Yun but she had been unconscious. By the time she awoke, she was accompanying Yi Yun in seclusion. All these years, she had never seen the external world with her own eyes.

"Yea. It's about time I came out of seclusion. It's been long enough."

Yi Yun stretched his body and got off the stone bed. When he cultivated into a trance-like state, time passed without knowing. He himself did not know how many years had passed.

In the recent years, Yi Yun sensed that there was a clear decrease

in his cultivation speed. He knew that he was beginning to come into contact with a tiny bottleneck.

Warriors could not cultivate purely via seclusion. They needed to experience the outside world and battle. At times, by sheer luck, an epiphany could occur that was equivalent to a long seclusion.

Yi Yun had received many epiphanies in the past due to the opportunities he encountered. He lacked the time to digest them all; thus, he had chosen to enter seclusion for a long period of time. He could strengthen his foundations and, now that his goal had been achieved, he could naturally end his seclusion.

"Let's go. It's time we leave this place."

Yi Yun turned back to glance at the pocket world he left behind. He planned on leaving everything in there. He took all the important herbs and left the things that were not of much use to him such as cultivation jade slips, low-grade pills and relics, and weapons he had obtained.

In time to come, when his concealment array was drained of its energy, perhaps a young person would come here and find these things. It would be quite an opportunity for them.

Upon thinking of this, Yi Yun felt somewhat wistful. Once upon a time, he had relied on the light providence shined on him to enter ruins left behind by the ancients and received opportunities. Yet, unknowingly, he had now become a senior that could leave ruins and opportunities to others.

Chapter 1214: Sect Wipe-out

In the land where Yi Yun secluded himself, there was an azure-blue lake in the middle of an extended mountain range and valley. During windless days, the lake's surface would be calm, without even a single ripple. At night, the lake would reflect the round moon, exuding great beauty.

As it was uninhabited, Ling Xie'er had taken it upon herself to become the lake's owner. She named it Mirror Moon Lake.

At that moment, by the bank of Mirror Moon Lake, four men and two women landed with spectacular speckles of light.

The person leading the group looked like a middle-aged mortal in his fifties. He was severely lacking in lifeblood and there was a wound on his chest. It looked like it was a slash wound.

The middle-aged man looked at the surrounding terrain and said, "We have already escaped deep into the mountains but there are many desolate beasts and Fey beasts here. If we venture deeper into the woods, we might encounter danger. I'm injured and can hardly repress the poison in my body. I can't go on further as I need to rest here to recuperate. If we were to continue and enter the woods, I'm afraid we might perish."

As he spoke, the middle-aged man was panting. His face had several purplish patches that were obvious signs of poison.

"Senior Brother, I'll set up a concealment array here. Let's

recuperate here," a woman that looked to be in her thirties said.

Among this group of people, three men and two women looked rather old. There was another young man that looked about fourteen. He had a round face that was still very child-like. His raven-black eyes exuded hints of an unyielding will.

When he heard his martial uncle's instructions, the youth began clearing the ground and setting up an area for resting. He was still young and unable to help set up any concealment array. All he could do were some miscellaneous chores.

"This lake sure is beautiful. It reminds me of our sect's ice lake. The only difference is the scenery."

As she looked at Mirror Moon Lake, a woman that appeared middle-aged sighed wistfully.

It snowed perennially at their sect's ice lake but it never froze in any season. In winter, there would be pink winter plums sprouting by the lakeside, making for a picturesque scene.

Another woman in her thirties shook her head and said, "Don't be sad. Although our sect no longer exists, we are still alive. When Ling'er grows up, we can reestablish Ice Lake Island."

As she spoke, the woman ruffled the youth's head. She exuded tender, loving care, for they were the only few left from Ice Lake Island.

The youth did not say a word. All he did was secretly turn firm and determined. He was in his teens but he was already carrying a heavy mission on his shoulders.

As the two women spoke, they set up the array flags. The concealment array, which was Ice Lake Island's best concealment array, was almost done. With it successfully set up, they would be temporarily safe.

The deep mountains were rather cold and desolate but there was some spiritual energy. They could recuperate for a few days before making a decision on what their future held.

The middle-aged man that led them had already consumed some pills and began meditating to treat himself. However, the purplish patches on his face did not rescind. His chest wound also did not seem to recover, and instead flowed more incessantly. One could vaguely make out blackness in his blood.

"Martial Uncle! Are you alright!?"

The youth was the first to notice the man's odd state. He panicked, for the middle-aged man was the pillar of support among the six of them. He was the deputy island lord of Ice Lake Island. They were only able to remain alive and come this far because he had fought so desperately.

"Senior Brother, didn't you consume the Frost Cocooned Iceheart Pill? Why isn't it able to curb the spread of the poison?"

The woman in her thirties panicked. She believed that things would be fine once the anti-poison pill was eaten.

At that moment, the middle-aged man suddenly struck his chest and spat out a mouthful of black blood. When it landed on the grass, it immediately withered away the green grass, robbing it of its vibrancy.

After the middle-aged man forced out the mouthful of poisoned blood, he finally managed to catch his breath.

"I won't be dying so soon!" he said while gritting his teeth. An unusual redness flashed across his face. The poison was indeed domineering, preventing the Frost Cocooned Iceheart Pill from completely expelling it from his body. All the pill could do was repress the poison.

He did not know if he would ever get rid of the poison at its root. If he didn't remove it, he probably would not live more than a few years.

The middle-aged man was not afraid of death. He was only afraid that his death would result in Ling'er losing his guidance and protection, and that he wouldn't have the chance to mature.

"Senior Brother, nothing untoward should happen to you."

Said a slightly younger man. His face was filled with worry but,

just as he spoke, a rainbow-colored beam of light shot out from the lake in front of him. The light charged into the sky as immensely rich spiritual energy rushed at them.

What?

The group was alarmed. Could the scene that was unfolding before them be the birth of a mysterious treasure?

"No, it's an array formation!"

The middle-aged leader was more knowledgeable. The moment he spoke, immense energy rushed over. The concealment array that was halfway set up was dissipated from the surge!

The array flags were launched into the sky!

That was one of their sect's core array formations. Yet, it had been dissipated by the remnant energies of the array formation that was already located here.

At that moment, the group realized that the lake in front of them had shrunk, revealing trees by the bank. Didn't this mean that what they had been looking at all this time was an illusion?

The group exchanged looks. Two of the women had even scooped water from the lake out of their love for cleanliness. They had used the water to wash their faces, so how could the cool and refreshing lake water be an illusion?

"It's a concealment array formation but it's extremely esoteric, far superior than our Ice Lake Island's. I wonder if an expert resides here or if we have accidentally intruded onto a ruin."

The middle-aged man wore a solemn expression. Either one of the possibilities were extremely dangerous, especially the former. Some reclusive experts had odd personalities. It was now a question of what would happen.

At that moment, they saw the space in front of them distort. A teenager that looked sixteen or seventeen appeared out of thin air with a young girl that was slightly older than a decade.

The young girl had two hair buns and her red face still had a little baby fat. She looked innocent and adorable, like a pixie that resided in the woods.

As for the youth, he looked handsome and had an extraordinary bearing. His eyes were deep like the starry sky and appeared unfathomable. His aura was converged, making him resemble a beautiful piece of jade that had been restored to its original simplicity. He made it difficult for others to describe him.

Who... were they?

The middle-aged man was dumbstruck. They had deliberately escaped into an uninhabited land but ended up encountering others. Furthermore, they were such peculiar people.

Although they looked young, the middle-aged man was certain that they were definitely no ordinary youths.

"You mentioned that your sect had been wiped out?"

At that moment, the youth spoke. He spoke in a slow tone but it seemed to ring within their hearts.

The youth was none other than Yi Yun, who had just come out of seclusion.

The middle-aged man faltered for a moment before nodding his head slowly.

He was feeling completely flabbergasted. The youth had heard their conversation but they had not even noticed the duo's existence.

"Ice Lake Island... I have never heard of this sect. Is your sect from around here?"

"Yes, but we are only a tiny sect. Senior, it is only natural that you have never heard of it. We had escaped here and accidentally disturbed your peaceful cultivation. Please do not blame us for our ignorance." The middle-aged man had already begun speaking politely. He guessed that the youth was probably an old monster that had eaten Youth Retention Pills. He had been secluding himself here but they had stupidly trespassed. It was truly a

tragedy.

"I see..." Yi Yun nodded. His gaze flittered across the middle-aged man's chest wound. "Tell me, how was your sect wiped out?"

If it was only a typical feud between sects that lead to their destruction, Yi Yun would not bother about it. In a warrior's world, sects were wiped out all the time. Not only did small sects experience it, even the Myriad Immortal Pavilion had been wiped out.

There was no right and wrong in such matters, only victory and defeat. Yi Yun would not interfere in such matters.

However, Yi Yun had sensed a familiar aura from the middle-aged man's wound.

The aura left him wary.

Chapter 1215: Myriad Divine Territory's Changes

"It's an ancient, evil race. They started by occupying the North Mystic Divine Territory, then they began infiltrating the northern borders of the Myriad Divine Territory. My Ice Lake Island happens to be in the region and was wiped out. Only a few of us managed to escape."

The middle-aged man replied respectfully. He suspected that the youth in front of him had been in seclusion for too long, and wasn't informed of recent happenings.

"Ancient evil race?" Yi Yun pricked his brows up. "What's that?"

"That's what we call them but we have no idea what they really are. Rumors say that about two decades ago, there was a sect named the Jadewave Sect that had dug open an ancient ruin and discovered a type of evil spirit that could possess geniuses, crippling them completely."

"From that moment forth, things got out of hand. Later on, a godly person known as Yi Yun provided a miraculous cure. He was able to easily dispel the evil spirits, but unfortunately, Young Master Yi vanished and the evil spirits spread once again."

"In the last few years, many of the possessed geniuses were completely replaced by the evil spirits, turning into monsters. We call these monsters the ancient evil race. They have wraith-like auras and are no longer human!"

The middle-aged man's face turned purple after saying so much in one breath. He was heavily poisoned and unable to cleanse it.

Yi Yun was alarmed when he heard that. He had guessed that the demonic servants from Jadewave Sect had only just started and that the calamity would eventually happen. After all, for a long period of time, the bronze giants had proliferated the entire 12 Empyrean Heavens and had countless servants. They could completely repress the other races.

However, the people in front of him were saying that the demonic servants had completed their possessions and completely replaced the geniuses. They had even taken control of the North Mystic Divine Territory. Yi Yun was alarmed. How could that happen so fast?

He flicked his finger and a pill shot into the middle-aged man's mouth. Before the middle-aged man could even react, the pill had naturally melted in his mouth and turned into a warm stream that infused into his organs.

The middle-aged man faltered slightly and was immediately delighted. He sensed that the poison in his body was being greatly repressed by the pill. As long as he spent a certain amount of time digesting it, there was a chance for him to be rid of the poison!

Who was this youth? How could a pill he casually produced be so miraculous?

However, now wasn't the moment to digest the pill. The middle-aged man could tell that the youth still had other questions to ask him.

"What about Myriad City? What happened to it?"

Yi Yun was most concerned with Myriad City, specifically City Lord Qin, Princess White Fox, Dong Xiaowan, and company.

"Myriad City? I haven't received any news of Myriad City for half a year. I believe Myriad City is still around since there are so many experts there."

"However, Myriad City isn't so peaceful that nothing has happened there. A few years ago, a person named Skyfire Sacred Hands, who was apparently a mighty figure of the Candle Cauldron Divine Territory and also an alchemist, submitted to the evil fiends and had become one of the ancient evil race."

"He seems to hate Young Master Yi to the bone. As such, he suddenly appeared in Myriad City and destroyed Young Master Yi's Yun Xin Loft and planted the evil spirits in a few ladies. Now that I think of it, that lot are likely doomed."

"What!?"

Yi Yun felt reverberations through his heart when he heard him. Skyfire Sacred Hands had submitted to the demonic servants!?

These demonic servants leeches onto geniuses and, once they completely possessed the host, their strength would increase exponentially. And with Skyfire Sacred Hand already at the Supremacy level, his strength would be unimaginable after he was possessed by a demonic servant. If Xiaowan and Ru'er were attacked by Skyfire Sacred Hands, could they still survive?

"How long has it been!?" Yi Yun asked unsettlingly.

"Ah?" The middle-aged man did not react in time. He never expected Yi Yun's reaction to be so intense. "Are you asking about the ladies? I think it was four years ago... No, they were harmed by Skyfire Sacred Hands about five years ago..."

The middle-aged man did a count and from the first appearance of an evil spirit after the Jadewave Sect dug up the ancient ruin, it has been about twenty-six or twenty-seven years.

"Five years!?" Yi Yun drew a cold gasp. If evil spirits were planted in them for five years, could they now be possessed by the evil spirits?

"Do you know who were the ones harmed?"

"That... I'm not sure about that either..."

When he looked at Yi Yun's gaze, the middle-aged man felt a little afraid. Could it be that the youth had relationships with those few ladies?

At that moment, a youth beside the middle-aged man said, "Over the years, dozens of geniuses have been harmed by Skyfire Sacred Hands, one after another. Senior, if you asking about the ladies involved with Young Master Yi, I happen to know that it was only Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin. Fairy Wuxia had outstanding strength and her master protecting her, so she is fine."

When the youth said that, he looked curiously at Yi Yun. He idolized Yi Yun greatly, and so was well informed on matters regarding Yi Yun; therefore, he had paid attention to these stories. Thinking on how the youth had easily treated his martial uncle, and his age, while being worried about those women, he suddenly had a flash of brilliance. He asked, "Could you be Young Master Yi Yun!?"

The youth's sudden question left the disciples of Ice Lake Island dumbstruck. Yi Yun?

More than two decades ago, Yi Yun's name was everywhere. He was practically a legendary figure and was someone that would definitely become an alchemist sage or Divine Lord.

They had managed to encounter Yi Yun?

Yi Yun did not even bother answering. He had an ugly expression. Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin had suffered as a result of him. In doing so, Skyfire Sacred Hands was no doubt trying to lure him out. Especially when he thought of Dong Xiaowan, Yi Yun's heart was filled with murderous intent.

It had been five years. Even if he rushed back immediately, it might be too late.

He threw a pill bottle at the youth and without saying another word, he held Ling Xie'er's hands and flew into the sky!

In just a blink of an eye, Yi Yun and Ling Xie'er had tunneled through the void and immediately vanished.

The disciples of Ice Lake Island were stunned. What sort of techniques allowed them to tunnel into the void in mid-flight?

As for the Ice Lake Island youth, he was looking at the pill bottle in a daze. He curiously opened the bottle stopper and a fragrant medicinal aroma effused out.

These pills...

The youth swallowed mouthfuls of saliva. He did not recognize the pills but just from sensing the spiritual energy from it, he knew its value. Perhaps, even the best cornerstone pills of Ice Lake Island was not even worth a tenth of these pills.

He never expected that a casual answer would provide him such an opportunity.

That person was really Yi Yun!

Upon realizing this, the youth felt extremely excited.

"Listen, the news of us meeting Young Master Yi deep in the forest today is not to be leaked. Skyfire Sacred Hands has been searching for Young Master Yi in Myriad Divine Territory."

The middle-aged man said worriedly. As one of the members of the Myriad Divine Territory, he was naturally worried over its fate. Although Yi Yun was strong, he was unlikely the match of so many evil fiends. He could only hope that Yi Yun would be safe and lead the Myriad Divine Territory out of its peril in the future...

Chapter 1216: Xiaowan and Youqin

Myriad City, Guiyuan family—

Ever since the Myriad Immortal Pavilion was destroyed twenty-five years ago, the Guiyuan family thrived. So the mood at the Guiyuan family should have been a joyful one. Unfortunately, over the past few days, the Guiyuan family was being enveloped by a depressive mood.

In the Guiyuan family's backyard, there was a room that had black cloth and white lanterns hanging everywhere. In that room was a deeply unconscious youth in a bed.

The family patriarch, Guiyuan Potian looked at the youth with a heavy and silent expression.

"Elder Mo is still unwilling to do it?" Guiyuan Potian asked the woman beside him.

The woman's eyes were red, and it was clear that she had been weeping. She shook her head and said, "I have already implored Elder Mo countless times but he remains unmoved. He won't even agree to meet with me anymore."

Guiyuan Potian sighed and said, "Every time Elder Mo takes action, he needs an Ice Silkworm Heart. I have scoured the canons, but can't find any records of it. I have no idea how to obtain it. Since Elder Mo is unwilling to help, that is Li'er's fate. At midnight, if there are no signs of improvement, let's euthanize

Li'er..."

Guiyuan Potian felt helpless when he said that.

Over the past couple of years, many people had been infected by evil spirits. They were killed before they were completely possessed by the evil spirits.

Once the evil spirits completed their possession, the vessel that hosted the evil spirit would become a puppet. Instead of a person, they would become a monster that did not recognize anyone. All it could do was kill in its bloodlust. And those that killed these evil spirits would be possessed by new evil spirits, running the risk of becoming a monster.

If this continued, Myriad City would be destroyed. Therefore, no matter who it was, as long as it was determined to be irredeemable, others would bear the pain of killing them.

Once the person died, the evil spirit would lose its protection, making them easy to vanquish.

Over the past few years, Guiyuan Potian had already given the order to kill numerous members of the Guiyuan family. However, when it came to Guiyuan Li, Guiyuan Potian could not steel his heart to do so.

Guiyuan Li was Guiyuan Potian's great-grandson, and also one he doted on greatly. When Guiyuan Li was young, Guiyuan Potian had

personally guided his martial path.

Guiyuan Potian had a second thought, and said, "Prepare the carriage. I'll be visiting Elder Mo..."

Elder Mo was a miraculous figure who had suddenly appeared in the Myriad Divine Territory. Everything about him, such as his sudden appearance to his origins, was mysterious. His cultivation techniques and martial path were completely different from the usual found in the Myriad Divine Territory.

Three years ago, when a Paradise Chapter genius fell seriously ill, Paradise Chapter's chapter master had prepared two ancient Fey bones but failed to get Elder Mo to take action. He was barred from entering for a second visit. Guiyuan Potian did not hold any hopes of being able to entice Elder Mo into taking action.

Furthermore, Elder Mo's cultivation realm was unknown and his whereabouts were uncertain. Guiyuan Potian even had a feeling that Elder Mo's strength far exceeded his.

With the carriage readied, Guiyuan Potian planned on setting off when suddenly, a voice transmission charm flared in front of him. It was a light purple halo that came from City Lord Manor's voice transmission charm. Furthermore, it was one used personally by Qin Zhengyang.

"Oh? Qin Zhengyang has something urgent to tell me?"

Guiyuan Potian was puzzled, but when he heard the contents of the voice transmission, he felt trepidations through his entire being.

Yi Yun! He has come out of seclusion!?

This...

Guiyuan Potian was overjoyed. Yi Yun, who had vanished for twenty-five years, had appeared once again in Myriad City!

In the days with Yi Yun nowhere to be seen, Myriad City had suffered greatly. Only then did Guiyuan Potian realize how lucky Myriad City was to have encountered Yi Yun more than twenty years ago.

"Patriarch, the carriage is readied," a steward-looking elder said.

Guiyuan Potian immediately waved his hand and said, "There's no need!"

Guiyuan Potian did not even bother taking the carriage. His body flashed immediately as he charged into the sky!

Myriad City banned flying but, in his anxiousness, Guiyuan Potian ignored the rule. He flew straight for City Lord Manor.

...

"Yi Yun, you are finally back."

Upon seeing Yi Yun, Qin Zhengyang heaved a sigh of relief. His sons were good-for-nothings, so other than his youngest son, Qin Wufeng, his sons did not suffer any turmoil. Yet although City Lord Manor was fine, the rest of Myriad City was in chaos. Qin Zhengyang was utterly exhausted from the work that required him over the past few days.

"City Lord Qin, I want to meet Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin. Are they still alive?"

The moment Yi Yun saw City Lord Qin, he did not bother with the niceties. He directly asked, but he knew in his heart that the odds were against the two women.

Five years was just too long for them. It was impossible for them to have waited it out.

"You even know about it?" Qin Zhengyang was taken aback. From the looks of it, Yi Yun had learned of the situation of Myriad City after coming out of seclusion. "You should be the one telling me. Their conditions are rather complicated..."

Qin Zhengyang led Yi Yun and passed through a corridor in City Lord Manor. In the backyard, there were two Dao Palace realm guards manning a large door. There was a strange lock hanging on the door.

"Yi Yun, there was an elder with the surname of Mo that came to Myriad City a few years ago. Do you know him?"

"Mo?" Yi Yun thought about it before shaking his head. "I do not know him."

"Oh? That's odd." Qin Zhengyang looked surprised. "I originally thought that Elder Mo was your friend or that he had been sent by you."

"Why do you say so?" Yi Yun was baffled.

Qin Zhengyang said, "After Elder Mo came to Myriad City, he only did one thing. It had to do with you. Back then, Miss Dong and Fairy Youqin were almost dead. Then Elder Mo suddenly appeared. Well, see it for yourself..."

Qin Zhengyang waved his hand at the two guards. Upon receiving the order, they took out a key and inserted it into the lock. With the guards twisting the key, the lock produced a hazy golden light. Runes began flashing out of the void.

The runes were ancient and mysterious. Following that, the door opened. A cold gust of wind that struck deep into the bone rushed out.

Despite cultivating in both Yin and Yang, Yi Yun, who was proficient in pure Yin laws, could not help but quiver when he felt

the cold wind. What sort of cold wind was this? It was extremely crisp and extreme Yin in nature. It drilled deep into the bone marrow but it did not make one feel uncomfortable. Even if a mortal were to come here and stand amid the cold wind naked, they would not be frozen, much less a being like Yi Yun. In fact, there was a refreshing feeling for both Qi and blood.

The idea that frost Yin laws could be cultivated to such a stage left Yi Yun alarmed.

And after he entered the room, Yi Yun was even more astounded. In the tiny room, there was an isolated distorted space. Inside were two azure-blue blocks of ice.

Both blocks of ice were as tall as a human. Two women were sealed inside the ice.

They were none other than Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin.

Although they were sealed in ice, their complexion was ruddy. Their lifeblood was in abundance and it felt like that they were only sleeping.

Across the layer of ice, Yi Yun could clearly sense that they were alive. Furthermore, there were no signs of the soul fire in them weakening at all.

"This is..." Yi Yun was stunned.

"It's the work of Elder Mo. He fed the two girls Ice Silkworm Heart. Using frost-ice laws, he then sealed them into such a state. However, I do not know what Ice Silkworm Heart is. From the moment they were sealed in ice, the evil spirits in the two girls' ceased to grow any further. Their lives were temporarily preserved. However, my real question is why would Elder Mo only do it to the two of them?"

Chapter 1217: Elder Mo

Yi Yun found City Lord Qin's explanation somewhat puzzling. He was certain he did not know a person called Elder Mo. Forgetting the name, he would have remembered a person with such formidable frost ice laws.

Regardless, he was grateful towards Elder Mo. If not for him, Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin would probably be long dead.

Yi Yun did not continue thinking over the matter. He would know why this was done when he met Elder Mo. He was more worried about Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin. He could sense that the evil spirits were still within their bodies but were a lot weaker because they had been sealed by the frost ice.

At that moment, Qin Zhengyang said, "Elder Mo said that the evil spirits within Miss Dong and Fairy Youqin are much stronger than typical evil spirits. Therefore, he could only temporarily put them in check. Now that you are back, you can use your pure Yang flames to melt the frost ice and cure them of their illnesses."

"I understand." Yi Yun nodded. He touched the frost ice as blue frost beams flashed across the surface of the ice.

"This ice..."

Yi Yun's heart stirred. The ice in front of him wasn't easy to melt.

Yi Yun could sense that the laws contained within the two blocks of ice were intricate and complex. Blindly using pure Yang flames to burn the ice would not only fail to melt them, but might also hurt the two women in the ice.

Yi Yun knew that Elder Mo definitely had the means to melt the ice, but since he had already instructed him to melt it with pure Yang laws, he was likely leaving everything to him. Could it be a way of testing him?

With this thought in mind, Yi Yun sat down solemnly. He silently sensed the laws within and rationalized each bit he encountered before using pure Yang laws to neutralize them.

This was a tedious process but by using Yin and Yang to neutralize it, Yi Yun realized he gained a lot more insight on the frost Yin Dao that Elder Mo used.

The more Yi Yun tackled the problem of melting the ice, the more astonished he became. He began to feel that Elder Mo was deliberately guiding him, allowing him to learn a lot of things from the ice-melting process.

Although Yi Yun dual cultivated in both Yin and Yang, his pure Yin laws were much weaker than the pure Yang laws. Through this short period of practice, Yi Yun gained quite a bit of insight.

What sort of person was this Elder Mo?

"City Lord Qin, is Yi Yun inside?"

Guiyuan Potian had rushed to City Lord Manor in a painfully anxious manner. However, when he learned that Yi Yun was busy melting the ice, all he could do was continue suffering from anxiety.

He was not what one would consider very familiar with Yi Yun. Since he needed a favor from Yi Yun, he naturally had to wait respectfully.

Yi Yun was a person who could casually destroy evil spirits. In the past, Yi Yun had done it so easily that large numbers of infected geniuses were brought in front of him. With a wave of a hand, he resolved their problems in batches. It caused the gratefulness towards Yi Yun to appear not as immense.

However, ever since Elder Mo came to Myriad City, he tended to be reclusive and seldom left his residence. Pleading for him to take action was an impossible task. Furthermore, he did not thoroughly save the infected. All he did was seal them in ice and let them wait for Yi Yun to finish the healing process.

Since Elder Mo rarely took action, it caused the people who came to implore him to become even more respectful.

Compared to Yi Yun, Yi Yun was a lot more approachable. Therefore, Guiyuan Potian constantly reminded himself to absolutely not treat Yi Yun as a junior.

This went on late into the night before Yi Yun finally cracked the layers of frost ice left behind by Elder Mo. He saw layers of golden runes fly up into the sky from amid the frost ice before dissipating into dots of light and disappearing. At the next moment, the two ice blocks seemed to lose the intermolecular forces binding them and instantly melted.

As the cold water flowed across the ground, Yi Yun waved his hands and beckoned both Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin into his hands. Despite being sealed in ice for nearly five years, the two women's vitalities had not decreased at all. Instead, they had been nourished by the frost ice and enjoyed greater vibrancy.

However, they remained unconscious.

And at that moment, in what seemed like an ordinary thatched cottage outside of Myriad City, an elder walked out. He was dressed in azure-colored clothes. His pupils effused a light purple color as they looked in the direction of Myriad City. A smile spread across his lips.

"Six hours to resolve the frost ice laws I left behind. You have really surprised me."

The elder muttered to himself as he took a step forward. As his footsteps tapped across the void, he walked towards Myriad City.

...

"Although I have melted the frost ice, the frost Qi runs deep in Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin's limbs and core. It's still nourishing their bodies. This Elder Mo is truly an impressive figure."

Yi Yun placed Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin flat in front of him. He probed their dantians and noticed that the evil spirits entrenched in them were a lot stronger than the ones before. Despite being weakened by the frost ice laws, they were still energetic. Now that the frost ice had disappeared, they seemed to be gathering strength to make another resurgence.

"Skyfire Sacred Hands sure is diabolical. If this were twenty years ago, dealing with these evil spirits would be tough, but it's a lot easier now."

The Azure Wood Divine Tree in Yi Yun's body had grown to a towering three-hundred-foot tree. The divine tree's veins shot out and with the room he was in as the core, the surrounding vegetation began growing vibrantly in a beautiful and splendid manner.

About thirty seconds later, the evil spirits residing within Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin's bodies were eliminated. They dissipated completely and transformed into energy that was absorbed by the Azure Wood Divine Tree.

At the instant the evil spirits dissipated, more than fifty thousand kilometers away, a man with a face covered in dry and pale skin that was spotted with blood patches grunted as a trickle of black blood oozed out the corner of his mouth.

This person was none other than Skyfire Sacred Hands.

The two demonic servants he had left behind had been nourished by him using a portion of his blood essence. If the two demonic servants successfully completed the possession, they would become his loyal subordinates which he could easily command. However, if they were eliminated, he would lose that bit of blood essence. This was naturally an unpleasant outcome for Skyfire Sacred Hands.

Skyfire Sacred Hands stood up with an ashen expression. After five years, his complexion looked even more sickly.

This terrible complexion was the result of giving large amounts of his lifeblood to nourish demonic servants that were intrinsic to him. Skyfire Sacred Hands had already nurtured more than a thousand intrinsic demonic servants.

Once these intrinsic demonic servants returned to him, the lifeblood that they had devoured would be fed back into him, greatly increasing his strength.

"Yi Yun, it appears that you have come out of seclusion. Then, it's finally time for me to rid myself of this mental demon!"

...

After Yi Yun exterminated the evil spirits, Dong Xiaowan and

Fairy Youqin woke up one after another about five minutes later.

They were somewhat lost. They had fallen unconscious for five years, and were completely unaware of anything that happened during that time.

At that moment in City Lord Manor, all the important figures that should be there were there.

Guiyuan Potian, Perfected Qianhua, Paradise Chapter's chapter master, the Zhou family's patriarch, every important person was gathered!

Now, despite not holding any position in Myriad City or having built up any faction, Yi Yun's status and prestige meant that every word he said carried weight. No one could override him.

"Young Master Yi, my great-grandson, Guiyuan Li, has been brought here. I wonder if you could..." Guiyuan Potian said respectfully.

But at that moment, Yi Yun felt something and turned his head. He looked towards City Lord Manor's door as an azure-clothed elder with light purple pupils slowly walked over.

He seemed to walk very slowly, but also seemed to come from another dimension. It made Yi Yun's heart palpitate.

He was now a lot stronger. He could even vaguely sense the

cultivation realms of some mighty figures. He could clearly sense that although the elder's aura was converged, his strength was actually unfathomable. It gave Yi Yun the feeling that he was even stronger than his master, Felicitous Rain Lord.

Chapter 1218: Settling Scores

"Senior, might I ask who you are?"

Yi Yun cupped his fists and asked respectfully.

"My surname is Mo, and my first name is Shen." The elder replied with a smile.

Mo Shen...

Yi Yun naturally did not recall such a name. He said, "Thank you Senior Mo, for saving my friends. I wonder if Senior Mo has any directions for me?"

"I would not dare to claim that they are directions. It's just that my master would like to meet you. I live in a cottage on the southern facing slope of the Heaven Bestowing Mountain west of the city. After you settle things here, you can look for me whenever you have the time. When that time comes, I'll bring you to meet my master. As for the situation in the Myriad Divine Territory, those are matters for Young Master Yi to solve. I will not interfere."

After Elder Mo said that, he turned and left. Yi Yun drew a cold gasp when he heard that.

Master?

Elder Mo was only an old servant?

What sort of person could make Elder Mo their servant? What level could they be at?

Behind Yi Yun, many of the upper echelons of the Myriad Divine Territory's major factions exchanged looks. Such a figure had far exceeded their imaginations.

"Why does it feel like we are frogs in a well..." Qin Zhengyang laughed wryly as he said in a self-deprecating manner.

He had always known that the 12 Empyrean Heavens were not everything in the Universe. Far away in the Sinkhole, there were even more unfathomable existences. In addition, there were many unknown pocket worlds with mighty figures hiding in them.

However, that was only hearsay. When they truly realized that such figures were paying them attention, and even wanted to meet Yi Yun, they were astounded.

Compared to these figures, they were overly puny.

"Yi Yun, do you plan on..." Qin Zhengyang asked.

Yi Yun faltered slightly as his perception followed Elder Mo out. Only when Elder Mo exceeded Yi Yun's range did he retract his perception. He said, "Skyfire Sacred Hands and I need to settle the score. The awakening of the demonic servants is not only limited

to the Myriad Divine Territory. What I can do is also extremely limited. I plan on meeting Elder Mo's master."

Yi Yun was unlike City Lord Qin and company. The strongest people City Lord Qin had seen were only Divine Lords with Royal Seals.

But Yi Yun had encountered more than a handful of super experts in the Azure Wood Great World, the Purple Crystal, and the Pure Yang Sword Palace. Furthermore, among these experts, there were great differences.

It was apparent that the true experts in this world were numerous and powerful.

As Yi Yun reflected on this, he walked straight towards Guiyuan Potian's great-grandson—Guiyuan Li. With a simple wave of his hand, he vanquished the evil spirit within Guiyuan Li's dantian. By now, Yi Yun was proficient at doing such things.

"Thank you, Young Master Yi." Guiyuan Potian looked as Guiyuan Li's Yuan Qi rapidly recovered. He felt delighted but also somewhat wry.

He had suffered because of this matter for a year. He had used all sorts of means and paid an immense price. However, for Yi Yun, it was nothing worth mentioning. It was as simple as drinking a bowl of water.

"Young Master Yi, over the years of your seclusion, I happen to have gathered some herbs. There are a few good strains and they would be wasted in my hands. I wish to hand them over to Young Master Yi as I believe they will be put to good use," the Zhou family's Patriarch Zhou said in a somewhat embarrassed manner.

Yi Yun knew immediately that the juniors of the Zhou family had been infected and that his services were being requested.

Yi Yun did not mind the Zhou family's patriarch. Even if he was a person that veered with the wind, he had decisively crippled Zhou Baifeng. The way he acted was rather refreshing.

"Bring them all here. I will treat them..."

As Yi Yun said this, his voice suddenly came to a halt. He looked up as his gaze penetrated City Lord Manor's walls and went out of Myriad City.

Hundreds of miles away, on a desolate mountain, a black-cloaked man was standing on the mountaintop. His expression was pale and his face was dotted with red patches, but his facial features were still vaguely familiar.

This person was none other than Skyfire Sacred Hands.

After having not seen him for twenty-five years, Skyfire Sacred Hands had decayed into such a state.

Furthermore, Yi Yun saw that not only was Skyfire Sacred Hands looking even more hideous, his hatred for him was even more intense. Yi Yun felt that Skyfire Sacred Hands had already lost himself to his demons.

The change in his cultivation technique and aura made him appear even more sinister. He looked as though he wanted to destroy everything.

This demonic state also magnified Skyfire Sacred Hands's hatred for Yi Yun's acquisition of his Skyfire.

At that moment, Skyfire Sacred Hands slowly lifted his hand. His fingernails were black and sharp, resembling the claws of wild beasts. The claw was pointed at Yi Yun from a great distance as though it was clenching Yi Yun's throat.

"Looks like I will not be able to tend to Senior Zhou's juniors at this moment."

"About that..." Patriarch Zhou faltered slightly before sensing something. "Skyfire Sacred Hands!?"

Patriarch Zhou immediately looked in Skyfire Sacred Hands's direction.

"It looks like he knows of Yi Yun's return. This demon actually dares to openly appear in Myriad City. I have long wanted to settle the vendetta of him harming Li'er."

Guiyuan Potian was infuriated. If not for Yi Yun's timely return, Guiyuan Li would no doubt have died.

"Brother Potian, I know you are incensed. However, we have tried this numerous times in the past. There's no way for us to capture Skyfire Sacred Hands. He comes and goes like a ghost. He doesn't stay put for long and is crafty. It's nearly impossible for us to deal with him."

Skyfire Sacred Hands's escaping arts were embedded deep in these people's memories. He could transform into countless evil demons and dissipate. Even an array formation could not hold him down.

At that moment, Yi Yun said, "He is here for me. Since he has informed me of his return, I'll go to him and settle the grudge of the past twenty odd years."

Yi Yun was the type who would never spare Skyfire Sacred Hands, unless he had no other choice.

As Yi Yun spoke, he was already on the way out of City Lord Manor.

"Yi Yun, since Skyfire Sacred Hands is so boldly coming for you, there must be something backing him. You going to him might be playing right into his hands. You might end up in his trap. Why don't you wait in City Lord Manor? With us here, Skyfire Sacred Hands will not be able to do anything to you."

Qin Zhengyang was worried that Yi Yun would suffer. He naturally knew that Yi Yun's strength must have increased greatly over the years, but Skyfire Sacred Hands was not to be trifled with either. By submitting himself to the demonic way, his cultivation became unorthodox and his strength increased at an astounding rate.

Even if Yi Yun was considered a genius, he cultivated in orthodox cultivation techniques. Orthodox cultivation techniques tended to be slower.

Yi Yun said, "City Lord Qin, rest assured. Although I'm leaving the manor, I will not leave the range of your perception. All of you will be able to sense the battlefield at all times."

"In that case... alright."

Qin Zhengyang nodded. With so many of them around, their perception was constantly locked onto Skyfire Sacred Hands. Should anything go wrong, they could provide assistance in a timely fashion.

The crowd walked out of the city with Yi Yun leading the group. With all the upper echelons of Myriad City in the procession, it naturally attracted the attention of many. People still were unaware of what was happening.

When they came to the city gates, Qin Zhengyang and company stopped. They left Yi Yun to leap into the air as his figure

transformed into a long beam of light, shooting straight at Skyfire Sacred Hands.

Chapter 1219: Taking Root

Outside Myriad City were endless green mountains with lush forests. There were refreshing springs and intricate rocks, with countless critters shuttling through the woods. It looked like a thriving ecosystem.

However, amid the green mountains, Skyfire Sacred Hands stood atop a desolate mountain that had no signs of life.

An azure beam flashed as Yi Yun arrived in front of the mountain. He gradually landed, coming to a stop with the tip of his foot on the mountain peak. He faced Skyfire Sacred Hands across the void.

"Yi Yun, after twenty plus years of being a cowardly turtle, you have finally dared to appear." Skyfire Sacred Hands looked at Yi Yun as his eyes suffused mockery and killing intent.

He was forced to abandon his sect over the past twenty-five years, losing the status he once enjoyed. It was all thanks to Yi Yun.

Yi Yun looked at Skyfire Sacred Hands coldly. He could feel an extremely familiar aura from Skyfire Sacred Hands's body. Skyfire Sacred Hands was practically half demonic servant.

"When I take you down, I'll extract your flame seed and refine it for my use. I will resolve my mental demons and use your blood to forge my new path as a demonic emperor!" Skyfire Sacred Hands

yelled as he pounced at Yi Yun.

Ever since his downfall, Skyfire Sacred Hands had been brewing with disgruntlement. He had waited for more than two decades for this chance. He would relish the experience of torturing Yi Yun, making him lead an insufferable life so as to ease his own hatred.

And if he crippled Yi Yun and handed him over to the Supreme Lord, he would definitely be handsomely rewarded.

Given the Supreme Lord's status, he naturally didn't stick around in the puny Myriad Divine Territory for two decades. He had left Skyfire Sacred Hands in charge of Myriad City. Other than nurturing large numbers of demonic servants in the Myriad Divine Territory, he was given the task of helping the red-haired man search for Yi Yun.

Skyfire Sacred Hands abruptly pounced over, moving like a night owl. His black figure swooped down as terrifying power enveloped Yi Yun's surroundings from afar.

At that moment, City Lord Qin and company had arrived about five kilometers away. They happened to see Skyfire Sacred Hands turn into a black cloud that enveloped the entire mountaintop. The sky was dyed black. As for Skyfire Sacred Hands's figure, it had fused with the black clouds. There was no sight of his actual figure.

The strange aura left people shuddering from the cold as sharp shrieks seemed to strike straight into their souls.

City Lord Qin and company had seen Skyfire Sacred Hands turn into a black shadow before, but they never expected his attacks to be so diabolical.

Even Skyfire Sacred Hands's very figure became darkness, to the point where it could not be seen. As for Yi Yun, he was in the middle of the legion of black clouds.

Yi Yun slashed out a sword beam while facing the overwhelming black clouds, cleaving through the endless void.

Boom!

The sword hums were thunderous like an electric snake had split apart the dark clouds.

The blue sky appeared once again as Yi Yun stood hovering in mid-air. The broken sword in his hand resonated in response.

The Yuan Qi he emanated suffused a pale golden color. It was pure and ancient.

Following that, Yi Yun's aura seemed to transform into something faintly discernible. Despite visibly standing there, it felt as though he was only a shadow.

This feeling left City Lord Qin and company astonished.

The split black clouds rapidly closed the gap as they formed a gargantuan face within them. Its facial features were that of Skyfire Sacred Hands.

"Yi Yun, you have indeed grown a lot. Everyone says that you will definitely rise to Divine Lord and above. To kill an absolute genius like you is truly a pleasant feeling!" Skyfire Sacred Hands guffawed loudly.

The black clouds were extraordinary for they were formed by an amalgamation of demonic auras. Ignoring the outcome of ordinary warriors being enveloped by the black clouds, simply touching them would drain all of one's lifeblood. However, Yi Yun had been able to cleave them apart.

Although his first attack failed, it was only the beginning for Skyfire Sacred Hands.

"Don't you have the means to counter the demonic servants? Shall I let you know what despair is today!?"

Skyfire Sacred Hands roared loudly, causing the desolate mountain beneath him to quake violently. Following that, shrill demonic sounds were heard. Demonic servant phantoms charged out of the mountain and straight into the sky!

This scene left everyone astonished. That's no mountain!

They had thought that the desolate mountain seemed out of

place. It was devoid of life and gave off an unsettling feeling. It seemed so obviously a trap, but Yi Yun had still gone forward. Qin Zhengyang and company turned anxious. They had planned on watching the battle by casting their perception outside the city, but they couldn't shake their unease so they decided to follow.

Now, their suspicions were confirmed. This mountain had been specifically prepared by Skyfire Sacred Hands. He had amassed a large amount of demonic servants within the mountain and nurtured them over the past twenty-plus years.

Although Yi Yun was powerful, charging straight into his opponent's trap was too risky. He would only suffer.

At that moment, Yi Yun saw the demonic servants flying into Skyfire Sacred Hands's body like phoenixes flying towards the sun. Skyfire Sacred Hands's body was rapidly burgeoning.

"Let's attack!"

Qin Zhengyang originally believed that if he were too close, he would scare Skyfire Sacred Hands into retreating. He was unable to prevent his escape or capture him. It would have been a waste of effort but now, seeing Skyfire Sacred Hands release thousands of demonic servants, he no longer had the luxury of taking his time to weigh options. They would join forces to collectively scare Skyfire Sacred Hands into a retreat. Ensuring Yi Yun's safety was of utmost priority!

Instantly, Qin Zhengyang, Guiyuan Potian, and Perfected

Qianhua flew towards Skyfire Sacred Hands. They instantly traversed a distance of several miles!

Qin Zhengyang held his broadsword and charged ahead. A black sword beam cleaved apart the lands in an indomitable fashion!

Guiyuan Potian followed closely behind. He produced two black fists that would crush Skyfire Sacred Hands.

But at that moment, they saw that the thousands of demonic servants had gathered together, forming a massive black ball. Outside the ball, demonic flames were burning fiercely. Such immense power was approaching Yi Yun at an unbelievable speed.

Skyfire Sacred Hands was long prepared. He had laid a trap and began with a formidable strike, leaving no opportunities for Yi Yun.

He believed that even if this strike failed to kill Yi Yun, he would at least be severely injured!

However, at the instant the black energy began converging, Yi Yun forcefully stamped his foot onto the desolate mountain beneath him.

Boom!

With a loud explosion, an Azure Wood Divine Tree phantom blasted out from behind Yi Yun. The thick roots worked their way

through the mountain like large azure-colored pythons. They bored straight into the soil of the desolate mountain.

Hu! Hu! Hu!

The divine tree's roots tunneled erratically through the mountain with the main root splitting into thousands of tiny root follicles. The thicker ones were as thick as a person's arm while the thin ones were thinner than a pinky finger. The roots quickly proliferated the entire desolate mountain.

Above the root network, there was a dense mist of billowing azure light. It was the natural phenomenon of condensation when the amount of Yuan Qi reached a maximum.

However, despite the roots appearing propitious, they were extremely terrifying. Wherever they passed, demonic servants would issue shrill screams that added to the rustling sounds of demonic servants dispersing into azure-colored smoke.

This scene resembled pouring molten metal onto snowflakes. The snowflakes would rapidly melt, without any hope of resisting.

Yi Yun had naturally noticed the trap within the desolate mountain. In that case, he decided to beat Skyfire Sacred Hands at his own game. He made the desolate mountain that was formed by the demonic servants into the soil for his divine tree to take root.

Chapter 1220: End

"What is that?" Skyfire Sacred Hands was taken aback.

Back when Yi Yun treated the plague, Skyfire Sacred Hands did not even notice the existence of the divine tree. He believed that Yi Yun was able to eliminate the evil spirits through the use of his mysterious fire seed.

But now that he was half demonic servant, Skyfire Sacred Hands could clearly see the towering tree behind Yi Yun. The tree's crown reached straight into the firmaments as though it was a god that stood high and mighty, looking down at him indifferently.

An immense sense of repression immediately made Skyfire Sacred Hands, who was in the form of a flaming demonic black ball, stagger. It felt as though he had fallen into a mire.

And in front of the tree's crown, Yi Yun stood straight with the broken sword in hand. He looked coldly at Skyfire Sacred Hands.

"You thought that after becoming stronger, you would be able to harm me by using a trap. However, in the end, all you did was expose your weakness." Yi Yun's voice stabbed into Skyfire Sacred Hands's mind like a sharp needle.

The divine tree had taken root in the desolate mountain as numerous demonic servants were constantly being absorbed by the Azure Wood Divine Tree amid wails. They transformed into stronger energy for the divine tree. Over the past twenty-five

years, the Azure Wood Divine Tree had already grown into a lush and sturdy tree. It was why Yi Yun was so confident.

"Die!" Skyfire Sacred Hands roared. How could he be willing to suffer defeat in such a manner? He had nurtured the demonic servants for more than two decades. They should have become part of his strength, making Yi Yun face him in despair, unable to match him in any way.

Skyfire Sacred Hands suddenly let out a long howl as, beyond the massive black ball, demonic flames burned fiercely. Then, like a meteor falling from the heavens, a black bolt of lightning streaked across the void, heading straight for Yi Yun!

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The ground, mountains, and rivers beneath were afflicted by the black lightning as they began sinking! After this battle, the geological features here would undoubtedly change. The mountains would be flattened and the rivers would dry and change directions.

Skyfire Sacred Hands was fighting desperately for his life. He did not hold back at all. Even his intrinsic demon fire was burning. The flames that were burning beyond the black ball now suffused a fiendish redness amid the black.

He wanted to burn Yi Yun alive, boiling dry the blood and Qi within his body, as well as turn the huge tree phantom behind him to ash.

"Yi Yun, die!"

Faced with Skyfire Sacred Hands's attack, Yi Yun's eyes began to reveal killing intent.

"Kill!"

The sword strike seemed like a dazzling and resplendent galaxy that crossed over distant space. Wherever the sword beam passed, space would shatter and mend itself. It was as though it created a river filled with black vortices.

And that river was gushing towards the flaming demonic black ball.

One strike to dictate life and death!

After Yi Yun cultivated in the Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon, he was able to fuse destruction and creation, as well as time and space, together. The might of his sword became even more devastating and its trajectory was even harder to grasp.

Different laws constantly composed themselves as they condensed into different sword beams.

Boom!

A terrifying explosion sounded that caused the distant Myriad City to quake violently.

At the moment the flaming demonic black ball clashed with the sword beam, it was as though a black sun had exploded in the sky.

In the bustling Myriad City, hundreds of miles away, millions of warriors, alchemists, mortals, and even people in a radius of thousands of miles away saw this scene.

They were momentarily stunned. What was happening over there?

They saw a mighty flame light up the sky as many warriors sensed the tumultuous Yuan Qi fluctuations. It was unknown how far away the terrifying aura was, but it still left their bodies feeling like they were being pricked by needles.

Inside Myriad City, Fairy Youqin and Dong Xiaowan had already awoken. As they were still feeling weak, they did not follow City Lord Qin and company out of the city.

In fact, they had just learned of the recent happenings from Princess White Fox, who had rushed over to take care of them.

"It was Young Master that saved me..." Dong Xiaowan whispered to herself.

"It can only be him," Fairy Youqin added. No one but Yi Yun had

such abilities.

Just as she said that, the entire City Lord Manor suddenly quaked. As the rumbling continued incessantly, Fairy Youqin felt alarmed. They quickly walked out the building and looked up. The sky appeared to be dyed by the black demonic flames. The land was constantly quaking.

Boom!

A dazzling golden beam tore through the black clouds and instantly cleansed the flaring black flames.

The golden light obstreperously emanated an ancient and mysterious aura.

"This is..." Fairy Youqin was somewhat perplexed.

"It's Yi Yun." Amid the powerful aura, Princess White Fox, who was closest to Yi Yun relationship-wise, was the first to sense Yi Yun's aura.

"Yi Yun is battling Skyfire Sacred Hands. From the looks of it, he isn't at a total disadvantage. In fact, he holds the upper hand."

Princess White Fox had a mixed expression on her face. She believed that her strength had increased tremendously after being recruited by her master, allowing her to, at the very least, approach Yi Yun. But now, she realized that she could only watch

Yi Yun from afar.

Skyfire Sacred Hands was originally a Supremacy. He later cultivated in demonic methods, becoming even stronger, but Yi Yun was able to resist him. Such cultivation techniques and sword techniques were truly terrifying.

...

At that moment, beneath the desolate mountain, the flaming demonic black ball was cracking under Yi Yun's sword beams. It was reduced to countless black shadows.

"Yi Yun!" Amid the black shadows thundered numerous voices that belonged to Skyfire Sacred Hands. He was still planning on gathering together and burning all his demonic flames and blood essence to kill Yi Yun at the cost of his life.

Yi Yun exhaled. Although it was taxing on him, he was feeling delighted. When he cleaved apart the flaming demonic black ball with his sword beams, he could feel every insight he gained over the past twenty-five years of seclusion refining themselves into those sword beams.

Skyfire Sacred Hands was a testbed for him. Yi Yun fully understood his own strength.

If Skyfire Sacred Hands had cultivated normally to where he was, Yi Yun would not be his match. However, Skyfire Sacred Hands

had taken the unorthodox path and bred thousands of demonic servants, all of which were perfectly countered by Yi Yun.

"It's time to end it." Yi Yun lifted the sword tip.

As the pure Yang broken sword trembled gently, the heaven and earth resonated immediately with a dull hum.

Golden beams of light surged outwards like a wave, and immediately following that, a sword beam plunged down from a high altitude like a radiant sun. It tore through the layer of clouds, space, and the black shadows that were frenetically trying to gather together.

Instantly, countless holes bored through the black shadows as huge rifts opened up in the ground.

Everyone, including Guiyuan Potian, City Lord Qin, and people from the distant Myriad City, witnessed this scene of fiery rain.

"Ahhhhh..." Skyfire Sacred Hands's voice sounded like it escaped from hell.

Swish! Swish! Swish!

The tree veins thrust out, dispersing the black figures that were riddled with holes, enveloping and absorbing them.

The Azure Wood Divine Tree had absorbed large amounts of demonic servants, emanating an even stronger Yuan Qi fluctuation. All its leaves seemed to shake like they were dancing.

"He's dead..."

"Skyfire Sacred Hands was killed just like that. It was truly a clean death."

City Lord Qin looked wistfully at Yi Yun. After twenty-five years of not seeing him, Yi Yun had become a lot stronger. At that moment, he could not help but feel envious of Yi Yun.

Such talent insinuated that if Yi Yun were to successfully mature, he would be able to make contact with even higher martial paths, seeking the origins of life and the universe.

At that moment, Yi Yun was looking at the black shadows that were being absorbed by the Azure Wood Divine Tree. After it absorbed all the demonic servants, it grew taller once again. Its leaves turned lush as the root network became more developed.

However, at that moment, amid the layers of black shadows, an inconspicuous gray dot of light flew out silently. Like a ghost, it flew towards Yi Yun's back.

The dot of light concealed all of its aura. Even a Divine Lord might not be able to detect it.

However, Yi Yun possessed the Purple Crystal. Even after killing Skyfire Sacred Hands, he remained vigilant of his surroundings.

He suddenly felt a sense of unease. Without a second thought, he flew forward.

But the gray dot of light behind him was too fast. It ignored his protective Yuan Qi and directly tunneled through it.

When the gray dot of light entered his body, Yi Yun suddenly felt an aura of biting coldness and death. It made his heart rapidly palpitate.

It was clearly a power that did not belong to Skyfire Sacred Hands.

Yi Yun's heart leaped. Could the gray dot of light have been left behind by Skyfire Sacred Hands's master? And did that mean it had been residing inside Skyfire Sacred Hands's body all along!?

Chapter 1221: Seal

When the gray dot of light entered Yi Yun's body, the Yuan Qi within his dantian began to circulate violently. It instinctively tried to purge the gray dot of light; however, it remained like a maggot and rapidly tunneled into Yi Yun's dantian.

At that instant, Yi Yun felt a strong sense of danger.

And simultaneously, the Azure Wood Divine Tree's root network abruptly uprooted itself from the desolate mountain and rapidly swept back towards Yi Yun's body.

The Azure Wood Divine Tree seed had previously sprouted in Yi Yun's dantian, becoming one with him.

When it sensed the danger Yi Yun was facing, the Azure Wood Divine Tree automatically returned into Yi Yun's body.

In just a split second, the Azure Wood Divine Tree's leaves spread throughout Yi Yun's meridians and finally drew inwards to his dantian, wrapping it under thick layers.

"Peng!"

Yi Yun seemed to hear a dull thud from within his body. As he looked within his dantian, he saw that the leaves had formed a cage, and the gray dot of light was slamming about within.

Yi Yun immediately circulated all his Yuan Qi to surge towards the cage. He constantly fortified it, while at the same time the Azure Wood Divine Tree's massive vibrant strength inundated the gray dot of light, trapping it completely. The light it emitted also dimmed slightly.

The cadaveric aura finally vanished.

"What the heck is this thing?" Yi Yun sensed that the gray dot of light was only sealed and restrained. It seemed to contain a light heartbeat.

Through the Azure Wood Divine Tree's leaves, Yi Yun perceived the gray dot of light. From it, he sensed a stranger's aura.

The aura was extremely diabolical.

Simultaneously, Yi Yun sensed that the gray dot of light contained immense amounts of demonic aura that was of a higher grade than that of the demonic servants.

Yi Yun thought about it and came to the conclusion that the demonic aura belonged to Skyfire Sacred Hands's master. By planting the gray dot of light within Yi Yun's body, Skyfire Sacred Hands's master was able to instantly strike and kill him.

From the beginning, Skyfire Sacred Hands's master had not trusted him at all. He only saw Skyfire Sacred Hands as a tool.

However, the gray dot of light had been completely restrained by the Azure Wood Divine Tree. Not a single amount of aura leaked out. As such, the demonic aura could no longer be tracked as well. Not only was it unable to threaten his life, it also prevented Skyfire Sacred Hands's master from sensing it.

"I'll use the Azure Wood Divine Tree to seal it before absorbing it clean." Yi Yun thought to himself. Yi Yun felt unease leaving such a thing in his body even if Skyfire Sacred Hands's master could not find him. He needed to refine and digest it.

The demonic aura would provide large amounts of nutrients to the Azure Wood Divine Tree once it was absorbed. However, absorbing the demonic aura clean was not an easy task. It would probably take a period of time.

"Yi Yun, are you alright?" City Lord Qin asked after he and company flew over.

Yi Yun shook his head. "I'm fine."

City Lord Qin and company had not seen the gray dot of light. All they saw was Yi Yun suddenly halting. He had a heavy expression and, following that, the surrounding Yuan Qi was pulled into his body. They were puzzled as to what had happened.

Now that they knew Yi Yun was fine, City Lord Qin and company heaved a sigh of relief. They chalked it up to Yi Yun being a little exhausted. After all, it had been a huge battle.

Imagining the scene of the battle that had just ended, the warriors, and even the mortals, that witnessed the scene would speak about it, remembering it deep in their hearts.

"Let's return to Myriad City. I'll purge the plague for those people," said Yi Yun.

Upon hearing Yi Yun's offer, the Zhou family's patriarch was naturally the happiest. However, City Lord Qin was taken aback. "Why the rush?"

Yi Yun had just finished a battle and needed rest. There was no need to hurry.

However, Yi Yun gave a faint smile. "It's fine."

Curing the plague for the others did not enervate him in any way. On the contrary, it replenished his Azure Wood Divine Tree with some energy.

Despite having restrained the gray dot of light, Yi Yun knew that he could not stay in Myriad City for long, or trouble would quickly come knocking.

...

Billions of miles away from Myriad Divine Territory, in a silent and desolate desert, a red-haired man sat quietly amid the yellow sand. Strong winds howled, blowing through his red hair as

though a red flame was flickering in the sand.

Suddenly, he opened his eyes. His eyes appeared to be two patches of darkness. They effused an endless chill as though he did not have the emotions that belonged to a living being.

"Skyfire Sacred Hands is dead."

The red-haired man was somewhat surprised. It wasn't that he particularly cared about Skyfire Sacred Hands's survival. However, the ancient demonic aura he had planted had entered deep into the person that killed Skyfire Sacred Hands. But in the blink of an eye, the demonic aura seemed to be lost in the endless oceans. It vanished without a trace.

The red-haired man pricked up his brows and extended his hand, writing down a name on the yellow sand in front of him.

"Yi Yun."

Wu—!

A gust of wind blew. Despite being a name written in sand, it did not get blown away by the wind. It seemed to be engraved in the sand forever.

"Interesting." The red-haired man muttered to himself as the corners of his lips suffused a faint smile. "What secret does this youth have? It looks like I have underestimated him..."

...

The infected geniuses of Myriad City gathered in front of City Lord Manor were filled with anticipation and excitement. And aside from the geniuses, there were warriors that rushed to Myriad City after catching wind of the news.

All of Myriad City's streets were empty. Nearly everyone in the city had come out of the stores and houses. They swarmed towards City Lord Manor.

The turnout for such a grand occasion was even better than that of the Grand Alchemical-cum-Medical Meet years ago.

When Yi Yun's figure appeared in front of City Lord Manor's entrance, a cacophonous roar sounded.

"Young Master Yi! Young Master Yi!"

These geniuses and warriors gazed excitedly at Yi Yun. All of them exuded looks of immense reverence and admiration.

Yi Yun's present status made it so that no one had even the slightest thought of comparing themselves to him. There was only idolation.

Yi Yun looked at these people and raised his hand. The Azure

Wood Divine Tree phantom appeared behind him as a warm vibrant energy immediately scattered towards the crowd like rain.

Sharp screams that came from the soul cried out. Yi Yun could hear them clearly but ordinary people did not hear them at all.

The demonic servants that were hiding within the young geniuses' dantians escaped as they scattered in mid-air, attempting to escape in every direction.

"Freeze!" Yi Yun was already prepared. He extended his finger and immediately, the space above the crowd was sealed. Golden threads formed a spatial cage.

These demonic servants were imprisoned within the space as they were helplessly absorbed by the Azure Wood Divine Tree.

In an instant, Yi Yun had treated all the infected geniuses.

"Young Master Yi, this is a little token to show my respect to you." Patriarch Zhou was delighted. The few genius of the younger generation of his Zhou family had been saved. He immediately produced an interspatial ring.

He was not the only one. The factions behind the geniuses that were saved each delivered all sorts of treasures.

Today, the formidable strength that Yi Yun had demonstrated made everyone see Yi Yun's future clearly. As long as he did not

perish, his future was limitless.

They did not have lavish hopes of befriending Yi Yun. Simply being slightly acquainted with him brought immense benefits.

Yi Yun did not reject the gifts of gratitude. He entrusted City Lord Qin to collect all the gifts and left. He wanted to meet Elder Mo.

Chapter 1222: Horizon of the Sinkhole

Outside of Myriad City, on the southern facing slope of the Heaven Bestowing Mountain, there was an ordinary straw cottage. It sat behind a herbal field and looked like any ordinary house from a village of mortals.

At this moment, an azure-clothed elder was sitting on a bamboo chair in front of the house, leisurely sampling some tea made of coarse leaves.

When Yi Yun arrived in front of the straw cottage, he looked at the elder drinking tea. As he watched, he felt that the tea-drinking elder, the herb field, the straw cottage, and the world around it seemed to be an independent world, yet everything came together so naturally. Every single brick and tile seemed to contain laws to form such an atmosphere. People without a discerning eye would have found the place ordinary.

"Elder Mo, may I share a cup of your tea?" Yi Yun requested with a faint smile.

Elder Mo looked up and glanced at him. His purple pupils seemed to contain limitless power.

"Of course." Elder Mo extended his hand out, causing the tea to fly out of the kettle and into a coarse porcelain cup, which flew towards Yi Yun.

Yi Yun caught it and downed it with a tip of his head. After the

warm tea flowed down his throat and into his stomach, he felt a comfortable and refreshing feeling emanate through his limbs.

"Great tea!" Yi Yun marveled carefreely.

Yi Yun was well-read thanks to the divine alchemist's notes. He knew spirit tea was made of herbs, but despite his knowledge he could not discern the source of the tea leaves.

"What tea is this?" asked Yi Yun.

"This is one of the local products from where I'm from. It's called Rootless Tea," said Elder Mo.

"Rootless Tea?"

Tea without roots was an interesting concept.

When Yi Yun heard Elder Mo mention where he hailed from, he asked, "Elder Mo, might I ask who your master is? Why does your master want to meet me?"

"It is not my place to question my master's intentions. However, rest assured that my master has no intentions of harming you in any way. You will be informed as to why my master wants to meet you when the both of you meet." Elder Mo said with a smile.

Yi Yun nodded. He did not believe that Elder Mo's master had

any ulterior motives towards him. If that were the case, Elder Mo's strength was sufficient to just attack him openly. There was no need to go through such great trouble.

He was curious. Why would Elder Mo's master be interested in him?

"If I stay any longer in Myriad City, it will only invite trouble. Elder Mo, I might as well go with you to meet your master," said Yi Yun.

"Is the trouble you mention referring to the mastermind behind Skyfire Sacred Hands?" asked Elder Mo.

"Yes," Yi Yun replied immediately. "Does Elder Mo know who the person is?"

Yi Yun had already formed a grudge with the mastermind, so he naturally wanted any details on them that he could get.

"I know a little but it's best you ask my master," replied Elder Mo.

"Do you have anyone else you would like to bid farewell to?"

A few figures appeared in Yi Yun's mind.

"There are a few."

Elder Mo stood up and gently swiped his hand. As though he was swiping across the landscape on a portrait, the straw cottage, herb fields, chair, and the tea vanished, transforming into a forest that merged with the surrounding grass and trees.

"Let's go!"

Yi Yun left and returned to Myriad City with Elder Mo.

Upon seeing Yi Yun and Elder Mo's figures simultaneously appear over City Lord Manor, City Lord Qin knew that Yi Yun was leaving.

Myriad City was, after all, too small. Furthermore, Yi Yun was destined for greater heights. Myriad City could not hold him back.

Princess White Fox, Fairy Youqin, as well as Dong Xiaowan and Ru'er were in Myriad City. At that moment, Yi Yun's voice sounded in their heads.

"I am here to bid all of you farewell."

Yi Yun was leaving?

The girls rushed over. Dong Xiaowan looked at him in a longing manner. Ru'er could not help but tug at Yi Yun's sleeve. "Sir..."

She deeply wished to follow Yi Yun but she was too weak. She

could not help Yi Yun in any way.

Dong Xiaowan was the same. She held Ru'er's hand and said to Yi Yun softly, "Young Master, Ru'er and I will be here. We will continue tending to Yun Xin Loft. It will forever be waiting for you."

Perhaps Yi Yun would never return but Yun Xin Loft would silently stand in the city forever, handed down in Myriad City just like Yi Yun's legend.

Princess White Fox came in front of Yi Yun gingerly. Her long hair blew in the gentle wind as a faint smile seemed to be contained within her star-like eyes. "Yi Yun, I hope we will have a chance to meet again in the future."

She had obtained a fortuitous encounter before coming to Myriad City, meeting Yi Yun again. In the future, Yi Yun would head to even more lofty worlds. Princess White Fox made those worlds her goal as well.

Although she was not as talented as Yi Yun, she would always pursue him on the martial path.

Yi Yun looked into her eyes for a moment. "Alright!"

Turning back to take a glance, Yi Yun nodded and said to everyone, "I'm leaving."

He flew into the sky where Elder Mo was waiting for him. Elder Mo extended his hand and tore through space. Immediately a gigantic spatial rift appeared. Amid the rift were starry cosmos that were constantly in flux and howling storms. It seemed to lead to another world.

People with insufficient strength would not be able to step through the spatial rift.

Elder Mo took the first step in before Yi Yun followed closely behind.

Weng!

Space trembled as the rift closed. In a blink of an eye, the blue skies were restored. It was as though Yi Yun's body was never there.

"He's gone..." Fairy Youqin looked at the sky and as her expression effused melancholy.

Yi Yun and she were on completely different levels. After today's separation, perhaps, the gap would only widen...

Meanwhile, on the other end of the spatial rift.

The moment Yi Yun stepped through the spatial rift, he was embroiled in a spatial storm. A pale golden Yuan Qi suffused the surface of his body, isolating it from the terrifying powers of the

storm.

Elder Mo's figure was ahead. He was strolling ahead like he was enjoying a nice breeze.

In a blink of an eye, they appeared in an empty cosmic space.

"Let's continue. It's still very far," said Elder Mo.

Elder Mo ripped with his hand, tearing open another spatial rift...

After this continued eight more times, Yi Yun's eyes suddenly lit up.

They had arrived in a space with thin mists. They were no longer in space but in a particular world.

Even Yi Yun could not stomach the experience of crossing space eight times.

However, when he entered this world, Yi Yun felt mentally refreshed. He relaxed instantly.

"This is..." Yi Yun sensed that it was an independent space. It was a huge pocket world.

From the looks of it, this was the world that Elder Mo's master resided in. There was no way to guess how many miles they had traversed to arrive in this world. They had long left the Yang God Empyrean Heaven.

"This is the Mirage Sea Realm," said Elder Mo.

"Which of the 12 Empyrean Heavens are we in?" asked Yi Yun.

Elder Mo smiled faintly and looked at the endless clouds in front of him. "This is not the 12 Empyrean Heavens, but the Horizon of the Sinkhole."

Chapter 1223: Portrait

Horizon of the Sinkhole?

Yi Yun was taken aback. He knew that the 12 Empyrean Heavens were only a portion of the Universe. Yet he was still unsure as to what the Horizon of the Sinkhole was.

"In between the Sinkhole and the 12 Empyrean Heavens, there exists a chaotic region. If people from the 12 Empyrean Heavens want to venture into the Sinkhole, they must cross through this region of chaos. Therefore, that region is named the Horizon of the Sinkhole," explained Elder Mo.

So that was the reason... Yi Yun nodded. The Universe was expansive and what he knew was still too limited.

There was a sea of clouds wafting in Mirage Sea Realm. Across the clouds, there were lush green islands floating above blue and calm oceans. It was like a dream or a mirage. The Mirage Sea Realm lived up to its name.

The ocean here effused sufficient spiritual energy and the vegetation on the island was luxuriant. It was very refreshing to the body and mind.

Cultivating in such a place would certainly speed up the cultivation process.

Yi Yun was even more curious about Elder Mo's master. To possess such a world...the Mirage Sea Realm was bigger than any pocket world he had ever seen.

At that moment, figures began flying over from different islands.

These figures emanated powerful Yuan Qi fluctuations. Yi Yun realized that they were Dao Palace realm warriors when he glanced at them.

"Elder Mo."

"Elder Mo, you are back."

These people greeted Elder Mo.

They also looked curiously at Yi Yun for he was a fresh face.

"I'm bringing him to meet Master," said Elder Mo.

Everyone burst into a flurry of discussion as they watched Yi Yun and Elder Mo fly far away.

"Who is he? It has been very long since someone new came to our Mirage Sea Realm."

"He is allowed to meet our Mirage Sea Realm's owner? Who is

this person?"

The warriors present were stunned. Although they lived in Mirage Sea Realm, the person that truly taught and managed them was Elder Mo.

As for Mirage Sea Realm's owner, they were an extremely mysterious figure, someone who they had never met.

As Yi Yun followed Elder Mo in flight, he could not help but turn back to take a glance.

"Those are citizens who live on the islands. Many of them were born in the Mirage Sea Realm. They have never gone to the outside world," explained Elder Mo.

Yi Yun was astonished. This appeared to be another paradise in the world of warriors.

"It's here." Elder Mo suddenly flew downwards.

Yi Yun looked at the island in front of him and knew that it was where the owner of the Mirage Sea Realm resided.

The island had a quiet mountain valley, which Elder Mo brought Yi Yun to. They followed a serene gravel path after landing.

The valley was filled with all sorts of spiritual flowers and grass

but, strangely, there was a frost Qi that permeated the valley. The frost Qi was cold but it did not deprive one of their vibrancy. It seemed to stem from the same frost Qi that had been used to seal Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin.

Inside the valley, there was an elegant bamboo lodge. It had a balcony covered in ice flowers that were crystalline and beautiful. They were like the most intricate pieces of art.

At that moment, the door to the bamboo lodge was pushed open. A blue-dressed woman slowly walked out.

She was tall and slender. Her skin was so fair that the blood vessels beneath her skin could be seen. Yi Yun was surprised to find that her body did not contain any Yuan Qi fluctuations. She appeared to be a mortal.

A mortal?

Yi Yun was stunned. Before he could react to the girl's identity, Elder Mo, who was beside him, went forward respectfully. He bowed at her and said, "Miss, your servant has brought Young Master Yi here."

Oh?

This was the master that Elder Mo was referring to? Was she also the owner of the Mirage Sea Realm?

Yi Yun originally assumed that Elder Mo's master had used her extraordinary strength to establish a mystical world in the Horizon of the Sinkhole, forming the Mirage Sea Realm. And as Mirage Sea Realm and Elder Mo's master, she would naturally be extraordinarily powerful, perhaps even stronger than a Divine Lord.

He never expected Elder Mo's master to be a mortal.

The blue-dressed girl looked at Yi Yun. Her eyes were bright and her facial features were intricate like they were carved from beautiful jade. It made the spiritual flowers and crystalline ice around her pale in comparison.

Yi Yun had never seen a mortal girl that possessed such bearing and looks. He first suspected that she was hiding her aura, but Yi Yun had the Purple Crystal in him. It was extremely sensitive to energy so he was certain that the girl had no means of concealing her aura. She was of mortal breed through and through.

It was unknown how long the Mirage Sea Realm had existed. With Elder Mo's cultivation, it would not be a surprise if it had existed for a million years. A mortal girl that looked about sixteen was the owner of the Mirage Sea Realm?

A mortal lived for less than a hundred years. Subtracting the childhood and elderly years, one's youth lasted less than two decades. The prime of one's youth left one sighing.

If the perfect girl in front of him was a warrior, her beauty could

exist for extended periods of time. But if she were mortal, her beauty was ephemeral.

At that moment, the girl looked up. Using her aqueous eyes, she looked at Yi Yun. "Are you Young Master Yi?"

"I am," Yi Yun jolted out of his daze and replied.

The girl smiled slightly and said, "My name is Huan Chenxue. It must have been tough for Young Master Yi to come from so far away. After hearing of Young Master Yi's deeds, I troubled Elder Mo to invite you here."

Huan Chenxue's smile seemed to make the surroundings immediately lose their existence. Only her smile and voice remained in the valley. It was memorable, to say the least.

Yi Yun suppressed the questions on his mind and cupped his fists. He asked, "Miss Huan, might I know why you were looking for me?"

Huan Chenxue did not directly answer Yi Yun and instead asked him, "Young Master Yi, what do you think of my Mirage Sea Realm?"

Yi Yun honestly answered, "Excellent."

The place was quiet and harmonious. There was plenty of spiritual energy and the scenery was alluring. It was naturally a

very nice place.

"In that case, why don't you stay here first? The island beside mine is empty. Young Master Yi, if you do not mind, you can stay there for as long as you like," Huan Chenxue said.

Yi Yun hesitated for a moment before nodding. "I'm honored by Miss Huan's invitation. However, I cannot be at ease until you tell me why you were looking for me."

Although his intuition told him that Huan Chenxue had no ill intent towards him, Yi Yun could not completely trust her. He could not think of a reason why she had invited him there.

Huan Chenxue nodded gently and said, "There are many reasons why I sought you. It's difficult to put them all into words. I was planning on inviting you to live here and discussing everything with you in detail, slowly. However, since you can't wait, I'll show you something right now."

After Huan Chenxue said that, she took off an interspatial ring from her hand. She handed it to Elder Mo.

Elder Mo gently swiped the interspatial ring his hand, making a portrait appear. He then returned it to Huan Chenxue.

Just this scene confirmed Yi Yun's guesses. Huan Chenxue was truly a mortal girl. If not, just the cultivation of a little Yuan Qi would be able to easily open an interspatial ring. Why would she

need Elder Mo's help?

Huan Chenxue gradually unfurled the portrait. It was half the height of a person and in it, a woman was drawn. She was drawn in a way remarkably true to life. It made one feel that the person in the portrait was alive.

"Young Master Yi, you should know this person, right!?"

Chapter 1224: Woman in the Portrait

The woman drawn in the portrait was dressed in a white dress. She seemed to stand aloof from the world, transcendent, as though she was a fairy from the nine heavens that landed in the mortal world.

When he first saw the woman, Yi Yun found her somewhat familiar. However, he was certain he had never seen her before.

Who was this woman? If he had ever seen such a peerless woman, she certainly would have left a lasting impression on him.

Yi Yun looked at it carefully for a long time. Although it was a portrait, the woman's bearing and looks far exceeded peerless women like Fairy Youqin and Princess White Fox.

Suddenly, a flash of brilliance streaked across Yi Yun's mind.

He recalled the image of a person.

Back in the Tian Yuan world, he had once seen Azure Yang Lord's past when he entered the Great Empress mystic realm.

Azure Yang Lord had a love of his life named Bai Yueyin!

Although Yi Yun had only seen dreamy visions of Azure Yang Lord's life, Bai Yueyin had left a deep impression on him. On

careful comparison, she resembled the woman in the portrait!

Yi Yun remembered that, tens of millions of years ago, the Central State Divine Territory had an empire that united the area known as the Great Qian Dynasty!

And Azure Yang Lord was a prince of the Great Qian Dynasty. After he inherited the throne, he encountered an extremely beautiful woman—Bai Yueyin.

Bai Yueyin was exceedingly talented. She was extremely clever but she came from a tiny sect. Even so, she emitted light like the bright moon. She was a rare gem.

Her ordinary background gave her an inexplicable charm and affability. It made Azure Yang Lord fall deeply in love with her.

Later, the duo held a wedding and was supported by the Great Qian Dynasty. After having heritage and resources to make up for her disadvantages, Bai Yueyin's cultivation improved rapidly. Before long, she was almost as strong as Azure Yang Lord. Among their peers, they were invincible!

However, they came to suffer certain tribulations. Once, Azure Yang Lord and Bai Yueyin headed to the Sinkhole on an expedition. They encountered a perilous zone. Amid the distorted space in the Sinkhole, Azure Yang Lord was trapped and his outcome unknown.

Bai Yueyin returned alone and ruled the Great Qian Dynasty in his stead, conscientiously and earnestly.

She always waited for Azure Yang Lord, believing that he would return.

With that, twenty years passed and the outcome Bai Yueyin had been wishing for finally happened. Azure Yang Lord returned. Not only did he return alive, he returned with his cultivation level increased by leaps and bounds after receiving a huge opportunity in the Sinkhole!

The Great Qian Dynasty rejoiced and the two were given the titles of Sacred Emperor and Sacred Empress. Azure Yang Lord led an unbridled life. Bai Yueyin was modest and open-minded, a motherly model for the nation.

Immediately following that, Azure Yang Lord inherited the position of Great World's Divine Lord. He became a figure that carried weight in the Yang God Empyrean Heaven. That was the peak of his life.

And after the peak was a terrifying nadir!

Not long later, a Fey race expert named Sha Hongxue came to the Central State Divine Territory and issued a challenge.

He was an arrogant person with extraordinary strength.

However, Azure Yang Lord was extremely confident regarding the battle. The entire Yang God Empyrean Heaven was stirred as they rushed to the Central State Divine Territory to witness the battle.

Before the great battle, Azure Yang Lord made another breakthrough. He gained insights into the Ethereal state and, just as his cultivation level was about to be increased, Bai Yueyin appeared like a ghost at his most critical juncture. She stabbed him in the chest!

At that moment, Azure Yang Lord could not believe what was happening before his very eyes. He grabbed the ice-cold sword's blade and looked at Bai Yueyin. However, on her face, there was nothing but coldness.

When the sword was pulled out, it seemed to extract everything in Azure Yang Lord's life. If he were to die, he wanted to know the reason. However, Bai Yueyin left without saying a word...

At the battle with Sha Hongxue, Azure Yang Lord suffered an abject defeat!

Later on, Azure Yang Lord became disillusioned. He lost all meaning in his life. He returned to the Sinkhole, the spot where he had been trapped for two decades. He wanted to end his life, but instead, he reached the Tian Yuan world.

There, he encountered a woman that saved his soul—the ancient Great Empress.

As for the Great Empress mystic realm that Yi Yun would enter, those events happened tens of millions of years later.

This was Azure Yang Lord's history. It had been buried deep in Yi Yun's heard for a long time. Coincidentally, when Yi Yun was transported to the Yang God Empyrean Heaven from the Azure Wood Great World, he had arrived in the Central State Divine Territory, where the old Great Qian Dynasty once stood.

Furthermore, Yi Yun encountered the descendants of Azure Yang Lord in the Central State Divine Territory—Jian Wufeng.

Yi Yun also saw how the Clarity Pool Sword Sect became a mere shadow of its glorious past after tens of millions of years.

All of this seemed to be destined by karma.

"I know her... Her name is Bai Yueyin." Yi Yun looked at Huan Chenxue. "Is Miss Huan related to Seniors Bai Yueyin and Jian Qingyang?"

Huan Chenxue shook her head and said, "I do not know Jian Qingyang but I know of his story. He was a remarkable genius but he had an unlucky life. He was quite a pitiful man..."

"Oh? Because of Bai Yueyin?" Yi Yun was somewhat perplexed. Why would Huan Chenxue have Bai Yueyin's portrait? Furthermore, how did she know that he was related to Azure Yang

Lord?

Huan Chenxue rolled up the portrait and said with a sigh, "Do you know why Bai Yueyin harmed Jian Qingyang?"

Yi Yun shook his head. This was something that left him puzzled as well. He had seen Azure Yang Lord's complete history. Before Bai Yueyin betrayed him, her relationship with Azure Yang Lord did not appear disingenuous in any way.

She had been loyal to him for centuries and had waited patiently for him for twenty years after Azure Yang Lord's disappearance. It was indelible and seemed like a love that could never be changed.

Later on, when the both of them were conferred the titles of Sacred Emperor and Sacred Empress, they were at their lives' peaks. Especially with Azure Yang Lord being so young, he had limitless potential. Breaking through to the realm above Divine Lord was just a matter of time. They could have soared together and traveled the cosmos.

Under such circumstances, why would she harm her husband?

Hundreds of years of loyalty were defeated by a day of betrayal. It was inexplicable!

"Do you know what Bai Yueyin took away after harming Jian Qingyang?"

Yi Yun recalled for a moment as a chill ran down his back. The item that Bai Yueyin took away was a broken sword!

To be precise, it was the pure Yang broken sword's sword tip!

Yi Yun drew a deep breath as he realized a possibility. Standing before him, Huan Chenxue had likely already known that he possessed the other half of the pure Yang broken sword!

This was the reason why she had invited him to the Mirage Sea Realm!

Yi Yun calmed down and said, "It's half a broken sword. Back then, Azure Yang Lord had countless treasures in his interspatial ring. There were even remnant pages of the Yang God Manual and the Nine Nether Sacred Manual. They were cultivation techniques formed naturally from the nomological Great Dao of the 12 Empyrean Heavens. Their worth was unimaginable, but Bai Yueyin did not take them away. All she took was the half of the broken sword!"

"That's right. It's half a broken sword. As for the remnant pages of the Yang God Manual and the Nine Nether Sacred Manual that you mentioned..." Huan Chenxue shook her head when she came to that. "They are probably not as valuable as you imagine them to be. They are not cultivation techniques naturally formed by the nomological Great Dao of the 12 Empyrean Heavens... Over the long rivers of time, many truths are buried in the ashes of history, unknown to people," Huan Chenxue said indifferently.

Her voice was calm, matching her long breaths. There was something indescribable about it.

A mortal girl was discussing a history that spanned billions of years. Even a legend formed at the beginning of the 12 Empyrean Heavens was spoken of casually and calmly. It left Yi Yun somewhat speechless.

Was she really a mortal girl?

Yi Yun found it unimaginable. However, he also found Huan Chenxue's claim to be very probable—the Yang God Manual and the Nine Nether Sacred Manual remnant pages were not naturally formed from the nomological Great Dao of the 12 Empyrean Heavens.

On careful thought, although Yi Yun had never cultivated in the Yang God Manual and the Nine Nether Sacred Manual in the past, he had remnant pages of the Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon that were their equal.

These pages were given to him by Felicitous Rain Lord before he left the Azure Wood Great World.

Yi Yun had secluded himself for twenty-five years and cultivated in the remnant pages of the Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon. If the cultivation technique was said to be ingenious, it was indeed the case. However, if it were to be called a supreme Great Dao, there was this nagging feeling that it wasn't that amazing. It was on a completely different level from the 10000 Demon Wheel of

Existence that Yi Yun had cultivated in.

Previously, Yi Yun guessed that perhaps the Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon he had was incomplete, resulting in its lacking strength.

But upon careful thought, over all these years, there were a total of twelve mystic manuals in the 12 Empyrean Heavens. They had been obtained by numerous mighty figures, but did none of them ever receive a complete set of the mystic manual?

And yet, Yi Yun had never heard of anyone who cultivated the complete mystic manual to become a peerless figure like the Pure Yang Sword Palace owner.

There had been numerous people who had obtained the mystic manual but they were on the level of Felicitous Rain Lord or Elder Mo. If the value of the mystic manuals was inestimable, those remnant pages would have long been snatched away by figures above the Divine Lord level.

The reason why Bai Yueyin had abandoned the Yang God Manual and Nine Nether Sacred Manual remnant pages was not because she wanted to leave it for Azure Yang Lord, but because she thought nothing of them.

Yet, she had taken away the sword tip.

Upon realizing this, Yi Yun's expression turned heavy. He

realized that the pure Yang broken sword's value was far greater than he imagined!

But now, the news of him possessing the pure Yang broken sword had been leaked. The reason for the oversight was that he had underestimated the value of the pure Yang broken sword.

Originally, Yi Yun believed that even if it were the Pure Yang Sword Palace owner's weapon, it was still a broken weapon. Furthermore, there was only half of it.

Yi Yun had also underestimated Bai Yueyin. He thought that she was only a heartless woman from a small sect, filled with ambition and greed. Now, from the looks of it, it was probably not that simple.

Since he had been exposed, Yi Yun could only live with fate. He knew Elder Mo's strength. He was far stronger than him.

If the girl in front of him had any designs on the pure Yang broken sword, he had no chance of putting up a struggle. He could only hand it to her.

As these thoughts flashed through his mind, the blue-dressed girl only looked at him. Her bright eyes seemed like spring water. Despite being pure and clean, it appeared unfathomable.

"Your reaction is a lot calmer than I expected."

The girl smiled faintly. Yi Yun shook his head with a wry smile. This mortal girl had seemed to see through him. She knew what he was thinking.

"Does Miss Huan not have any interest in the broken sword?"

"I wouldn't call it interest. The broken sword is of great importance to me. However, it's completely different from what you are imagining."

Chapter 1225: Ancient Godly Monarchs

Yi Yun was surprised when he heard Huan Chenxue's words. What was different from what he imagined? Could it be that Huan Chenxue actually wasn't interested in the sword?

Huan Chenxue could read Yi Yun's apprehensions. She said with a smile, "I did not call you here to get anything from you. Instead, it's about the owner of this broken sword."

"Are you talking about... the Pure Yang Sword Palace owner?"

Huan Chenxue nodded slightly. "That's right. Too much time has passed. Of all the people of the present, if we are ignoring the Sinkhole, just the 12 Empyrean Heavens alone, there's probably none who can remember the eight Godly Monarchs of ancient times."

Eight Godly Monarchs?

Yi Yun held his breath. Huan Chenxue's words left him in awe. He did not know what sort of figures the eight Godly Monarchs were.

"The Pure Yang Sword Palace owner you just mentioned is one of the eight Godly Monarchs. Back then, all sentient beings fought with the Ancestor Gods, and the eight Godly Monarchs fought until they were bathed in blood. Some died in battle, some were heavily injured, and there were others whose outcomes are unknown. However, that history has been wiped away due to all

sorts of reasons. Now, it's unknown to most people. It's very normal for you not to know!"

Huan Chenxue reflected over the matter. Her gaze seemed to penetrate the endless rivers of time, and saw the stunning ancient war at the source of that river.

Yi Yun found it unbelievable that a mortal girl could possess such a gaze.

He remained silent for a long while before asking, "Miss Huan, you said that the history has been wiped away. Then, how does Bai Yueyin know the value of the sword? And why was she willing to harm her lover that she had been together with for centuries? Does she know the history of the eight Godly Monarchs?"

Upon hearing Yi Yun's question, Huan Chenxue sighed. Her voice sounded somewhat pained and a little wistful. "That's right. She obviously knew about it because she is one of the eight Godly Monarchs..."

What!?

Yi Yun widened his eyes. He never expected Huan Chenxue to give him such an answer!

In Azure Yang Lord's memories, Bai Yueyin was a genius girl that grew up in a small sect. Now, he was being told that Bai Yueyin was a figure equal to the Pure Yang Sword Palace owner. How was

it possible?

Even if Bai Yueyin was one of the eight Godly Monarchs, she could have just killed Jian Qingyang if she wanted the pure Yang broken sword. There was no need for her to stay by his side for centuries. With the standards of a Godly Monarch, Jian Qingyang would not matter highly to her even if he was excellent.

It was hard to imagine!

Huan Chenxue said, "I know what you are perplexed about. In fact, Bai Yueyin is not the complete body of a Godly Monarch. She is only one incarnation of a Godly Monarch..."

One incarnation?

Yi Yun's heart skipped a beat.

"I previously mentioned that there were eight Godly Monarchs in ancient times. After that massive war, some perished and some were heavily injured. There were others that disappeared..."

"Bai Yueyin was one that was heavily injured. As a last resort, she sealed herself in Divine Blood Crystal and slept for a hundred million years. Although this amount of time ensured her survival, it also caused her strength to recede. In order to recover to her past state, she used a mystic technique to reincarnate. She split her soul and reincarnated again and again, so as to nurture the strength of her soul and absorb Yuan Qi. All these incarnations would slowly

fuse back into her body and her strength would gradually recover.

"The girl that Jian Qingyang met was one of Bai Yueyin's incarnations. She did not have any memories as a Godly Monarch. She was herself, as plain as paper. She met Jian Qingyang and fell in love with him. She stayed by his side for centuries until one day, when she awakened. She transformed back into the true Bai Yueyin and from that moment forth, the girl of the past was dead. The person that continued living was only a soul belonging to the Godly Monarch."

"Therefore, I said that... from the moment Jian Qingyang met that girl, he was destined to lead a life of tragedy."

Yi Yun was enlightened by Huan Chenxue's explanation. It was no wonder Bai Yueyin's eyes were filled with love when she was by Jian Qingyang's side. Back then, she was truly in love with him.

They could have toured the cosmos and been together to the end of days, but their fates were destined. With Jian Qingyang's strength, how could he withstand a Godly Monarch of primordial times?

From this point of view, wasn't the reincarnated Bai Yueyin also a tragic figure?

Unfortunately, Jian Qingyang did not know why his lover had betrayed him till his death. Even with the ancient Great Empress rehabilitating him, it was still regret, indignation, and endless hatred that Jian Qingyang brought with him to his death...

Yi Yun gently touched his interspatial ring and following that a faint dark gold beam flashed. The pure Yang broken sword appeared in his hand.

The golden beam was only the effect of the pure Yang Yuan Qi in Yi Yun's body. The broken sword itself was simple and dull. It had experienced the ruthless baptism of time and was covered in rust.

It was hard to imagine that it was a sword that could stir a Godly Monarch's heart.

"If this sword is so formidable, why would it break?"

Huan Chenxue said, "The value of this sword is not in its strength but the secret contained within it."

"Secret? What is it?"

Huan Chenxue shook her head. "Too many things happened back in the primordial times. Even the most astounding matters have been buried by history. Furthermore, it was already a secret unknown during the primordial era. After hundreds of millions of years, there is no way anyone would know the truth..."

"Miss Huan, even you do not know?" Yi Yun was surprised. He previously felt that there was nothing Huan Chenxue did not know.

Yi Yun continued, "Miss Huan, I believe that whatever secret this sword entails, Bai Yueyin will find me regardless, isn't that right..."

Back when Yi Yun first arrived in the 12 Empyrean Heavens, he had hidden all his treasures because he lacked the strength to protect them.

Later on, when he gained strength that exceeded ordinary Supremacies, and an extremely high amount of status and prestige, Yi Yun felt that treasures like the pure Yang broken sword and the God Advent Tower did not need to be hidden any longer. Furthermore, no one would recognize the pure Yang broken sword. But from the looks of it, he had made a mistake.

Huan Chenxue said with a smile, "You do not need to worry about that. From the last reincarnation of her soul, Bai Yueyin has been in seclusion for tens of thousands of years. She will not be coming out into this world any time soon. And none of her followers have ever experienced the war of the primordial times. Therefore... you are temporarily safe. However, that might not be the case when she awakens. You brought the pure Yang broken sword from the sealed Tian Yuan world into the 12 Empyrean Heavens so, in time to come, Bai Yueyin will find you because the broken sword you have is linked to the part she has. She will find you."

Huan Chenxue's words left Yi Yun appalled. He was thankful that Bai Yueyin was still in seclusion and that Huan Chenxue had found him first.

Yi Yun pondered for a moment before suddenly asking, "Miss Huan, do you understand Bai Yueyin? Is she good or bad?"

Yi Yun knew that in the primordial battle, a hundred races, including humans, had fought the bronze giants. As one of the eight Godly Monarchs who took part in that battle, Bai Yueyin must have secured great achievements for the human race.

But later, in order to obtain the Pure Yang Sword Palace owner's broken sword, she ignored the feelings she had for Jian Qingyang in that life. She stabbed him in the chest, stopping at nothing in a ruthless manner.

Huan Chenxue said, "Whether she's good or bad isn't that easily determined. In that world battle of primordial times, who can judge the goodness or badness of both parties? Those hundred races had warred against each other without end. They only united to face a stronger enemy because they had no choice. However, who can truly determine if their hearts were aligned as one when battling the Ancestor Gods?"

"Even the eight Godly Monarchs, who fought alongside each other, were not extremely close. After hundreds of millions of years passed, it became even more complicated and confusing, with no one capable of distinguishing who did what back then. You asked me who is good or bad, that is something I cannot answer because there was never good or bad, to begin with. There was only foe and friend."

Huan Chenxue's voice was fluttery as she smiled and looked at Yi Yun. She countered with a teasing tone, "Do you think you are

good or bad?"

Good or bad?

If one considered the number of kills, Yi Yun had killed numerous people. He fell silent for a moment and said, "Miss Huan, you are right. My battles are not fought for good but for myself. It is all for my own conscience."

Upon saying that, Yi Yun cupped his fists. "Miss Huan, thank you for saving my life. Had you not said what you said, I might have ended up dead without even knowing why."

Chapter 1226: Sword Bestowing

It was not an exaggeration to say that Huan Chenxue's reminder was saving his life.

Yi Yun knew very well that if Bai Yueyin was even willing to harm Jian Qingyang, it was absolutely impossible that she would spare him.

"I have two other matters on which I would like to consult Miss Huan."

Yi Yun came to the Mirage Sea Realm with many questions. After going through so much difficulty to meet Huan Chenxue, he naturally wanted answers for all of them.

"Young Master Yi, please ask." Huan Chenxue said calmly.

"I would like to know about the demonic servants that have infiltrated the Yang God Empyrean Heaven as evil spirits. What is going on with them? Is some ancient race, such as the sealed bronze giants, controlling all of this?"

Yi Yun was already aware of the origins of the demonic servants. They were likely remnant servants of an ancient era. They had battled with the hundred races in the past.

However, for the demonic servants to suddenly awaken after such a long slumber, there was definitely an instigator.

"Do you think it's the bronze giants..." Huan Chenxue shook her head. "It's not them. I mentioned that the human race of the time had internal conflicts. They only became stronger because a common enemy appeared and had no choice but to ally..."

"Among humans, there were always a few ambitious ones who would stop at nothing to achieve their goals. They wanted more and they lacked the strength to claim it, so they would begin taking an unorthodox path..."

"The demonic servants you mention happen to be released by humans."

"Oh!?" Yi Yun's heart palpitated. Although he had already vaguely guessed at something when he heard the first half of Huan Chenxue's answer, he was still astounded when he obtained Huan Chenxue's confirmation.

The war during ancient times had made humans suffer great losses. After so much time had passed since the war, history had been sealed under a layer of dust. People had forgotten the pain it brought to the point of awakening the slumbering demonic servants. Were they mad?

"Is no one stopping them before they can engage in such acts? Does no one consider the consequences?"

"Of course, but the people orchestrating all of this are not people of average pedigree. They work in the shadows, so how can it be

easy to stop them? Furthermore, there are many complicated problems mixed into this larger problem. If we are talking about consequences, the people that released the demonic servants have definitely made more holistic considerations than you have."

"Do you think that chaos in the world, with human lives plunging into the depths of misery and suffering, is a result of negative karma? Perhaps there are some people in this world that are happy to see such a thing happen. The world has been at peace for too long. After the struggles between major powers settle down, it becomes harder to vie for newer interests. However, if the rules are broken, it's possible to gain even more. Many people look forward to destruction before establishment, and from that gain great benefits! More than twenty years ago, didn't you ally with the Guiyuan family and the Paradise Chapter to destroy the Myriad Immortal Pavilion?"

Huan Chenxue countered with a question, leaving Yi Yun speechless. Indeed, his reasons for destroying the Myriad Immortal Pavilion had nothing to do with removing the ills of society. He had done so for revenge and self-preservation. He had done it to ensure that his body and mind was at ease.

"The ancient races have been destroyed. Those that open Pandora's box naturally think they can control all the evil spirits. Taking ten thousand steps back, even if they fail to control them, the level of the calamity would not exceed that of the hundred-race war of ancient times."

"Chaos in the world leads to the suffering of all life, but it is something some people are willing to see. Heroes are born in

difficult times. There were eight Godly Monarchs in ancient times, and many other influential figures throughout history. Any one of them were horrifyingly strong, but to attain that kind of cultivation level in this age of peace is exceedingly difficult. Perhaps, some people are waiting to make breakthroughs amid the chaos."

Huan Chenxue's words left Yi Yun somewhat at a loss. He originally thought that the revival of the demonic servants meant that ancient races were making a return; yet, he never imagined that humans were the ones that instigated the awakening of the demonic servants.

Humans were warlike, to begin with. It was common among humans to fight unceasingly for their interests. Furthermore, there were some perverse people who wanted revenge on the world. Such people were even more dangerous. There was no limit to what they would do.

Yi Yun knew that there was evil deeply rooted in human nature. However, he was not a person who would bemoan the state of the universe and mankind, much less the kind who would question life after seeing the ugly nature of humans and eventually decide to destroy the entire world in a crazy fit. He was only Yi Yun, an ordinary person that pursued the martial path, wanting his life to escape the cycle of samsara.

His goal was clear. He distinguished clearly between kindness and hatred and he adhered to his conscience. Regardless of how common grueling battles were in this world, as long as no one provoked him, they had nothing to do with him.

"Miss Huan, do you know the master behind Skyfire Sacred Hands? He has left behind a forbidding mark on me."

The mark that Skyfire Sacred Hands's master left might have been entrapped by the Azure Wood Divine Tree, but to completely refine it would take time.

"Young Master Yi, compared to Bai Yueyin, that red-haired man is just a trivial figure in the grand scheme of things. If you are to face Bai Yueyin, then he will only be a grinding stone for you. By the way, he has three other partners. I hope that you can kill each and every one of them within fifteen years!"

Fifteen years!

Yi Yun's eyes flashed. Up to today, he had cultivated nearly a hundred years. Anyone else would treat him as a junior, but Huan Chenxue thought so highly of him.

"During this fifteen years, I'll recommend you a place. Cultivate there." As Huan Chenxue spoke, she handed a letter to Yi Yun.

"This letter describes how you can get there. As for your pure Yang broken sword, I suggest you leave it here."

Yi Yun did not hesitate and handed over the pure Yang broken sword with both hands.

Since the two parts of the pure Yang broken sword were connected, Yi Yun would be carrying a ticking bomb if he kept it.

"Miss Huan, do you have means to hide the sword's aura, preventing Bai Yueyin from finding it?"

Yi Yun did not suspect that Huan Chenxue was deceiving him. If she wanted the sword, there was no need to go through all the hassle. He was only worried that the sword would end up harming Huan Chenxue.

"Indeed, I do have my means. This Mirage Sea Realm is a place even Bai Yueyin will have trouble finding."

Huan Chenxue extended her slender arms and took Yi Yun's sword. Following that, she returned to the bamboo lodge and brought out another sword.

The sword was about four feet long. It had an ice-blue scabbard as though it was actually formed from ice. It was crystalline and inordinately beautiful.

"Although you are leaving behind your pure Yang broken sword, you cannot be without a sword. I shall give you this, my companion sword."

As Huan Chenxue spoke, she handed the sword to Yi Yun.

Yi Yun was taken aback. Huan Chenxue's companion sword?

Before he realized the meaning behind Huan Chenxue's words, he saw Elder Mo's expression change.

"Miss, you are... this..."

Before he even finished speaking, the ice-blue sword was already in his hands.

"Miss, didn't you previously say that this sword is..."

Elder Mo's voice sounded anxious as Yi Yun looked at Elder Mo oddly. His impression of him was a person with an imperturbable mind. He had never seen Elder Mo lose his composure.

What was going on with this sword?

"Elder Mo, there's no need to speak further. Since I'm doing this, I have naturally made my decision. This sword shall be given to Young Master Yi."

As he looked at the sword in front of him, Yi Yun was momentarily at a loss. He did not know if he should accept it or not. From Elder Mo's reaction, the sword seemed to mean a lot to Huan Chenxue. Did this sword also have some secret?

Chapter 1227: Mirage Snow

Yi Yun did not understand the meaning behind Elder Mo's words. However, seeing as Huan Chenxue was determined to give him the sword, he accepted it.

As he slowly took hold of the sword's hilt, he unsheathed it gently.

"Hum..."

The sword let out a clear sword hum, inundating him with a suppressive frost Qi.

Yi Yun unsheathed the sword completely. The sword's blade was like its scabbard, ice-blue in color. There were seven runes engraved on it, each the size of a baby's palm. They were arranged in a row from the sword's tip to its base.

Upon seeing these runes, Yi Yun's eyes lit up. He had seen such runes before!

Out of the seven runes, five of them were faintly lit. They sparkled with a brilliant luster while the remaining two were unlit.

Yi Yun sensed immense power from the five lit runes. However, the remaining two runes appeared like a black hole for Yuan Qi. Not only did they not emit any energy fluctuations, they sucked in any perceptive probes Yi Yun sent into them. No information

could be obtained from them at all.

Yi Yun looked at the seven runes for a long time before finally recalling where he had seen them before.

He sheathed the sword and said, "Miss Huan, I have some memory of these runes. I once entered a small sect known as the Clarity Pool Sword Sect. They had a cornerstone treasure named the Clarity Pool Ancestral Sword. There were seven runes on its blade as well. It was somewhat resemblant of this sword; however, the level of profoundness was far inferior.

Yi Yun had once used the Clarity Pool Ancestral Sword. It possessed a sentient spirituality. Those that were not acknowledged by the sword would only feel like they were holding a hard piece of matter. But when held by one that had gained its acknowledgment, it was a peerless divine sword. It could render the skies asunder and be nearly omnipotent.

Back when Yi Yun was sparring with the sect, Jian Wufeng had lent the sword to Yi Yun. Back then, he felt that the sword had once suffered heavy damage. But even so, Yi Yun managed to activate the seven runes on the sword, displaying its formidable power.

Yi Yun had used that sword to defeat Jian Buyi, the Grand Elder of Clarity Pool Sword Sect, who had repressed his cultivation level!

Huan Chenxue seemed unsurprised as she said, "This ancient sword was once a divine weapon of the extreme Dao. In ancient

times, refinement masters replicated this sword so it's likely that the replicas were left behind in the world for others to discover."

So that was the case. The Clarity Pool Sword Sect was Azure Yang Lord's descendants, while Azure Yang Lord and Bai Yueyin were somewhat related. It was understandable that the Clarity Pool Sword Sect had managed to obtain a replica of that sword by chance.

However, it was a replica that had endured long periods of time and damage. Yet, it still possessed such power. That sword was way too astounding...

"Miss Huan, this sword is too precious. I cannot accept it."

Yi Yun felt that he did not deserve the gift. This was his first time meeting Huan Chenxue, so how could he accept such a gift? Furthermore, Huan Chenxue had no reason to give him such an important gift.

At that moment, Elder Mo sighed and said, "Since she has given it to you, just accept it."

Yi Yun looked at Elder Mo with an odd glance. Moments ago, it was Elder Mo that had turned anxious; yet, now it was the same Elder Mo who was urging him to accept the sword. What was going on?

"Follow me. I'll bring you to your residence so you can rest."

As Elder Mo spoke, he did not give any further explanations to Yi Yun. He turned and bade Huan Chenxue farewell and left.

As for Huan Chenxue, she smiled faintly at Yi Yun before returning to the bamboo lodge.

Yi Yun did not find it appropriate to follow Huan Chenxue into the bamboo lodge, so his only option was to follow Elder Mo.

With the divine weapon in hand, Yi Yun could not help but ask. "What meaning lies behind this sword? Might Elder Mo tell me?"

Elder Mo simply kept walking in front of him, and did not turn back or reply.

From the side, Yi Yun could see the corners of Elder Mo's eye. It seemed to be effusing sadness.

It was as though Huan Chenxue's bestowing of the sword had made Elder Mo recall something. The result was him having such an expression.

The duo walked quietly for a long while until Elder Mo brought Yi Yun to stop before an exquisite courtyard.

The courtyard was no different from the yard of an ordinary villager's house. From the looks of it, it had an aged wooden door

with white walls and red tiles. There was a fenced off flower garden in front of the door.

Beside the garden, a watering jug and an elegant flower hoe were placed neatly.

Yi Yun felt that he had not seen such tools, the kind that mortals used, for a very long time. Warriors seldom grew flowers, instead they typically planted herbs. Furthermore, in such plantations, they would use their powers to water the soil. There was no need to use a hoe.

"This garden was tended to by Miss in the past. Why don't you stay here," Elder Mo said lightly.

He discovered that Yi Yun was still looking at the sword in his hand. He shook his head and said, "Regarding the sword, Miss instructed me to bring you here to rest after she gave it to you. It means she isn't willing to explain it to you. Since she doesn't want to talk about it, as her old servant, I naturally can't talk about it..."

After saying that, Elder Mo turned away, in preparation to leave. However, he could not help but turn his head after taking a few steps. He sighed and said, "Young Master Yi, Miss is a person with a hard life. That sword in your hand determines her fate. If there comes a day when you manage to unlock the seven sealed runes on the sword, my wish is that you are able to... help her... Sigh, I'm being overly talkative after all. Young Master Yi, have a good rest."

After Elder Mo said that, he rushed away, leaving Yi Yun

somewhat in a daze.

Unlock the seven seals to help Huan Chenxue?

The seven seals must have been referring to the seven runes on the sword's body...

Five of the seven runes were already lit. Did it mean that they were already unlocked or had previously been unlocked?

Only the last two runes were not lit up!

Back when Yi Yun wielded the Clarity Pool Ancestral Sword from the Clarity Pool Sword Sect, there were seven runes as well. He gained insight into the Heart of the Sword, unlocking them all at one go!

However, that sword was only a replica. It was a day and night difference from the real deal.

Elder Mo wished for him to unlock the seven seals on the sword. Although he did not know of Huan Chenxue's past or what she had experienced, he believed that the truth would be revealed once he unlocked the seven seals.

Yi Yun had an inexplicable feeling towards Huan Chenxue. If he could help her, he would naturally do his best to help her.

As he clenched the sword in his hand, Yi Yun realized that he had not asked the sword's name.

Such an ancient divine weapon might have been given more than one name in its long history. However, that was unimportant. Since Huan Chenxue bestowed it upon him and refused to speak further, Yi Yun decided to name the sword himself.

"Let's call you... Mirage Snow..."

Yi Yun unsheathed the sword once again as its blade reflected his face.

Yi Yun had named the sword for its previous owner, Huan Chenxue. It was crystalline, pure and, frosty in nature, as though it were a freshly-fallen snowflake. Just like the "Xue" character from her name. Yi Yun could also sense that eternal time was sealed in the blade in a way that resembled a jade or ice sculpture. This illusory sense of eternity made the blade a sharpened mirage, the "Huan." Thus, it was Mirage Snow.

...

At that moment, Elder Mo had returned to Huan Chenxue's bamboo lodge after taking Yi Yun away. He waited quietly for her instruction.

"Elder Mo... You ended up mentioning something about the past, didn't you?"

An ethereal voice transmitted from inside the bamboo lodge. Elder Mo lowered his head and ashamedly said, "I could not help it. I only mentioned an inkling of it. Miss, I cannot believe that you have given such a sword away. Can that young man really unlock the divine seals...?"

Chapter 1228: Essence Soul

Unlocking the seven divine seals was easier said than done. Especially the last two seals, their difficulties far exceeded Elder Mo's imagination.

He did not believe Yi Yun could unlock them.

At that moment, the door to the bamboo lodge opened as Huan Chenxue walked out. There was a perplexed look on her beautiful face.

"Miss, that is your family clan's ancestral sword. To give it away, it's too... it's really..."

"Family clan..." Huan Chenxue shook her head gently and said, "The population of that family clan has been reduced to a bare number by my generation. Let's not even talk about protecting the sword, there are enough problems continuing the bloodline."

"The Fey God Sword has a sentient spirituality to it. In order to unlock it, one needs to first gain its approval. Even geniuses might not accomplish that, much less I, who has a curse on my bloodline. Despite having a divine body, I can't cultivate and so am unable to unlock the sword's seals. If Yi Yun were to unlock the seals, it would be his good fortune too."

As Huan Chenxue spoke, Elder Mo frowned slightly. "Miss, if Yi Yun does unlock the divine seals, then the powers sealed within the Fey God Sword would belong to him. But you would need the

powers of the Illumination flames to act as the catalyst for your rebirth. Are you..."

Elder Mo stopped speaking when he reached that point.

The sword that Huan Chenxue gave Yi Yun was named the Fey God Sword.

The sword's exterior looked crystal clear and beautiful but in fact, sealed within the sword was one of the twelve Fey Gods—a wisp of Extreme Yin Nether Glow's soul essence!

Among the twelve Fey Gods—Extreme Yang Illumination, Extreme Yin Nether Glow, Empress Earth Dao Tree, and the rest—Extreme Yin Nether Glow was ranked second!

It was the beginning of the twelve Fey Gods, first to be born after Chaos transformed into Yin and Yang. It was also the apex of pure Yin, and could be considered as Chaos Pure Yin!

This wisp of soul essence was sealed within a frost ice sword. This secret was something very few people outside of Huan Chenxue's family line knew.

Using the Illumination's flames to be reborn was the only way Huan Chenxue could escape her curse.

However, Huan Chenxue had given the sword to Yi Yun. It was the same as handing over the Extreme Yin Nether Glow soul

essence to him.

The power belonged to the person who unsealed it.

And for one to unlock the divine seal, they needed perceptivity and immense talent to resolve the bloodline curse. Although Huan Chenxue possessed an ancient divine body, she was unable to cultivate due to the bloodline curse.

This resulted in a vicious cycle.

Now, only Yi Yun could break that vicious cycle.

Huan Chenxue sighed and said, "Elder Mo, the Fey God Sword has been handed down the family for an unknown period of time. Despite a reincarnation every ten million years no one has been able to break the curse. Instead of being content with the status quo, why don't I take a risk? The family clan has always been looking for the fated one, but perhaps the fated one was never meant to come from the family..."

Huan Chenxue's voice was calm, leaving Elder Mo filled with mixed emotions. He had lived for millions of years and had witnessed Huan Chenxue's growth.

He knew very well that by giving him the sword, Huan Chenxue was handing everything to Yi Yun, including the fate of the family clan itself...

"Miss, why don't you tell Young Master Yi all of this? I have this nagging worry that even if he were to refine the Extreme Yin Nether Glow's soul essence, he might not help you. Furthermore... the chance of him even obtaining that power is just too low." Elder Mo felt worried. He now knew that when Huan Chenxue first sent him to find Yi Yun in the Myriad Divine Territory, she had already made up her mind to hand everything over to Yi Yun.

"What would happen if I did tell him? If he thinks of this as a form of grace, then I'm only adding to his burdens. If he thinks nothing of it, he will only care about the benefits this will bring him and ignore whatever I tell him. However... I believe that my read of his character is right. I'll leave everything to fate..."

After saying this, Huan Chenxue returned to the bamboo lodge.

...

At that moment, Yi Yun had already settled down in the tiny compound Elder Mo had arranged for him. He naturally wasn't aware of the conversation between Huan Chenxue and Elder Mo.

There were a total of four rooms in the compound. In the middle of a yard was a stone table and beside it was a White Lunar Tree. It was not a rare breed, but one that could be commonly seen in the mortal world.

There were all sorts of facilities in the rooms, and it was kept simple, tidy and elegant. From the layout of the area, it looked like... it was a house a girl used to live in?

However, overly feminine features such as silk curtains had been removed.

Could this be where Huan Chenxue used to live...?

Yi Yun could not help but have such a thought. The yard was not very far from where Huan Chenxue lived. And the only person who could have stayed there was Huan Chenxue because the people who lived in Mirage Sea Realm had never been there in all their lives. They had mentioned that they had never once seen the owner of Mirage Sea Realm.

Yi Yun did not think on it further. He sat on the bed but did not instantly bother with Mirage Snow. Instead, he took out the envelope Huan Chenxue gave him.

When he asked her for any information regarding the mastermind behind Skyfire Sacred Hands, Huan Chenxue had given him this envelope. Inside the envelope was a place Huan Chenxue recommended him for cultivation.

The red-haired man had planted a seal within Yi Yun's body. Although it was being contained by the Azure Wood Divine Tree, it would be quite difficult to completely refine it away.

As such, he would have to face the red-haired man sooner or later.

Besides, Yi Yun had a feeling that there would come a day when he might even face Bai Yueyin. If he found dealing with the red-haired man to be excessively strenuous, how was he to face Bai Yueyin?

Yi Yun opened the envelope, finding a piece of paper and a thin jade slip inside. When he infused his perception into the jade slip, he saw that the jade slip contained a map. It indicated several spatial nodes, as well as detailed information on how to traverse these spatial nodes.

As for the piece of paper, it was a letter. On it was text that Yi Yun had never seen before.

The font was beautiful and elegant. He figured that it was possibly written by Huan Chenxue. Despite being very well read, Yi Yun had never seen such a language in books.

This was clearly not a letter for him. Perhaps he needed to hand it to someone when he reached the cultivation grounds.

This was what Yi Yun thought. The jade slip did not elaborate on the cultivation ground. He would naturally know once he went there.

There were time restrictions on the opening of the spatial nodes. The spatial nodes were closed at the moment, so Yi Yun put the letter into his interspatial ring and settled down peacefully in the house.

He meditated in cultivation every day, taking out Mirage Snow for cogitation. However, no matter how much he tried, only five seals lit up. The remaining two were still dim.

"Perhaps, it needs an impetus. It cannot be rushed." Yi Yun gradually calmed his flustered feelings.

Chapter 1229: Sword Discussion

Yi Yun continuously cogitated over the sword or cultivated, but when a bottleneck appeared, it meant that his cultivation would stagnate and no longer advance.

Yi Yun pushed the door open and stepped outside. Following that, he admired the flowers and grass. Although they were mortal vegetation that did not exude spiritual energies, they still exuded a simplistic beauty.

Despite being surrounded by spiritual vegetation, these ordinary flowers and grass bloomed without restraint. They were splendid and colorful. This scene was like Huan Chenxue. Despite being a mortal, she was flawless and perfect.

Yi Yun walked slowly as he felt mixed emotions.

Unknowingly, he walked out of his compound and strolled on the island.

At that moment, Yi Yun suddenly looked up. He saw Huan Chenxue standing in front of him amid flowers. She was facing the calm blue sea and playing a jade flute.

The fine and drawn out flute tunes were sent towards the sea's surface by the winds. As Yi Yun observed the back of Huan Chenxue's spotless white clothes, he saw her ink-like hair and sleeves fluttering gently in the wind. Her slender fingers seemed to be dancing over the white jade flute.

He stood in his spot and felt that the scenery and music seemed to fuse with what he had been pondering over the past few days.

As his heart stirred, Yi Yun drew his sword and casually engaged in swordplay. His sword beams flashed without any rules or technique. They were just spontaneous sword flashes.

However, amid the unrestrained sword beams, Yi Yun felt contented.

Yi Yun only stopped when the flute tunes vanished. He looked over and saw that Huan Chenxue had turned around and was silently watching him.

"I thought you would be in seclusion for a few days. Since you are out, why don't you assist me in planting some flowers?" asked Huan Chenxue.

Only then did Yi Yun notice that she had flower seeds and a tiny spade by her feet. She had come here to plant flowers. She had only stopped for a rest after becoming a little exhausted, playing the flute in the meantime.

Unknowingly, Yi Yun had been attracted by the flute tunes and brandished his sword in high spirits. In a way, he had disturbed Huan Chenxue.

"After being graced with Miss Huan's melodious tunes, it's only

natural I help you," replied Yi Yun.

Just as he walked over, Huan Chenxue handed a hoe to him. "These are ordinary flowers and grass, so there's no need to use your powers. On a similar note, since you have taken up residence, it's not appropriate for me to tend to the gardens in the house where you're staying. Now that you're outside, I'll tend to them today."

Upon saying this, Huan Chenxue stopped and had a thought before shaking her head. She said, "It's not likely that I can finish today."

"No worries. Miss Huan, just come to the garden tomorrow." It was Huan Chenxue's garden, so how could Yi Yun forbid her from tending to it? In fact, he should aid her.

As she watched Yi Yun use the hoe proficiently, Huan Chenxue asked curiously, "You know how to do such things?"

Yi Yun nodded. He had done such things back in the Cloud Wilderness.

Huan Chenxue attentively listened to Yi Yun narrate his experiences in the Tian Yuan world's Cloud Wilderness. From time to time, she would nod and a faint smile would appear on her stunning face.

"I watched your swordplay just now. Have you attained the Heart

of the Sword?"

Huan Chenxue asked this suddenly. Yi Yun was taken aback. Despite being a mortal, Huan Chenxue was able to tell that he had attained the Heart of the Sword?

He said, "About thirty years ago, I happened to attain it during a sparring session with a senior."

"I see..." Huan Chenxue nodded. "When I was young, there was a senior who recited to me insights on Sword Dao. Although I have never cultivated, I do understand some things."

Orally recited insights on Sword Dao?

Yi Yun was left somewhat in a daze when he heard that. Things like Sword Dao could not be orally explained. What use was there in simply talking about it? Ignoring oral recitations, even cultivating might not gain one the necessary insight. And from the looks of it, Huan Chenxue was only a child when she listened to the oral recital of the Sword Dao...

Yi Yun felt that he was sufficiently talented. When he began practicing in the way of the sword and saber, he was already in his teens. Back then, he only had a rudimentary understanding.

Yi Yun found it impossible for Huan Chenxue to have many insights, but at that moment, she began reciting them. From the Sword Intent that could be attained, to the condensing of one's

Heart of the Sword, to the forging of one's Sword Soul, Huan Chenxue shared what she understood about them. What she spoke of was not the details regarding the sword, but the realms of the sword.

Yi Yun was astonished to realize that Huan Chenxue had an acute instinct for the sword, or even the way of martial arts as a whole.

"When you were engaging in your swordplay, the sword flashes were very beautiful but there were a few that I found imperfect... I do not know where the problem lies but I simply feel that when you produced those strikes, the aura you fused with the heaven and earth seemed to have something disharmonious about it. The instant I noticed that, the beauty was destroyed," Huan Chenxue said while absorbed in thought.

Yi Yun felt his heart palpitate when he heard that. As he carefully recalled the process of his swordplay, especially the particular moves that Huan Chenxue mentioned, he turned more alarmed.

Indeed, in those strikes, his Heart of the Sword was unable to perfectly fuse with the laws.

If not for Huan Chenxue pointing that out, Yi Yun would not have noticed.

He found it unbelievable. A person who did not know any swordplay was able to have such keen intuition into Sword Dao!

Perhaps it was not limited to Sword Dao. For Huan Chenxue to be capable of this, she had to possess an incomparable intuition for the Heavenly Dao. She could probably see the disharmony in laws, martial way, and aura in strikes using sabers, spears, swords, halberds, and other weapons.

This was akin to someone who did not know how to play the zither or sing but possessed an astute sense for music, who could tell the minute imperfections within a musical piece.

Upon realizing this, Yi Yun drew a deep gasp. Huan Chenxue was no ordinary mortal. It was impossible for a mortal to have such an intuitive feel for the Heavenly Dao. It was no longer something explainable by talent.

It appeared as though she was the manifestation of the Heavenly Dao itself. Only that would explain how she could tell with a glance when sword moves did not align with the Heavenly Dao.

Who was she? Why couldn't she cultivate? If she could cultivate, what sort of realm would she have attained?

"Miss Huan, you have drawn my attention to those points. Let me try again. If there are any imperfections, can you inform me?"

Going astray in the martial path wasn't terrifying. What was truly terrifying was not knowing that one had gone astray!

Be it a swordsman or bladesman, it was hard for them to find the

deficiencies in their own sword or saber techniques. It was analogous to a dancer needing a mirror to correct their dancing posture. Yi Yun happened to lack that mirror.

"Of course. However, it appears that watering the flowers has to be pushed to tomorrow."

Yi Yun said, "Miss Huan, I will definitely help you water all the flowers tomorrow. I will ensure that the soil is plowed to be loose, soft, and neat."

"That would be great." Huan Chenxue smiled, the corners of her lips curving up slightly. Her smile was like a flower blooming in summer.

Yi Yun brandished his sword again and again as gorgeous sword beams flashed through the world. Huan Chenxue carefully watched him. She had extremely good memory and eyesight. She could tell Yi Yun in detail which strikes were disharmonious after he finished.

Huan Chenxue only told him which strikes were inadequate, and left the task of correcting them to him. She could even find problems in sword moves that Yi Yun originally thought were fine.

This gave Yi Yun a pleasant surprise. Although Huan Chenxue was of a mortal body, she was the best teacher. Perhaps countless people, even mighty seniors, would wish to have such a teacher!

Chapter 1230: Boundless Mountain

Despite the flow of time, everything in Mirage Sea Realm maintained a sense of tranquility.

Huan Chenxue enjoyed playing the flute and she had a perfect sense of music. The music she played on the flute was not augmented by any Yuan Qi, yet it was able to calm a person's mind in an inexplicable manner.

And whenever she played, Yi Yun would have the irresistible urge to cultivate his Sword Dao amid the music. With Huan Chenxue as his mirror, his sword arts improved rapidly.

When he wasn't in cultivation, Huan Chenxue would frequently tend to her flowers.

Yi Yun would also help her most of the time. Plowing the land, watering the ground, planting the flower saplings...

The duo would enjoy strolls on the cloud-covered Mirage Sea Sea Cliff. They would watch the endless and calm sea. Above them were blue skies and white clouds. The scenery left Yi Yun completely calm.

Although Huan Chenxue was a mortal, she seemed aware of all that had taken place from before to now. She had a mysterious disposition and she was definitely of extraordinary birth. However, Yi Yun would also feel that she was an ordinary, if beautiful, woman when he planted flowers with her. She would let

out a light laughter when he said something funny or knit her brows slightly when the flowers she planted withered.

Unknowingly, several years passed. On that tiny island in Mirage Sea Realm, Yi Yun spent most of his time cultivating in seclusion. Every day, he would take breaks to have a stroll or have a chat with Huan Chenxue. They would also plant flowers and trees, seemingly leading a life where men tilled the farm and women weaved.

The spiritual energy was abundant, allowing Yi Yun's foundations to constantly turn more robust. His cultivation level was also increasing at a stable pace. Now, he was already beginning to aim for the fifth-floor Dao Palace realm.

In the hundred years of Yi Yun's growth, he was either embroiled in battles or risking his life in mystic realms. When he wasn't doing those things, he would be secluding himself in chambers, having walls as companions while experiencing long-lasting loneliness.

He did not know how long it had been since he could calm his heart down in such a manner, leading a calm and peaceful life. This was something Yi Yun had never experienced in the past.

At times, Yi Yun would also leave his residence and observe how the ordinary warriors of the Mirage Sea Realm lived. Here, people did not cut at each other's throats and there was a more honest and unsophisticated air. It seemed like a paradise.

Yi Yun's mind calmed down greatly in such an environment. In

fact, when most warriors were in cultivation, they only spent a tiny portion of their time going out for experiential training, opportunity-seeking, and combat. They spent most of their lives leading ordinary days in their sects.

Yi Yun lacked such experiences so now, having savored it in detail, he managed to have a new comprehension of the martial way. With Huan Chenxue pointing out the imperfections in his Sword Dao, Yi Yun unknowingly seemed to touch the ethereal Sword Soul realm.

Finally, the day for the spatial nodes to open approached. That meant it was time for Yi Yun to leave.

Yi Yun found his trip to the Mirage Sea Realm reminiscent of a dream. Huan Chenxue was a woman that would only appear in dreams. She was mysterious and bizarre.

"When I gave you Mirage Snow, it was no longer in its ancient form. You can rest assured in using it that there's no need to worry that others will recognize it. Besides, even if Mirage Snow was in its original form, the number of people that can recognize it is a bare handful."

"As for the letter I gave you, find a person known as Old Snake when you reach Boundless Mountain and hand him the letter."

During Yi Yun's departure, Huan Chenxue, accompanied by Elder Mo, had come to send him off.

Old Snake?

Yi Yun was taken aback. The name was truly somewhat special.

"Miss Huan, I wonder, where does the map you gave me lead?"

"The final destination is..." Huan Chenxue exhaled lightly before speaking slowly, "You would call it the Sinkhole, but it's not the deepest depths of the Sinkhole. You will naturally know once you are there..."

Sinkhole?

Yi Yun's brows pricked up. Although he had his suspicions, Yi Yun still felt jolted when he heard Huan Chenxue actually say it. He was finally exploring this place that he had heard of so many a time.

Yi Yun knew that many of the 12 Empyrean Heavens's experts were in the Sinkhole.

And the Sinkhole was mysterious and dangerous. There were many chaotic spaces and ancient ruins.

"Thank you, Miss Huan. I have benefited greatly over the past few years. You have answered many of my questions."

When Yi Yun left that island, he felt a sense of longing. He felt a

little reluctant to leave the calm lifestyle he had enjoyed for the past few years.

Elder Mo watched Yi Yun, who was about to embark on his journey. He had a complicated expression, for he knew that Yi Yun possessed extraordinary talent but there was always uncertainty in the world. It was unknown what lay ahead of the youth.

Yi Yun bade Huan Chenxue and Elder Mo farewell once again. Following that, he stepped out of the Mirage Sea Realm with determination and, with guidance from the map, he found the first spatial node. He opened it with his spatial dimension laws.

A black spatial rift opened and Yi Yun's figure seemed to be devoured by the chaotic void as he vanished instantly.

"Yi Yun," Huan Chenxue looked up into the sky and whispered. "I hope that everything will go smoothly for you..."

...

A sinkhole's original definition is the bottomless nadir of the sea. Legends said that the Sinkhole was there even before the 12 Empyrean Heavens formed. The Sinkhole existed before the Empyrean Heavens.

In the records of the earliest 12 Empyrean Heavens canons: Billions of miles away from the east of the divine sea, there lay a ravine named the Sinkhole, which was as good as bottomless.

Beneath the Sinkhole were spiritual lands to which everything converged...

The Sinkhole had been determined to be the endless extension of the Universe. Perhaps no one knew where the end of the Sinkhole lay.

The place Yi Yun was heading to was the boundary of the Sinkhole. The region was named the Calm Sea.

The Calm Sea was expansive and there was a continent in its middle and countless islands. They lay amid a gray sea.

The sea's surface remained a waveless calm, like a still well, no matter what sort of storms inundated it. People marveled at its unmoving calm, and hence gave it its name.

Yi Yun took nearly half a year to go from the Mirage Sea Realm to the Sinkhole. During this period, he would traverse countless spatial nodes and experience numerous spatial storms.

If he had lacked the necessary strength, it would have been impossible for him to travel through such a vast and chaotic space.

According to the map, Yi Yun had already reached the Calm Sea. He was looking for Calm Sea's Boundless Mountain. Logically speaking, it was supposed to be in the vicinity. However, Yi Yun failed to find any traces of the mountain.

In fact, the map that Huan Chenxue gave him was dated. Yi Yun was unsure if the local name of Boundless Mountain had changed after such a long period of time.

He reached South Village, an extremely ordinarily named place. This was engraved on a stone monument that was erected in a slanted manner in front of a desolate village.

The stone monument was rather old and had been eroded by the vestiges of time. The words had turned blurry.

When Yi Yun landed in this village, he was somewhat astonished.

He never expected the Sinkhole to have such a rundown place. The village only had a dozen or so mud houses scattered within it. The fields were barren and the malnourished soil did not seem like it could grow anything.

At that moment, Yi Yun saw a girl dressed in coarse clothing walking over from the fields.

The girl was carrying a basket as though she had returned from plucking some wild fruits. Her black hair cascaded down across her shoulders and lightly patted her hips as she walked.

She looked about seventeen, young and vibrant. She held her leggings up and had nimble and agile footsteps.

Momentarily, Yi Yun fell into a daze. The scene before him

reminded him of his transmigration almost a hundred years ago. Back in the Cloud Wilderness, he had seen his elder sister, Jiang Xiaorou, walking just like that in the fields.

The girl kept to herself as she walked, as though she did not notice Yi Yun.

"Excuse me, Miss." Yi Yun suddenly blurted out. "Would you happen to know of a place named Boundless Mountain?"

The girl halted and sized Yi Yun up with her clear aqueous eyes. She said crisply, "Are you a foreigner? This poor village is dilapidated, so have you gotten lost? I do not know of any Boundless Mountain."

The girl's voice was very sweet like the trickling sounds of spring water in the mountains.

"Oh?" Upon hearing this reply, Yi Yun had a strange impression of the girl. His brows moved a little as though he was deep in thought.

"Hey, Old Lad, it's getting dark soon. Why don't you rest your legs in the village? There are more than a few Fey beasts lurking around here."

Having said that, the girl smiled sweetly and ignored Yi Yun. She walked towards a dilapidated wooden house.

Yi Yun did not need to rest his feet but he was curious about the place, so he followed the girl into the house.

Inside the house, there was simple furniture which all looked to be in terrible condition.

At that moment, the girl used a coarse porcelain bowl to scoop a bowl of well water from a water vat. She handed it to Yi Yun and said with a smile, "Have some water."

The water that had just been drawn from a well seemed to suffuse a cool fragrance.

When Yi Yun took the bowl of water, it felt like sandpaper in his hands. He examined the coarse porcelain bowl in a way that made it impossible to guess what his thoughts were.

"Miss, it's fine if you do not know about Boundless Mountain. Are there any mountains in the area? Perhaps the mountain I'm looking for has changed its name."

"How can there be any mountain? Just go out and you will see it's an endless desolate plain with Fey beasts scattered everywhere. Even the trees will eat people. Old Lad, I urge you to not walk outside without good reason. You might not be able to return if you venture too far out."

The girl spoke as she stood up to start a fire in the fireplace. She dexterously added a few slabs of timber.

Soon, the flame burned fiercely. The bedroom in the house was filled with a heat that effused mortal vibes. Warriors had strong bodies so there was naturally no need to use fire to resist the cold.

"Well..." Yi Yun nodded. "Miss, what you say makes sense. Then, I'll bid you farewell."

Yi Yun stood up as he spoke. He placed the bowl down and turned to leave.

The girl glanced at Yi Yun oddly as her porcelain-white hand picked up a bamboo basket beside her. "Old Lad, why are you in a rush to leave? Aren't you resting your legs here? Although my place is a little rundown, it can shelter you from the elements. I have even started a fire."

"There's no need. You mentioned that there are Fey beasts everywhere here. Even the trees eat people. I think it's safer I spend the night elsewhere."

"Heh heh heh." The girl suddenly let out a sweet laughter. "You do not seem to be an ordinary old lad. What gave it away?"

It was still the same crisp spring-like voice, but the bamboo basket in the girl's hands had transformed into a coiled venomous snake.

The snake was twined around the girl's arm, sticking its tongue

out at Yi Yun. As for the porcelain bowl beside Yi Yun's hand, it had also transformed. The refreshing well water had turned into poison. There was even a tiny red snake swimming within.

Chapter 1231: Location of Boundless Mountain

The tiny red snake was about the length of an index finger and as thin as a willow leaf. It raised its tiny head and looked at Yi Yun from the bowl's mouth.

Yi Yun's hand silently pressed down on his interspatial ring. From the first moment he saw the girl, he knew that she was absolutely not a mortal. How could the energy fluctuations within her deceive Yi Yun's senses?

Be it the bamboo basket or the bowl of water she offered, Yi Yun had noticed something amiss with them. He never expected that the seemingly dilapidated village would be home to such a sinister girl.

"Did you kill the people of this village? I'm not someone with a strong sense of justice that needs to help the weak, as it has nothing to do with me. But since you've provoked me today, I'll seek revenge for the villagers in passing."

As Yi Yun spoke, he took out a four-foot-long sword.

This was an ordinary sword he randomly took out from his interspatial ring. Although Yi Yun had obtained Mirage Snow, it was Huan Chenxue's family heirloom. Yi Yun would not use it wantonly against any enemy.

"Heh heh heh! What an audacious tone, watch me as I eat you!"

As the girl spoke, two pale red crescent blades appeared in her hands out of thin air. From the quality of the blades, they seemed to be formed from the fangs of a particular beast.

The moment the two blades appeared, the surrounding atmosphere turned scorching. The two blades slashed over, targeting Yi Yun's sword.

The girl had extraordinary discernment. She could tell at a glance that the sword Yi Yun had taken out was only of an ordinary grade. Against her beast fang blades, the only outcome was for it to be cleaved apart.

"Ding!"

A clear sound rang as Yi Yun's sword was nipped by the two crescent blades as though a snake had its weak spot clasped.

The girl laughed elegantly as she exerted force in a bid to break Yi Yun's sword.

But the moment she used her strength, the girl's expression changed. It was as though Yi Yun's sword was a divine weapon that could not be snapped apart. Then, she felt an immense rebounding force, causing her to nearly lose her grip on her crescent blades.

At that moment, Yi Yun shook his right hand and, with a sword

hum ringing, his sword transformed into a beam of light that came straight at the girl's chest.

"Ah!?"

The girl was alarmed as she retreated frantically. She barely dodged the strike, but the clothes on her chest had been slashed apart by the sword beam, revealing snow-white skin beneath.

The girl turned embarrassed and infuriated as she shouted sharply, "Die!"

"Peng!"

With an explosion, the porcelain bowl that was placed on the table exploded suddenly. The tiny red snake in the bowl shot at Yi Yun's glabella like a sharp arrow.

And at the same time, the girl's venomous snake that transformed from a bamboo basket followed closely behind, aiming for Yi Yun's throat.

The two snakes of varying sizes leapt for Yi Yun's vital spots simultaneously.

Yi Yun scanned them with a glance and could immediately tell that the two snakes were not actually true snakes, but nomological manifestations.

Especially the tiny red snake. It attacked with terrifying bloodlust, and when it opened its jaws it was as though blood pools from hell had descended upon the world.

Laws of Blood?

Yi Yun's heart palpitated slightly. He had somewhat underestimated the girl. The Laws of Blood were originally quite uncommon laws. Their means of killing were strange and tended towards the unorthodox. Very few warriors were aware of them.

As for the other snake, it was refined from highly venomous objects. If it were to enter his body, it would tear through his stomach and intestines.

One side was blood while the other side was venom. With the two strange blades in the girl's hand, anyone from the younger generation would probably succumb to her.

Unfortunately, she was facing Yi Yun.

Yi Yun put away his sword and stretched out both arms, tapping gently on the two snakes.

A gray aura blasted out, enveloping the two tiny snakes.

Destruction Dao Domain!

By releasing the Destruction Dao Domain in a tiny region, it had a similar effect as the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence. However, it drained very little of Yi Yun's Yuan Qi.

"Peng!"

"Peng!"

Two explosive blasts sounded as the two snakes shot right into the gray mist, disintegrating instantly!

The girl was dumbfounded when she saw this.

That... was her ace in the hole. Something she had arduously cultivated in. Yet it was gone... just like that?

Before she could even react, Yi Yun had appeared in front of her like a ghost.

He clenched his fist and struck suddenly at the girl's abdomen!

"Ah!"

The girl grunted in pain as she spewed a mouthful of blood. Her entire body flew, blasting through the rundown house.

She did not stop, flying for thousands of feet, crashing through several houses in the process before collapsing heavily in the ridges.

The girl spat out fresh blood mixed with mud. She was severely injured and suffered excruciating pain.

She had encountered a tough one!

Indeed, one would eventually encounter a ghost if one always walked in the night.

The girl knew that a wise girl does not fight when the odds are against her. The malignant star was not to be offended so she was bent on hiding.

The girl had engaged in her sinister acts for years and mastered many a great escape skill. Just as she created an avatar as an attempt to slink off, she heard a murderous voice booming in her ear—

"Don't you think of escaping through the ground. I have already locked onto you with my perception. If you make another move, your head will roll."

The girl's body froze as she felt a chill down her back. Instantly, she did not dare to move.

He was a true malignant star. Just as the thought of escaping

came to her, she was discovered. There was no means of survival for her.

At that moment, Yi Yun had walked in front of the girl. Clenching her collar, he lifted her directly.

The girl was very light and felt like an accessory in Yi Yun's hand.

Yi Yun naturally did not stand on ceremony by confiscating the two beast fang blades.

He sized up the girl. "I thought you were a snake but you are actually human. I never expected you to be this vicious at your age."

The corners of Yi Yun's mouth curved up. He smiled rather nefariously. If anyone were to see this scene, there was no way they would think of Yi Yun as a good person. They would see him as an evil bully maltreating a village girl.

The girl turned aghast when she saw Yi Yun's sinister smile. She was afraid of what Yi Yun would do to her as she hurriedly explained, "Young Hero, don't be agitated. I... I only wanted to commit robbery. I do not eat people. Also... also, this was an abandoned village, to begin with. The people... the people were not killed by me..."

"I'll ask you a few questions. If you can answer them, I might spare you. If you lie, I'll snap your neck off."

Yi Yun naturally did not show any mercy to people that wanted to harm him.

The girl's face was pale. She had intended to submit to Yi Yun and use her advantages as a girl, saying obsequious things such as 'Big Brother spare me'. But when she saw Yi Yun's fierce look, she could not help but strike those thoughts away.

"Go... ahead and ask," The girl said helplessly.

"Do you know of Boundless Mountain?"

The girl shook her head like a rattle. "I do not know of Boundless Mountain but I've heard of Boundless Chapter..."

"Oh? Boundless Chapter?" Yi Yun pondered slightly. The map he had was aged so it wasn't a surprise if the sect established on Boundless Mountain was named Boundless Chapter.

"Where is this Boundless Chapter. Do you know of a person named Old Snake from Boundless Chapter?"

"Old Snake?"

The girl blinked her large eyes without exposing her thoughts.

"Do you have a grudge against him?" probed the girl.

Yi Yun furrowed his brows. "No, why?"

"Oh... That's good." The girl seemed to be relieved as she said, "I know Old Snake. He was originally Boundless Chapter's sect master."

"Sect master?" Yi Yun was immediately relieved when he heard that. From the looks of it, he had found the right person. The Boundless Chapter in question was likely Boundless Mountain.

Since it was a place introduced by Huan Chenxue, there must have been something special in Boundless Chapter. He just never expected Old Snake to be Boundless Chapter's sect master.

However, Yi Yun was somewhat curious. As the sect master of a powerful sect, why did he take on the name of Old Snake? It did not sound authoritative.

"Where is Boundless Chapter now? If you tell me the correct location, I'll spare you." Yi Yun intended to take a trip to Boundless Chapter and hand Huan Chenxue's letter to Old Snake.

"About that..." The girl felt a little embarrassed. "Well... I can't answer that one. The territory of Boundless Chapter had been snatched away some years ago, so there's no longer a Boundless Chapter... Yea... It's already gone..."

"What... what did you say? Its territory has been snatched away?"

Yi Yun widened his eyes and felt a little dumbfounded.

"That right. As for the disciples of Boundless Chapter, they split the assets and escaped collectively. A number of disciples went to a powerful sect known as the Myriad God Ridge. However, as most Boundless Chapter disciples were poor in talent, the Myriad God Ridge was not interested in them. Ninety-nine percent of those who participated in Myriad God Ridge's entrance test failed..."

"So there was no other way out after disbanding. A very small number of people passed the test, becoming part of the Myriad God Ridge. As for Old Snake, it is unknown what methods he used, but he actually managed to pass the Myriad God Ridge's entrance test. I do not know how he managed to pass it at such an old age."

"Of course, he naturally couldn't be sect master anymore. He should be in Myriad God Ridge at present. Apparently, he does some miscellaneous chores..."

Upon hearing the girl's words, Yi Yun was left stunned. Was Boundless Chapter truly the place Huan Chenxue had recommended? He originally believed that, for it to be recommended by Huan Chenxue, the place was either a reclusive immortal sect or a powerful faction that controlled millions of miles of territory. Yet it was actually in such an abject state?

Chapter 1232: Snake Girl

It was fine if Boundless Mountain and Boundless Chapter only had similar names. Most critically, the name of Old Snake was the same as well. In addition, the map pointed here so it was quite impossible to chalk it up as a coincidence.

Could the person Huan Chenxue wanted him to seek out be that Old Snake?

The sect's territory had been snatched and the disciples disbanded. The Myriad God Ridge had annexed Old Snake's sect and Old Snake had even entered it to do miscellaneous chores. That was way too ridiculous.

"How about it? I've told you everything I can tell. Speaking of which, what relation do you have to Old Snake?"

The girl's eyes moved about nimbly as she probed Yi Yun with a question while watching his expression as though she was attempting to figure out if Yi Yun was lying.

"A friend of mine told me to find Old Snake," Yi Yun answered honestly. He did not have any reason to conceal it.

As the girl meticulously ascertained the matter, she believed that Yi Yun had told the truth. She finally heaved a sigh of relief. "You gave me a fright. So we are all one big family. I'm from the Boundless Chapter. Speaking of which, I'm Old Snake's final disciple! Haha, we are family. Family!"

As she spoke, she smacked Yi Yun on the shoulder obstreperously. However, when she finished smacking, she noticed that Yi Yun's expression was unkind. Her smile froze on her face as she awkwardly rubbed her hands together. "About that, can you first let me go..."

Yi Yun put the girl down and asked casually, "Are you really Old Snake's disciple?"

"Yes... Yes. Didn't you notice that I rear snakes..."

"..."

Upon hearing the girl's reply, Yi Yun felt like numerous mud-hoofed horses were running through his mind. "That Old Snake also rears snakes?"

"Well... not really." The girl shrugged. "However, the things he used are adorned with snake patterns. For example, the double-handed sword he uses is engraved with two coiled snakes."

"Alright then..."

Yi Yun sighed helplessly as he sized up the girl. Although she had employed some fascinating techniques, compared to Yi Yun's impression of a genius from a large clan, she was greatly inferior. Was Old Snake's final disciple only at this level?

Furthermore, when he first met her, she appeared rather heretic. But after being defeated by him, she lost all her backbone. She even appeared to be a little simple-minded. She probably acted fiercer when committing a robbery and returned to her true form when she realized she was not his match.

"Why didn't you go to Myriad God Ridge? Is it because you failed to pass the entrance test?" asked Yi Yun.

The girl stared at him. "How could I not pass that test? If I were to go to Myriad God Ridge, I'd at least be a core disciple. I just have no intention of going. I was born here and grew up here. Why would I go to the Myriad God Ridge?"

"So you began robbing people?" Yi Yun scoffed.

The girl's face turned red as she said, "I still need cultivation resources, don't I... I just never knew that you were that powerful. I really overestimated myself."

The girl hurriedly placed Yi Yun on a pedestal, hoping that he would release her as soon as possible.

"In that case, bring me to Myriad God Ridge."

Although Old Snake sounded like an oddity, Yi Yun believed in Huan Chenxue. Since he was someone recommended by Huan Chenxue, he had to meet him no matter what.

"Ah?" The girl's expression turned bitter. However, being inferior to him, she could only nod. "Alright then. But, Myriad God Ridge is very far. You'll have to fly for half a year. If you want to get there faster, you need to use a teleportation array. The teleportation fee isn't cheap either..."

As the girl spoke, she stuck her tongue out. She had lived for the past few years through robbery. She was not very wealthy.

"It's fine. I'll pay it. What's your name?"

"I... I'm an orphan and without a name. When Master found me, I was amid snakes. Master said his name was Old Snake and that fate had brought us together. So he brought me up. You can call me Snake Girl. That's what Master calls me."

"Snake Girl..." Yi Yun nodded. He never expected the girl to have such a tragic background. "By the way, do you know of a person named Bai Yueyin?"

"Bai Yueyin?" Snake Girl came to a pause. "Are you talking about... The White Lunar Goddess Empress of the Seven Desolates?"

"Oh? Goddess Empress? It appears she's rather famous. Tell me any stories you know about her."

"She's far more than famous!" Snake Girl looked at Yi Yun oddly. Her gaze looked like she had seen a wild man from the mountains.

"The Seven Desolates are formed by seven ancient continents. Each continent has an area that even the Calm Sea cannot be compared with. Furthermore, there are all kinds of experts there! Tens of millions of years ago, there was chaos in the Seven Desolates. In a struggle for the Seven Desolates, seven powerful sects engaged in a mighty world war. The war continued for a thousand years intermittently. Blood flowed like rivers and countless numbers of warriors and mortals died or were injured!"

"Finally, the White Lunar Goddess Empress appeared and, with her transcendent strength and personal charm, she gathered a bunch of experts and defeated the seven mighty sects successively. In the Seven Desolates, she established a divine empire that ruled over all—White Lunar Divine Empire."

"No one expected that outcome. The war between the seven mighty sects ended with a newly risen faction. Having won the Seven Desolates, the White Lunar Divine Empire ruled the Seven Desolates and inspired awe throughout the Sinkhole. For tens of millions of years, there were no more revolts. The White Lunar Goddess Empress is too strong and no one can beat her."

"Compared to the White Lunar Divine Empire, the Myriad God Ridge is very tiny. It can only have a commanding presence here in the Calm Sea." Snake Girl fell dispirited when she came to that. She seemed reluctant on leaving her personal fief but also yearned to live a grand and spectacular life like the White Lunar Goddess Empress.

White Lunar Goddess Empress... Seven Desolates Divine Empire...

Yi Yun felt mixed emotions upon hearing all of that. It had been tens of millions of years. Who would remember the Great Qian dynasty of the Central State Divine Territory of yesteryear? Ignoring the Sinkhole, even people from the Central State Divine Territory might not remember that a grand empire that inspired awe everywhere once existed on that piece of land.

Furthermore, even at the Great Qian Empire's peak, it paled in comparison to the Seven Desolates Divine Empire.

Years ago, Azure Yang Lord was young and spirited. He had boundless enthusiasm, hoping to establish a foundation that lasted for billions of years with outstanding deeds but, eventually, Bai Yueyin's strike burst his hopes like bubbles.

Now, Bai Yueyin had established her own White Lunar Divine Empire, writing a glorious history.

As for the Azure Yang Lord of yesteryear, there were no legends of him. He was reduced to the embers of history.

Thinking back on such a history left one sighing endlessly.

"I say, why are you asking about the White Lunar Goddess Empress? Also... it's best you do not mention the White Lunar Goddess Empress's name. This is the Calm Sea so it should be fine. But in the Seven Desolates, you might be executed for the crime of defiance."

Snake Girl blinked as she saw Yi Yun's wistful look after hearing of Bai Yueyin's history. Why did this fellow appear in such a deranged state? What sort of person was the White Lunar Goddess Empress? How could she have any relationship with a punk like him?

"Never mind." Yi Yun shook his head. "Let's go. Onwards to Myriad God Ridge."

Yi Yun did not want to be too ostentatious, as he had just arrived in the Sinkhole. He did not use special items like the God Advent Tower. All he chose was a superior-grade spirit boat.

Once the spirit boat was taken out of his interspatial ring, it grew in length upon contact with the wind. Soon, it expanded to a hundred feet.

"Come on up!" said Yi Yun.

Snake Girl blinked her eyes. She coveted the spirit boat she saw. Yi Yun was indeed rich. That was something she was right about.

Chapter 1233: Myriad God Ridge

Most of the Sinkhole's Calm Sea domain was a calm sea that appeared to be boundless. It was uniform and uninteresting. Although there were some natural treasures in the sea, they were usually accompanied by the presence of danger. Since Yi Yun did not plan to explore it, the best way of traversing the great distance of the vast sea was naturally to use a teleportation array.

These long-distance teleportation arrays that could easily allow one to travel millions of kilometers were not cheap.

At that moment, Yi Yun came to a teleportation array. The person responsible for collecting the teleportation fee was a girl with Fey blood. She had malt-colored skin and was more slender than the average human. She had strong legs and a furry tail behind her back.

"The teleportation fee is ten inferior-grade Spirit Jade."

The girl hung a standard smile as she said this sweetly.

Yi Yun was taken aback when he heard that. Spirit Jade?

He suddenly realized that he had a problem. The common currency used in the Sinkhole was clearly completely different from that of the 12 Empyrean Heavens. And most embarrassingly, he did not have this currency.

In fact, the 12 Empyrean Heavens did not have an officially recognized currency. Every region used different currencies and, most of the time, things were done through a material exchange. For example, the Myriad Divine Territory's Myriad Runes were obtained from the exchange of goods.

Noticing how Yi Yun did not respond or take out any Spirit Jade, the corners of Snake Girl's mouth twitched. "Bro, don't tell me you didn't bring any money?"

Yi Yun stroked his chin, turned to her, and said, "Indeed, I didn't bring any. Pay for me this time."

"..."

Snake Girl was left stunned for a moment. What a scam. In the end, she was still responsible for paying the fees?

Although she wasn't happy about it, she had failed to rob Yi Yun. She was now at Yi Yun's mercy, so she had no choice but to grudgingly comply.

It pained Snake Girl's heart to take out ten inferior-grade Spirit Jade. It was clear that she lacked money in the first place. If it were her alone, there was no way she would be willing to pay to use the teleportation array.

"Okay. Might I ask where you are going?" The girl asked with a smile as she accepted the Spirit Jade.

"Myriad God Ridge," answered Snake Girl unhappily.

As the teleportation array was activated, a beam of light flashed. Yi Yun and Snake Girl appeared millions of kilometers away.

The surroundings had changed completely. They were no longer by the seaside but a lush mountain range. Beneath the mountains was a large city that looked exuberant at a glance.

Just after Yi Yun and Snake Girl stepped out of the teleportation array, it lit up again, and someone else appeared out of the teleportation array.

"This Myriad God Ridge sure is lively."

"That's natural. Myriad God Ridge might be said to be a sect, but in fact, it's not much different from a large country. It's not just warriors; there are many mortals living here as well. It is a very large city that's extremely lively!" Snake Girl explained with smug delight. Although Yi Yun was powerful, he was a foreigner that needed her to answer his questions.

Yi Yun remained silent and gave Snake Girl a cursory glance. He said, "Let's go. Onward to Myriad God Ridge."

Although they had arrived in the continent where the Myriad God Ridge was, they were still a fair distance away from the actual Myriad God Ridge. They flew for a period of time before arriving at

their destination.

The continent was named after the Myriad God Ridge. Although there were tiny sects, they paled in comparison when compared to the Myriad God Ridge.

Myriad God Ridge was a truly powerful super sect. Countless subsidiaries depended on the Myriad God Ridge. Snake Girl's description of Myriad God Ridge being a massive country was in no way hyperbole.

During Yi Yun and Snake Girl's flight, they saw many bustling cities and towns. However, those were not the core regions of the Myriad God Ridge.

Soon, a towering and majestic mountain ridge appeared in front of them. Its peak pierced straight through the clouds and it looked extremely magnificent. And at the foot of the mountain was a huge city. Its circumference spanned nearly five hundred kilometers and the populace numbered tens of millions.

"This is the Myriad God Ridge." Yi Yun looked at the city and found it grand and lofty. There were also fluctuations from array formations.

Flying was forbidden at high altitudes in Myriad God Ridge; therefore, Yi Yun and Snake Girl landed at the city gates.

"Two inferior-grade Spirit Jade is required for entry," said the

guardian of the gate.

Yi Yun glanced at Snake Girl, causing her to make a long face while helplessly taking out two inferior-grade Spirit Jade from her interspatial ring.

Attempting to rob Yi Yun was definitely the unluckiest move she ever made.

It only ended with her becoming penniless.

"As Old Snake's disciple, do you have any means of finding him in the fastest way possible?" Yi Yun asked Snake Girl.

The city was huge and there were just too many people. The Myriad God Ridge was also extremely imposing and filled with countless warriors, so it was impossible for Yi Yun to search for a needle in a haystack.

Snake Girl sighed and flipped her hand. A tiny snake slithered out from her sleeves.

"Let's use this little guy. However, this little guy can only detect the scent in a ten thousand foot range. Any further and it won't work," explained Snake Girl.

"Let's give it a try first." Yi Yun looked at Snake Girl. "Speaking of which, how do we enter this Myriad God Ridge?"

The true core of Myriad God Ridge was in the spirit mountains. Yi Yun guessed that they needed to head there to find Old Snake.

"Simply pass the entrance test. It happens every few days as there is a high demand for entering Myriad God Ridge. However, most people fail to even pass the first round." Snake Girl said contemptibly. Clearly, she despised people who attempted to enter Myriad God Ridge because it was popular.

"Didn't you say you could easily pass the Myriad God Ridge's test? Then let's give it a try."

Yi Yun was a little baffled as to why Old Snake would spend his days in Myriad God Ridge, even going as far as doing miscellaneous chores. However, since he was introduced by Huan Chenxue, it was highly unlikely that Old Snake was useless. Perhaps the enlightened had their own ways of doing things.

As a super sect, the Myriad God Ridge would attract large numbers of people for every test. Yi Yun and Snake Girl headed for the Myriad God Ridge's entry test registration venue and were astounded by the crowd ahead of them.

There was a lot of people!

Even with a test happening once every few days, there were still myriad people registering.

Yi Yun thought back to the people that came right behind them at the teleportation array. A number of them were probably rushing here for the Myriad God Ridge's test.

Seeing the large number of people, it did not seem like an exaggeration when Snake Girl said that the disciples of the Boundless Chapter failed to pass the test. The Myriad God Ridge would definitely only choose a tiny portion of candidates; otherwise, its entrance would burst from the sheer number of people.

They stood and waited with the group of people. And at that moment, a middle-aged man walked out from inside.

"It's Steward Luo."

"Hey, quiet. It looks like Steward Luo will be helming today's qualifying examination."

When Yi Yun heard the discussion, it was apparent that these people were very familiar with the Myriad God Ridge. They even knew the names of a steward.

"It looks like all of you understand the Myriad God Ridge very well?" asked Yi Yun.

The group of people looked over and noticed that it was a youth with a girl about the same age as him that said that. Judging from his clothing that was obviously that of a foreigner, and how the

girl dressed in a villager's attire, they immediately understood what was going on.

They must have rushed here for the test from some remote place, so they knew nothing.

"Heh heh, you must not know. Many of the people here have participated in the test numerous times. The few of us have participated about seven times and we basically know all the examiners of Myriad God Ridge." A scholarly-looking man dressed in an opulent garb said complacently as he flapped his fan.

Snake Girl rolled her eyes. So they were trash, but what was there to be smug about?

Chapter 1234: Your Robbing Business is Doing Well

Yi Yun was rendered somewhat speechless when he heard the scholarly man flaunt himself. Why were these people who had taken the test as many as seven times qualified to do it again? It was no wonder the test was packed with so many candidates. Many people who failed the first time would come again, but wasn't that a waste of manpower?

From Yi Yun's point of view, the Myriad God Ridge's test must have been very stringent. Perhaps, there might be several rounds of selection. Those that failed fell very short of the standards required so, no matter how many times they came, it was pointless.

But very quickly, Yi Yun understood why the Myriad God Ridge did not mind allowing warriors to participate in the test numerous times. Anyone who registered needed to pay a registration fee of ten Spirit Jade for a test token. As there were so many people, about seven to eight thousand of these registration tokens would be handed out. According to his calculations, that meant that every test that was held gave the Myriad God Ridge an income of seventy to eighty thousand Spirit Jade.

Upon realizing this, Yi Yun was somewhat at a loss for words. It was no wonder they held tests with such great ardor. There were large amounts of Spirit Jade to earn, so why not? It was only bad for people who were far off the mark but continued dreaming of entering the Myriad God Ridge. Who else was to blame if they were unable to see the truth for themselves?

"This line sure is long..."

A line of ten thousand people moved at a turtle's pace despite there being multiple registration points. Every person that registered needed to fill out a form with their particulars; therefore, Yi Yun estimated that it would take a day before it reached his turn.

Warriors had extremely good patience but this did not include Yi Yun. Especially considering the fact that he did not place much importance on this matter. He wasn't truly interested in joining the Myriad God Ridge, he was only interested in looking for Old Snake.

"Hey, do you need a registration token and particulars form? It's just a hundred Spirit Jade. There's no need to queue."

Amid the noisy environment, Yi Yun heard a voice. When he took a glance, a few shady people were mixed in the crowd, going around and selling the registration tokens.

When Yi Yun saw this, he was tickled. Weren't these scalpers?

In his previous life, at the ticket-selling booths of train stations or popular concerts, there were always scalpers who would sell tickets they had obtained through various means at a high price.

It seemed this world was not an exception to that.

Should I... also buy a scalped ticket?

Just as Yi Yun was pondering over the matter, he noticed Snake Girl watching him warily. The young lass seemed a little dimwitted at times but, whenever it had anything to do with money, she was like an alert mouse. She had a natural sensitivity towards any danger her money purse might suffer.

Yi Yun coughed dryly once and was about to speak.

But at that moment, Yi Yun suddenly heard an old man shout at the top of his lungs, "Great offer for registration tokens! Only ninety-eight! Ninety-eight, folks! You'll only suffer if you can't buy it and you'll be scammed if you don't buy it. Money transaction on the spot and the token will be yours."

When Yi Yun heard the shout, he nearly choked. Even other scalpers who was selling registration tokens were doing it covertly and privately asked examinees if they wanted one. No one was like the old man who seemed to wish he had a loudspeaker.

Yi Yun turned over to take a look and indeed, he saw a few Myriad God Ridge supervisors sporting extremely ugly expressions. Although earning Spirit Jade was a goal for holding a recruitment test, it was a more covert goal. On the surface, they were doing it as part of the process to select disciples for the Myriad God Ridge. It was an extremely solemn occasion. With the old fellow yelling like this, the atmosphere became more like a market.

Just as Yi Yun was considering whether or not to try negotiating with the scalper, or if they should spend ninety-eight Spirit Jade to buy a registration token, he noticed that Snake Girl's expression was a little odd.

"Uh... What's wrong?"

"That... That old man that's shouting about the great offer for the registration token... is my master... Old Snake..." Snake Girl said in embarrassment.

She was rendered completely speechless by her master's actions. After being separated for so many years, she never expected to meet him again in such a manner.

"He's Old Snake?"

Yi Yun blinked his eyes. Although he had guessed that the expert would be somewhat different from others, the present situation left him a little dumbfounded.

Since he had found Old Snake, there was no need for him to participate in the Myriad God Ridge's recruitment test. With a thought, he walked to Old Snake.

"Ninety-eight Spirit Jade! Ninety-eight Spirit Jade! Registration token fire sale!" Old Snake was shouting with all his might when he suddenly saw Yi Yun walk over. His old face immediately

beamed with a wide smile. He truly resembled a pimp from the brothels.

"How about it, young lad. Do you want to buy a registration token? After buying this registration token of mine, I guarantee you that it will become a golden opportunity, allowing for your meteoric rise. You will enter the sect within a decade, become a Guardian in a century, and an Elder in a millennium!"

"About that..." Yi Yun felt a dark cloud hanging over his head when he heard that. "Senior... I'm not here to buy a registration token. I was instructed by a friend to look for you."

"Friend? What friend?"

When the old man heard that Yi Yun wasn't there to buy a token, he immediately wiped away the smile on his face.

"Senior, can we speak in private?" Yi Yun said as he cupped his fists.

Although the Old Snake in front of him was a little unique, he still gave him the required respect. Regardless of anything, a person introduced by Huan Chenxue must have something special about him.

"Say anything you would like to say here. Don't mess up my business. Right here, right now is the best time to sell registration tokens. Speaking of which... Eh?"

When the old man saw Snake Girl among the crowd, he immediately stared with widened eyes. "Lass, what are you doing here!?"

As the old man spoke, he left Yi Yun behind and walked towards Snake Girl. "Lass, it's been years since we have met. Your cultivation level has grown. How has it been? Has your robbing business been doing well over the past two years? Maybe now you have some spare cash, and you are here to give your master some alcohol money as a form of filial piety?"

Old Snake had a naturally loud voice. With him deliberately not hiding his voice, many warriors present immediately looked towards Snake Girl.

So the old man was the young girl's master.

At that moment, Snake Girl yearned for a hole in the ground to burrow in. When she first saw the old man, she was quite delighted. After all, she had not seen the old man in years. Although he was flawed in many ways, he had brought her up and taught her many things.

However, this sense of filial affection lasted less than three seconds. Snake Girl wished she could kick the old man away and claim that she did not know him.

This was too fucking embarrassing.

Although I am in the robbery business, will you not shout about it?

It was out there for all to see that the master was a scalper that capitalized on illicit trading, while the disciple was a petty thief that robbed. The master-disciple duo sure was one of a kind!

Indeed, there were people who could not help but laugh. The gorgeously-dressed youth that had participated in the Myriad God Ridge's test for seven times looked at Snake Girl with a teasing expression. He had planned on buying a scalped token, but now that there was an interesting development in the line, he was in no hurry. He could continue queuing in line.

"Old Man, darn you. I only have the bit of money I need for cultivation. How can I have any spare cash for you to go around squandering on vices?"

Upon mentioning that, Snake Girl turned infuriated. The old man was bent on being indecent. Although rearing a child was a tiring task, he had begun engaging in vices when she was in her teens. He did not do a single good deed.

Her cultivation all these years was arduous. She never had what she needed, and could only rely on herself to 'earn' it.

Chapter 1235: Impervious

The old man thought nothing of Snake Girl's tirade. His skin was thicker than the city walls and he did not seem to notice the strange looks people were casting at him.

"How can that be? As the mantra goes, a teacher that teaches you for a day should be regarded as a father for life. I taught you all the means to make a living and now that I'm old, it's about time I enjoy my retirement. Look at me, even at this age, I'm still waking up early in the morning and going back late at night to do a little business. It's such a tiring life."

When the old man said that, the surrounding warriors' eyes nearly popped out from their heads. They had seen shameless people before, but they had never seen one as shameless as this. He even managed to claim that 'robbing' was a means of living.

Although a warrior's world was one in which survival of the fittest ruled and robbery wasn't a rare occurrence, to speak of it in such a perfectly justified manner would make even bandits blush slightly.

When Yi Yun saw that the duo was about to engage in another round of banter, he hurriedly interrupted them. "Senior... if you lack money for alcohol, I have some means of my own. I can earn money for you, but first I have something I need to ask you. Senior, I wonder if you can spare me some time to speak in private."

Yi Yun wanted to take out Huan Chenxue's letter, but it did not seem suitable to take it out in public with so many wandering eyes.

Old Snake had originally written Yi Yun off, but when he heard that there was money to be made, his tiny pair of eyes lit up. He turned back to look at Yi Yun. "Lad, you have some brains. How about it, do you want to be my disciple? The benefits of being my disciple are nearly infinite. In Myriad God Ridge, just say my name and no one will dare bully you."

Old Snake said this in an 'earnest and patient' manner, but the people around them were already bursting with laughter.

Yi Yun was a little dumbfounded. He had originally guessed that Huan Chenxue had instructed him to seek Old Snake to be his disciple. He already felt that Old Snake's personality was somewhat unique and there should be some difficulty in being accepted as his disciple. He never expected Old Snake to throw himself forward and offer himself as a master. Wasn't such a master worthless? Where was his dignity as an expert?

Although it sounded unreliable, Yi Yun considered the matter. Since Old Snake had already said so, he might as well go with the flow and acknowledge this master as he was. After all, there was no harm.

But just at that moment, Snake Girl rolled her eyes at the old man and grumbled, "So far, I've paid the fee for the teleportation array and the city entrance fee. Twelve inferior-grade Spirit Jade. I don't even earn that much from one business transaction."

Snake Girl was feeling displeased so she deliberately exposed Yi Yun.

When the old man heard that, he immediately looked Yi Yun in a different light. No money? If he had no money, what was he doing here acting like a wealthy young master?

He immediately coughed dryly and said, "My standards for a disciple are very high. Most people can forget about being my disciple. I would never consider it unless I received two hundred Spirit Jade as a courtesy gift."

When the old man said that, a few wealthy young masters present flapped their fans in contempt. Two hundred Spirit Jade was considered a high standard? What an ignoramus.

The youth in gorgeous clothes said with a laugh, "Two hundred Spirit Jade. Hehe, that's really a little expensive. It can barely pay for a meal at Heavenly Joy Tavern."

When he said that, the laughter became even more uproarious.

They were watching the comedy show of the old man, Snake Girl, and Yi Yun. They originally thought that the old man and Snake Girl were a one of a kind master-disciple duo, but they never expected the youth to also be a clueless ignoramus. This was obviously an old trickster that scammed for food and drink, yet Yi Yun continued addressing him as senior and even tried to show him respect. One had to wonder if he was slow in the head.

At that moment, Yi Yun felt a string of curses running through his mind. He did not mind how others viewed him, what bothered him was that the old fellow was such an oddity. He even began to suspect if he had found the wrong person.

The Boundless Mountain he needed to find was no longer Boundless Mountain but Boundless Chapter. In addition, the name Old Snake wasn't so rare. Could it be that this old scammer shared a name with the expert Yi Yun was meant to find?

At that moment, Yi Yun did not think it was wise to take out the letter. Yi Yun believed that Huan Chenxue belonged to a family clan that was reclusive. He did not know what sort of mission the family clan had but he definitely could not expose their existence to strangers.

Upon thinking of this, Yi Yun secretly measured the elder's cultivation level.

On the surface, the elder was only at the Dao Palace realm. He had an ordinary foundation and was a classic example of not having reached that level by his own strength.

However, Yi Yun had the Purple Crystal. With the Purple Crystal's energy vision, nothing could be hidden. He activated the energy vision and looked at the elder. What he saw made him gasp.

In the energy vision, the elder's cultivation level was still as bad as ever. However, what caught Yi Yun's attention was a blob of

hazy gray light in the elder's body. Even with the energy vision, Yi Yun could not identify it.

The old man was extraordinary after all.

Yi Yun now believed that he had found the right person. He said with a voice transmission, "Senior, Miss Huan gave me a letter that I'm supposed to hand to you."

Yi Yun only mentioned the surname. In that way, the possibility of exposing Huan Chenxue was greatly reduced. If he was Old Snake, he should know the name. He carefully observed Old Snake's expression, hoping to find some minute change in it.

However, Yi Yun never expected that the old man would fail to hear it. After bantering with Snake Girl all day, he suddenly seemed to recall something. He turned and glanced at Yi Yun, saying blankly, "Lad, did you speak to me just now?"

Yi Yun was rendered speechless. The old fellow was truly impervious.

"I want to buy one of your registration tokens."

Yi Yun had made up his mind. He was bent on following the old man and since he had already gotten to the Myriad God Ridge, all he needed to do was enter the sect.

Old Snake rolled his eyes at Yi Yun. "Do you have money?"

At that moment, Snake Girl quickly pressed down on her interspatial ring, worried that he would have thoughts on her money. She knew very well that the old man would not give Yi Yun a discount.

"I do not have Spirit Jade but what do you think of this fruit?"

Yi Yun took out a red and plump fruit. It was a supplementary herb needed for alchemy. It wasn't an extremely expensive fruit but it was great for brewing alcohol. Because of that, it was always in great demand.

Even in the Sinkhole, such a fruit could be sold for about two to three hundred Spirit Jade.

Indeed, Old Snake's eyes lit up when he saw the fruit.

"Red Brewing Fruit. Great item. In that case, I'll accept it grudgingly. This token is yours."

Old Snake threw a token over. The crowd shook their heads when they saw this. The youth was truly dumb. He had bought a token from the old trickster for more than two times the price. He was taking a huge loss.

However, Old Snake still had some integrity. He did not demand money from his disciple and gave Snake Girl a registration token for free.

With that, the rich scions behind them realized that the buzz was over. They rushed over to buy a registration token. Instantly, Old Snake's business was surprisingly good. He did not have many tokens to begin with, so he sold them all very quickly.

Yi Yun walked to the front of the line. The registration booth was in a square up ahead. On one side was a registration booth that accepted money, and on the other was an ordinary testing ground. After obtaining a token, one had to immediately undergo a small test. This meant that before the token could even warm in their hands, they had to return it to Myriad God Ridge. It was a complete waste of money.

Yi Yun already had a token so he directly went to the testing ground.

Chapter 1236: Miraculous Item

The venue of Myriad God Ridge's entry test had a stone gateway erected on the square. It had four columns and a stone door made of three slabs. Gateways such as these were typically erected in front of villages in the mortal world to honor top scholars or chaste and heroic women. The design was very rarely seen in a warrior's world.

On the surface, the stone gateway wasn't special in any way. It even seemed a little out of place, standing in the middle of the square. However, when Yi Yun saw the stone monument, his brows pricked up slightly. He could tell that behind the stone gateway was the path to a pocket world.

If he circled behind the stone gateway there would be nothing, but if he were to travel through the gateway's stone door, he could step into that pocket world.

However, there was a restriction set up in front of the stone door. If one did not understand the restriction's rules, it would be impossible to gain entry.

At that moment, a group of people, including Yi Yun, had obtained their registration tokens and were standing before the stone gateway. They were waiting for the test in a daze, unsure of what the stone gateway was for.

"Senior, if I were to be recruited by the Myriad God Ridge, would you give me the honor of treating you to some alcohol?"

Yi Yun stood in front of the stone gateway and, after gathering his thoughts, he quipped with Old Snake. The old fellow would probably not reject an offer of alcohol.

Indeed, Old Snake beamed when he heard that. "That sounds good. I'm warning you, I'm very picky about my alcohol and I do not fancy any of the ordinary stuff."

As Old Snake spoke, he took out an alcohol gourd. He deliberately shook it and the sound of alcohol splashing emitted from it. Following that, he pulled out the stopper and took a delightful swig.

When the people around them heard their conversation, they were rendered speechless. What sort of person was this? Why did his tone sound as though the Myriad God Ridge was some tea shop that he could enter as he pleased?

Such behavior could be expected from a crazy old man, but the youth was equally dimwitted.

Yi Yun naturally ignored the people around him. As he observed the stone door, he sneered. The examinees were making a din but none noticed that three men and a woman were standing behind the stone gateway, watching them indifferently!

They were dressed in purple and the words 'Myriad God' were embroidered on their chests. Yi Yun could tell that despite the purple clothes appearing to be made of a soft fabric, they were, in

fact, superior-grade defensive clothes. Even the 'Myriad God' words that were embroidered were sewn using heavy gold from the deep sea. The gold powder from such deep-sea metal was great for writing Dao patterns. Although the 'Myriad God' words looked like text, they were actually a Dao pattern in and of themselves. Carved within them were laws that were no trifling matter.

Without a doubt, the three men and woman must have had illustrious standing in the Myriad God Ridge.

At that moment, the four of them stood in the pocket world and, with the stone gateway's restrictions isolating them, no one could see them. Amid their indifferent expressions were haughty looks that seemed seared into their faces.

A man with thick brows glanced at Yi Yun because he had heard Yi Yun offer to treat Old Snake to alcohol after he entered Myriad God Ridge. It incurred his displeasure.

"Senior Brother Ji, look at the kind of people that want to enter our Myriad God Ridge as disciples. Every time, we see a bunch of useless people coming to join in the buzz. Listen to what they say. He's even more confident of entering the sect than me. They seem to think that the Myriad God Ridge will accept anyone."

Upon hearing the thick-browed man grumble, the woman shook her head and said, "The recruitment test is held once every three days, with ten thousand entrants every time. The ones that we should recruit have mostly been recruited. So it's natural that we are only left with the useless ones. It is only normal for these situations to occur."

After hearing the woman's comment, the thick-browed man asked perplexedly, "Senior Sister Jin, I have never understood this matter. Our Myriad God Ridge is one of the best major sects in the Calm Sea region, but isn't the recruitment test being run too frequently? Are we really only doing this for the tens of thousands of Spirit Jade in recruitment fees? That is what the women from Clear Lunar Island say of us. Their strength might not be on par with our Myriad God Ridge's but they only do a disciple recruitment every two years. Furthermore, it is an extremely stringent selection, taking in only geniuses. They mock our recruitment test as a gathering ground of mediocrity."

The woman wanted to explain but stopped mid-sentence. At that moment, the man that had been addressed as Senior Brother Ji spoke. He said, "Junior Sister Jin, there's no need to be apprehensive. In a few days, Junior Brother Song will become a disciple of Elder Taiqing. In a way, he will become a personal disciple as well. The matters in question are no longer secrets among personal disciples, so there's no harm in telling him."

"Alright then." The woman nodded and looked at the thick-browed man. She said, "Our Myriad God Ridge has a miraculous item. Its actual origins are unknown even to the Elders of Myriad God Ridge. It seems to seal a world inside of it, and that world contains precious treasures. And this miraculous item will only recognize certain fated people. This fate is hard to determine, too. One would imagine that people with higher talent would be first in line with this fate, but it is not so. Decades ago, there was a youth whose talent was ordinary and his nomological insight was as terrible as could be. He managed to stir the object and attract something out. That something was valued greatly by the Patriarch and as a result, the youth became a core disciple."

"P... Patriarch?" Upon hearing that word, Junior Brother Song, who had spoken, widened his eyes. The Myriad God Ridge's Patriarch was very seldom heard of much less seen. It was frequent not to hear anything from him for hundreds of thousands of years and it was unknown if he was in seclusion or touring the world.

In the Calm Sea, the Myriad God Patriarch was feared by all. He was not born from the Calm Sea but came from the depths of the Sinkhole. He was like a godlike existence to the Myriad God Ridge.

For people like Junior Brother Song, it was rare for them to even meet the sect master, so the Patriarch was someone they couldn't even cast their sights on.

Now that he managed to hear some information regarding the Patriarch, Junior Brother Song felt extremely excited.

"Therefore, with that precedent, and according to the instructions of the sect master, we have been searching for people of fate all these years. However, even the amount of fate that one has can vary. It's very rare to find someone with great fate. You might think nothing of these candidates, but what if one of them is a person of fate?"

Senior Sister Jin's explanation made Junior Brother Song's blood boil with excitement. The Myriad God Ridge indeed had deep roots. Furthermore, he had chanced upon news of the Patriarch. As long as the Patriarch was around, the Myriad God Ridge would remain lord of the Calm Sea.

It would be great if he could become a personal disciple of the Patriarch. Such a thought flashed across Junior Brother Song's mind but such an extravagant hope was only in his imagination.

"Alright, stop discussing such matters. You just need to do your job. Let's begin the recruitment test."

At that moment, a middle-aged man's voice sounded as a middle-aged man dressed in purple robes walked out from the deep depths of the pocket world.

He was lanky in build and his body effused a blade-like aura. Behind him was a blurry haze that seemed like a void of Chaos. Even a single glance at it made one feel like their gaze was being sucked into it.

Chapter 1237: Ascending Dragon Cauldron

The moment the middle-aged man appeared, the three men and the woman in the pocket world greeted him with deference.

"Martial Uncle Mo!"

"Martial Uncle Mo!"

The Myriad God Ridge's test was held very frequently, so it was sufficient for the personal disciples to preside over it. But if the sect's divine item was being taken out, an expert at the Elder level was needed.

When the middle-aged man appeared, Yi Yun sensed an aura as vast as the seas. He immediately withdrew his perception.

"Oh?" Mo Shanqing looked up, seemingly sensing something.

"Master Uncle, what's the matter?"

"Nothing..." Mo Shanqing shook his head. "Maybe there's some old fellow interested in our Myriad God Ridge's test. It doesn't matter. There's no point in coveting our Myriad God Ridge's divine item."

Mo Shanqing didn't bother over who was there. Although his presiding over the test involved the sect's divine item, he could not

influence the divine item at all. It was even more impossible for others.

"I'll be staying in this pocket world and not going out. All of you can go out and continue the procedure as usual," Mo Shanqing said indifferently.

He had no interest towards such a test. The candidates that registered were of too low a standard and it was basically a waste of his time. Trying to find someone that could stir the divine item in a test was too difficult.

"Yes, Martial Uncle Mo!"

The four acceded to the order and stepped out of the stone gateway.

The warriors on the square saw a light membrane appear out of thin air from the stone gateway. Following that, four Myriad God Ridge disciples dressed in purple stepped out of the void.

"Purple clothes and golden words. They are personal disciples of the Myriad God Ridge!"

Many of those that had come numerous times were not surprised by this scene. Only the candidates that were there for the first time were astonished.

However, be it a newcomer or an experienced candidate, all of

them showed pangs of envy towards the four Myriad God Ridge personal disciples.

They were personal disciples after all. Most of these candidates, even if they managed to become Myriad God Ridge disciples, would very likely be outer sect disciples, which was a glorified way of saying they did miscellaneous chores. There was a huge gap between them and personal disciples.

The quartet was already accustomed to being the object of envy. Their purple clothes made them the highlight of wherever they were.

"Welcome, fellow warriors participating in our Myriad God Ridge's recruitment test. Our Myriad God Ridge selects disciples primarily based on their wisdom roots! If one possesses a wisdom root, regardless of how bad their cultivation level is, they would be able to enter our Myriad God Ridge and become at least an inner sect disciple!"

"We feel sorry for those that do not have the wisdom root. But then, at least, we can consider you based on bone age and talent. However, we do not consider anyone that has not entered the Dao Manifestation realm before the age of hundred. Even if they have entered the Dao Palace realm, we would need to ascertain their nomological insights."

The person who introduced the recruitment rules was Senior Brother Ji.

There were three aspects of the Myriad God Ridge's recruitment test. The first aspect evaluated one's wisdom root, the second tested their cultivation level and bone age, while the third tested one's laws.

In fact, with so many people gathered, a large number of the candidates did not even meet the second aspect's standards. They pinned all their hopes on the first aspect.

No one knew what the wisdom root was. Only the Myriad God Ridge paid attention to it. For many, it was their only chance to make a meteoric rise.

However, over the many years of testing, the number of people with wisdom roots were few and far between.

"Alright, without further ado, let's begin now!"

Senior Brother Ji waved his hand as he spoke. The stone gateway's light screen flashed as a gray mist flew out from it.

The moment the mist appeared, the atmosphere changed immediately. What was once a bustling square turned into a gray and fuzzy scene. A strong repressive feeling made people unable to speak. The warriors with weaker cultivation levels had to stop themselves from kneeling towards the gray mist.

The gray mist gradually rose into the sky, fusing with the layer of clouds. Finally, it formed a gigantic gray vortex that spun slowly.

In its black core, lightning spewed out as though it was connected to another world.

"This is..."

Yi Yun squinted his eyes as he could see a bronze cauldron through the black vortex. The cauldron had three feet and two handles. The walls of the cauldron were thick and unadorned. There was a swirling black divine dragon engraved on it and, as wisps of black gases spewed out of the cauldron, the divine dragon seemed to come to life as it was immersed in the black gases.

"This is the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, which is also the cornerstone item of the Myriad God Ridge," Senior Brother Ji said proudly. Although the cauldron was claimed to be the cornerstone item of the Myriad God Ridge, even the Patriarch could not refine and control it.

They could only conjure it, but there was no worry that someone might snatch it up. The cauldron was sentient, so no one would be able to take it.

"Now, produce a drop of your blood and cast it into the cauldron. If you can cause the Ascending Dragon Cauldron to resonate, it's considered a pass! You will become our sect's innersect disciple!"

"If you can cause the Ascending Dragon Cauldron to produce a sliver of divine light, you can become a core disciple of our Myriad God Ridge!"

"If you can stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, as long as you do not have atrocious talent, you can even become a personal disciple!"

Senior Brother Ji did not continue after saying that. In fact, stirring the Ascending Dragon Cauldron might even produce treasures. That was what the Patriarch was truly looking out for.

However, that was a secret of the Myriad God Ridge. Only personal disciples were allowed to know of it, so there was no need for him to announce it in public.

"Then, let's begin now! All you need to do is to cast a drop of blood!"

"A drop of blood?"

Yi Yun frowned slightly. He did not mind if it were only his perception, but if he needed to cast his blood, which contained his lifeblood mark, he had a nagging feeling that it wasn't safe.

Yet at that very moment, there were examinees beside Yi Yun who had already bitten their fingers and flicked a drop of their blood from their fingertips.

They naturally did not consider things as much as Yi Yun. The Myriad God Ridge's recruitment test had been held numerous times and, every time, nearly ten thousand people cast their blood into the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

They watched as their blood flew into the vortex, but most of the blood droplets were instantly dissipated by the violent Yuan Qi when they flew into the vortex. They became blood mists that eventually vanished.

Less than ten percent of the remaining blood drops reached the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

However, they directly disappeared upon contact with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron as though they had been absorbed.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron did not undergo any changes. It remained floating amid the huge vortex as its massive and majestic stance repressed the heaven and earth.

Many people were unwilling to admit defeat. They continued watching the blood that had been splattered elsewhere, hoping that a miracle would happen. However, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron remained unyielding like a mountain. They had ultimately failed.

"It's too difficult."

Some people shook their heads. What exactly was this 'wisdom root?' How was it possible to stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

Yi Yun watched all of this silently. After the first batch of people failed, another batch of people bit open their fingers and flicked

their blood.

The cauldron was odd! Just as Yi Yun was pondering over the matter, he suddenly saw that, in a corner of the square, Old Snake also looked up at the floating Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Within his tiny eyes, there was an inadvertent glint.

Oh? This old man...

Was he interested in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

Yi Yun's impression of Old Snake was that of a jolly old scammer. It was rare to see him looking so serious.

Could it be...

Yi Yun suddenly realized a possibility. Perhaps the old man was spending his days in the Myriad God Ridge because of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

Recalling the conversation between the four Myriad God Ridge personal disciples beyond the gateway, and how Old Snake was scalping tickets at the recruitment line, Yi Yun felt that it was not an impossible conclusion.

Chapter 1238: Stirring the Cauldron

Batch after batch of candidates let out their blood in a bid to stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. However, all of them failed. Most of the blood dissipated in the vortex storms, and there were some who resented the outcome so much that they bit at their fingertips after failing the first time, producing more blood to try again.

The four personal disciples did not stop these continued attempts. They knew that it was impossible to succeed on a second try after failing the first time.

Meanwhile, Snake Girl was hesitating as she stood beside Yi Yun. Then, she took out a dainty snake-skinned dagger from her interspatial ring.

"You want to give it a shot too?" Yi Yun looked at Snake Girl in astonishment. He originally believed that Snake Girl would not be willing to join the Myriad God Ridge.

"I'll just give it a try. Joining the Myriad God Ridge wouldn't be the worst thing. Since my master is here, I'm too lazy to return. Robbing isn't a long-term plan, anyway."

As Snake Girl spoke, she cut her index finger and a drop of blood floated out.

"Aren't you going to try?"

Snake Girl looked at Yi Yun.

"Let me watch first. I have a nagging feeling that there's something strange about the Ascending Dragon Cauldron."

"Are you worried that a trap might activate when your blood touches the cauldron?" Snake Girl read Yi Yun's mind. "We are only a bunch of lowly candidates. There's no reason for them to scheme against us. Even if it was really a blood contract, the contract's contents would still need to be sent to your soul. If you didn't agree to it, they couldn't bind you to a contract with just a drop of blood."

As Snake Girl spoke, her drop of blood floated off.

What Snake Girl said wasn't without reason. Warriors unintentionally lost blood during battles all the time. It would be too easy to obtain another's blood, so it was naturally impossible to use a drop of blood to force the signing of a soul contract.

Yi Yun nodded, but he still didn't move as he watched Snake Girl's drop of blood.

When the blood flew into the vortex, it remained coagulated within the storms. When it approached the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, the drop of blood emitted wispy crimson beams of light.

This is...

Yi Yun pricked up his brows. At the same time, he heard the bronze cauldron hum.

"Weng—"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron let out a sound like a heavy divine bell being struck. The black dragon carved on the cauldron seemed to be flying within the Yuan Qi wantonly as its eyes emitted a glimmer that left people apprehensive. Many of those present were being watched by the pair of dragon eyes, and they felt as though their hearts were being struck a heavy blow. Their organs churned as a result.

Even the four personal disciples felt immense pressure. They were unable to maintain their aloof expressions, for the humming noises from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron numbed their ears.

"Who... who stirred the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?"

Senior Brother Ji was astonished. There had been too many drops of blood flying in the air for him to notice. Only when the cauldron vibrated suddenly did he react.

Then, something else happened.

"Whew!"

Two dark golden beams of light shot out from the flying dragon's eyes towards Snake Girl. They were like two swords bestowed by

the heavens.

Snake Girl similarly did not expect it. She made no effort to dodge the two beams of divine light, partly because she couldn't react in time.

"Cha!"

When the divine beam entered her body, it went straight for her dantian.

Snake Girl felt as though something was inside her dantian. Following that, her entire body began to float up. Amid the tempest, her clothes and long hair flared in the wind.

"Snake Girl's blood stirred the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?"

Yi Yun was astonished as well. He had heard the four personal disciple's private conversation. Stirring the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was an extremely difficult task. He never expected Snake Girl to be someone that possessed the so-called 'wisdom root'.

The storm lasted for about two minutes before it calmed down. The people present looked at Snake Girl in astonishment.

Apart from the disbelief in his eyes, the gorgeously-dressed youth from earlier felt a deep sense of envy when he looked at Snake Girl.

A drop of her blood stirred the cauldron! She could become a core disciple, at the very least. This girl actually had such good luck? He originally thought that, by having the crazy old scammer as a master, she was likely a lowlife. However, he never expected that her single drop of blood could stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, allowing her to soar instantly.

"Swish!"

At that moment, a flash appeared at the stone gateway's entrance. A middle-aged man stepped out. He was the one that the four personal disciples had addressed as Martial Uncle Mo.

In a blink of an eye, he had appeared in front of Snake Girl with fanatical delight.

He had clearly seen that two beams of divine light had been shot into Snake Girl's dantian. According to past experiences, the two divine beams of light were actually two treasures!

The treasures were hidden in the world within Snake Girl's body. That was what the Patriarch paid great attention to.

"You have stirred the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Great! Great! Great!"

Mo Shanqing complemented her thrice and there was a glow in the way he looked at Snake Girl.

"There's no need for you to continue participating in the test. I'll send you straight into the sect. From today forth, you will be a core disciple of our Myriad God Ridge!" Mo Shanqing said excitedly.

He originally thought that presiding over the test would be a waste of his time, but here he had encountered a girl that could stir the cauldron. As such, the Patriarch would likely reward him handsomely.

Snake Girl never expected such a thing to happen either. She was momentarily flustered. Although she believed that she would have no problem passing the test, she was basing her beliefs on the second and third round of the Myriad God Ridge's entrance test.

She had never expected to become a Myriad God Ridge disciple by passing the so-called 'wisdom root' test.

"Thank you, Senior. I'll follow you up the mountain in a while."

As Snake Girl spoke, she looked at her master, Old Snake, and Yi Yun.

Old Snake did not express himself in any way. As for Yi Yun... it was unclear what he was ruminating over.

Although Snake Girl had been forcefully brought to Myriad God Ridge by Yi Yun and had spent more than ten Spirit Jade because of him, she did not have any malice towards him. Instead, she had quite a favorable opinion of him and wanted to see how his test

unfolded.

In fact, apart from Yi Yun, there were a handful of people left who had not produced their blood.

"Who else hasn't attempted. Produce your blood together now."

After recruiting a disciple, Mo Shanqing was in great spirits. Although it was unlikely that the remaining people stood a chance, they were not to be missed.

When they heard Mo Shanqing's words, the remaining candidates naturally bit their fingers and produced drops of blood.

They had previously been too nervous to produce their blood. They had waited all this time.

As such, only Yi Yun was the one who had yet produced his blood. At the instant the Ascending Dragon Cauldron stirred, Yi Yun had sensed an immense ruggedness when the Ascending Dragon Cauldron shot out the beams of divine light. They possessed an aura he seemed familiar with. It resembled the pure Yang broken sword that he once had!

Could the Ascending Dragon Cauldron be related to the pure Yang broken sword?

If the cauldron was truly related to the pure Yang broken sword, then Yi Yun could not miss this opportunity. Perhaps, he could

take advantage of this opportunity to figure something out.

Should I produce my blood?

Yi Yun looked at Mo Shanqing, who was beside him. He hesitated for a moment.

He could not predict what the outcome would be. Under the present circumstances, it would not be a wise choice to probe the Ascending Dragon Cauldron as it would cause a huge stir.

The final candidates that produced their blood finally ended with failure. Only a few of their blood drops even reached the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, and they failed to instigate any reaction.

These people were immensely disappointed. They felt greatly set back when they compared themselves to Snake Girl, who had stirred the cauldron.

"It's over. Then, let's put an end to this."

Although Mo Shanqing noticed that Yi Yun had not produced his blood, he did not mind if a person or two was left out.

"Yes, Martial Uncle."

The four personal disciples walked over and were about to withdraw the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and disperse the crowd

of people.

"Yi Yun, why aren't you giving it a try?" Snake Girl whispered from the side.

Yi Yun exhaled and with his finger as a sword blade, he cut his finger.

A drop of blood fluttered into the sky.

Yi Yun had largely ascertained that sending his blood to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron did not pose any danger. Furthermore, the similarities between the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and the pure Yang broken sword made him want to give it a try.

Upon seeing Yi Yun produce his blood, Mo Shanqing came to a halt and looked up. Although he wasn't pleased with the candidate's slow reaction, he did not mind waiting a little while longer.

High in the sky, wind and thunder interleaved one another. The drop of blood appeared inconspicuous amid them.

It easily penetrated the black vortex and smacked right between the eyes of the dragon engraved on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

The drop of blood infused into the dragon eye like a blood

teardrop.

Instantly, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron fell silent. Even the howling wind quietened.

Mo Shanqing's face flashed a look of uncertainty. This is...

Roar—!

Suddenly, a bold and vigorous dragon roar emitted from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

The dragon's roar instantly penetrated the firmament and echoed throughout the land in a deep baritone. The people present found themselves squelched. The candidates with weaker cultivation levels could not even resist the dragon's repression as they collapsed to the ground immediately.

Even the candidates with higher cultivation levels felt their minds and hearts palpitating.

Accompanied by the dragon's roar, a gray mist spewed out from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, as though something was peeking out from it.

Amid the wind and thunder, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron rapidly expanded to the size of a hill. The black winds made the cauldron turn blurry as a black lightning bolt as thick as a water bucket tore through the clouds.

"What's that?" Someone exclaimed from the crowd.

The black clouds in the sky curled but there were people who could vaguely make out that within the cauldron that had expanded dozens of times in size, a humongous dragon head phantom had gradually surfaced.

Dragon!?

Was there a dragon sealed within the cauldron?

Yi Yun held his breath. The dragon head was simple but infinite. The terrifying dragon repression surged over everyone with its appearance. Its gaze seemed to penetrate the vestiges of time, and it was cast directly on him.

Instantly, Yi Yun felt the Purple Crystal within his body quiver gently. In his mind, a sound seemed to ring. It was the dragon roar that came from the clouds, and there was a language hidden within it that Yi Yun did not understand. It was ancient and profound.

But the feeling it left could only be described as ephemeral.

"This is... This is..." Mo Shanqing suddenly became agitated as he turned his head suddenly, looking at Yi Yun with disbelief.

The dragon roar and the dragon head that surfaced was a

phenomenon that had never been seen before. Could this candidate that appeared slow to react be able to completely stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

Although there was no apparent standard for the 'wisdom root' needed to stir the cauldron, Mo Shanqing was actually a little aware of what it took. He never expected that the youth in front of him would be able to satisfy the Patriarch's conditions.

It was already fairly impressive to discover a few people that could stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in a year but today, one had managed to pull out treasures from the cauldron. Two, in fact. The other one was getting an even more exaggerated response. With such lucky circumstances, he was wondering how the Patriarch would reward him!

Just thinking of it made Mo Shanqing increasingly excited. It was truly an unknown what special treasure would be coming out; if they were anything short of amazing, there wouldn't have been such an exaggerated phenomenon!

However, just as Mo Shanqing was reeling in excitement, the black dragon's phantom gradually dissipated. The resounding dragon roar also vanished.

The wind and thunder that surged around the Ascending Dragon Cauldron gradually shrunk, and in moments, the cauldron returned to its original state. It silently floated in the middle of the vortex as though whatever had happened before was a dream that had never happened.

Mo Shanqing's eyes widened as he stared intently at the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. He anticipated a few divine beams of light to shoot out from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and into Yi Yun's dantian. But after a long wait, nothing happened.

That was... it!?

Were there no treasures?

Mo Shanqing was stupefied. The entire process of Yi Yun's stirring of the cauldron was more exaggerated than the girl from before. Yet, there was no reaction. How could that be?

He believed he had accomplished something big but, in a blink of an eye, he found that he had rejoiced too soon.

"Martial Uncle, what's going on?"

The four personal disciples gathered around and looked at Mo Shanqing before sizing up Yi Yun curiously. Wasn't this punk the one that promised to treat that old scalper to alcohol if he entered the Myriad God Ridge? This fellow is actually one that possesses a wisdom root?

"Martial Uncle, this youth has also passed the test, right?" Ji asked.

Mo Shanqing was immersed in his vicissitude of emotions and still in a daze. Only when he heard the inquiry did he return to reality with a hesitant expression.

This situation was something he had never seen before.

If the criteria was to stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, then Yi Yun naturally passed. However, he was puzzled by the youth's lack of treasures despite the huge commotion.

"You... produce a drop of blood and give it another try," Mo Shanqing said as he looked at Yi Yun.

Yi Yun frowned. Although producing a few drops of blood meant nothing, the way Mo Shanqing gave him orders displeased him.

Chapter 1239: Entering the Sect

"You were instructed to produce your blood, so why are you still in a daze?"

The thick-browed personal disciple said unhappily when he noticed that Yi Yun did not react to his instruction. Yi Yun glanced at him and knew his surname was Song. He was ranked the lowest among the four personal disciples. According to Senior Brother Ji, Song would only become an official disciple of Elder Taiqing in a couple more days.

Song was infuriated when he saw Yi Yun glance at him indifferently before ignoring him. As a personal disciple, he had always been placed on a pedestal and was accustomed to people looking at him with envy and respect. When had a candidate disciple ever shown him such contempt?

Just as he was about to teach the punk who did not know better a lesson, Senior Brother Ji stopped him. "Junior Brother Song, that's enough."

"With that said," Senior Brother Ji looked at Yi Yun. "Are you not willing to produce more blood?"

Yi Yun said, "You all seem very interested in stirring the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. However, I'm here to participate in a test, not to be an experimental subject."

Yi Yun was acutely aware of Myriad God Ridge's goals. They were

only using him as a lab rat so as to pursue their own fortunes.

As for Yi Yun, he was only joining Myriad God Ridge to come into contact with Old Snake. He did not want to attract too much attention. If he did cause a hubbub by repeatedly stirring the cauldron, his days in the Myriad God Ridge would be anything but peaceful.

Yi Yun did not mind offending the Myriad God Ridge because back when his blood stirred the cauldron, he saw from the corner of his eye that Old Snake had cast his gaze on him for a long time. As such, Yi Yun was convinced that what he produced was sufficient enough to attract Old Snake's attention.

However, Yi Yun's words stupefied everyone present, especially those that had been racking their brains and trying every means at their disposal to enter the Myriad God Ridge.

All of those that wanted to join the Myriad God Ridge acted with reverence and awe. They would show great respect to Myriad God Ridge disciples whenever they saw them by offering bows or other forms of salute even if they were ordinary disciples, and even more for the personal disciples. Therefore, they found it ridiculous for Yi Yun to speak to a personal disciple in such a manner.

"This fellow... is quite savage."

A few youths in extravagant clothes were at a loss for words. Those two people that interacted with the old scammer both stirred the cauldron, and their actions only continued to get more

impressive.

Not only was Yi Yun's 'wisdom root' impressive, even his attitude was impressive. He didn't show any respect to the Myriad God Ridge's personal disciples or Elder.

"Heh, what guts. However, it's not good for a young man to be overly arrogant. Even if you are extremely talented and the cream of the crop from where you come from, you will realize how puny you are when you walk out into the world and truly see it. There are too many geniuses in this world, many that far exceed your imagination," Mo Shanqing said in a drawn-out manner.

He could tell that Yi Yun's foundations were a lot more robust than typical warriors of the same realm. He was likely a genius, and that gave him his arrogance.

However, there were too many geniuses in Myriad God Ridge. Many arrogant genius disciples would soon realize that they were just ordinary after entering the Myriad God Ridge. Naturally, their pride would be ground off.

Mo Shanqing felt that these people were simply engaging in childish tantrums, and did not mind it at all.

"Produce your blood. I'm not requesting your permission but ordering you."

Mo Shanqing's voice turned colder. As a Myriad God Ridge Elder,

how could he permit a newly-recruited disciple to challenge his authority?

How could a junior speak to him in such a tone? In Myriad God Ridge's history, there had been a few disciples that had managed to pull out treasures from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Didn't they always end up handing the treasures over to the Myriad God Ridge without a fuss?

Upon hearing Mo Shanqing's demands, Yi Yun's brows knitted even tighter. Just as he was considering how to react, a deep Yuan Qi voice transmission rang in his ears.

"Produce your blood. It's only a few drops of blood. You might not want to stay here but I still want to! Don't you mess this up for me."

Oh?

Yi Yun's heart stirred as he turned to look at Old Snake. The old man had found a wall corner to sit down in. His clothes were a little tattered, to begin with. Now, as he sat there, drinking alcohol from a dirty-looking alcohol gourd while taking in the scene, he looked no different from a beggar.

Yi Yun still chose to obey Old Snake. He trusted Huan Chenxue.

With a sword beam, he cut his finger and a few drops of blood flew out into the sky!

At the instant the blood passed through the clouds, Yi Yun sensed that a formless energy had suddenly penetrated the clouds. This strength had severed the connection he had with the few drops of blood.

"Ding Ding Ding!"

When the blood shot onto the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, the drops let out collision sounds that resembled that of metal balls striking bronze.

However, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron did not move. It was not triggered by Yi Yun's blood.

Yi Yun felt reverberations through his heart and mind. That energy from before...

Yi Yun looked at Old Snake. Was it the old man?

Old Snake continued drinking his alcohol as though it had nothing to do with him. Yi Yun remained puzzled. How did the old fellow instantly wipe out his imprint on the blood? It felt like the blood had changed to another person's.

"He failed?"

When Mo Shanqing saw no reaction from the Ascending Dragon

Cauldron, he secretly shook his head.

Was it just a coincidence? It was somewhat odd that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron did not shoot out any treasures. And now, with Yi Yun producing his blood again, it did not cause any changes to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. It left him extremely depressed.

There went the credit he could have gotten.

Mo Shanqing was disappointed, but Junior Brother Song was extremely delighted. He was truly afraid that Yi Yun would be able to stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron once again. If that happened, wouldn't Yi Yun soar high above him?

"To think this punk is shameless enough to act so arrogantly. He obediently produced his blood the moment Martial Uncle Mo spoke. Unfortunately, it was useless. He's a good-for-nothing," Junior Brother Song derided. He finally felt vindicated after Yi Yun shamed him with his retort.

"Martial Uncle Mo, it must have been a coincidence that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was stirred a moment ago. Perhaps it even has nothing to do with him. He, therefore, does not meet the qualifications and cannot be a disciple of our Myriad God Ridge."

Senior Brother Ji, head of the four personal disciples, spoke up.

Momentarily, Mo Shanqing was placed in a dilemma. He had

never encountered such a situation before. He was unsure how to evaluate Yi Yun either.

However, the matter regarding the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was of great importance. Despite knowing that the phenomena produced by the Ascending Dragon Cauldron were likely a coincidence, Mo Shanqing did not wish to give up this opportunity. Upon having such a thought, Mo Shanqing lit up a special voice transmission charm to seek the sect master's decision.

Yi Yun watched all of this nonchalantly. These people had made a mistake on one point. They believed that he was begging to join their Myriad God Ridge. In actuality, he had no intention of joining it. Just as he was about to turn and leave, the Yuan Qi voice transmission from before sounded again in his ear.

"Lad, don't be so rash. The Myriad God Ridge is quite an interesting place. Why do you think I'm staying in here?"

Upon hearing the voice, Yi Yun came to a halt. He glanced at Old Snake speechlessly. The old man seemed to be able to read his mind, being able to precisely guess what he was thinking every time. This left Yi Yun very displeased. The old fellow definitely knew that he was sent by Huan Chenxue, but he continued acting indifferently towards him.

At that moment, there was a burst of flames. It was the voice transmission charm of the Myriad God Ridge's reply.

"Martial Uncle Mo, has this fellow been eliminated?"

Junior Brother Song glanced at Yi Yun contemptibly as he spoke in a schadenfreudian manner. He especially hated disciples that entered the Myriad God Ridge based on the so-called 'wisdom root.' They were not geniuses but had soared because of some random criterion. What gave them that right?

He, Song Bowen, had to cultivate diligently and arduously in exchange for his present-day achievements. However, his blood had not resulted in any reaction from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Was that fair?

Who knew what sort of standards the useless Ascending Dragon Cauldron had!?

Not only was Song Bowen unable to stir the cauldron, the other three personal disciples had failed as well. As such, they were all somewhat biased against Yi Yun and Snake Girl.

However, at that moment, Mo Shanqing, who had heard the voice transmission charm's contents, lowered his head and gave an extended sigh. Finally, he looked up and glanced at Yi Yun oddly. He said reluctantly, "Kid, you are quite lucky. You have been made a personal disciple. My Martial Uncle, the sect master, is willing... to take you in as his disciple."

Chapter 1240: Main Peak

"What!? Sect Master is willing to take him in as a disciple?"

Song Bowen was startled by Mo Shanqing's words. The other three personal disciples were also in a state of disbelief.

The Myriad God Ridge's sect master had not taken in any disciples for the last thousand years.

Despite them all being personal disciples, there were differences in their status.

For instance, Song Bowen's master was Elder Taiqing, and the Myriad God Ridge's sect master was the junior brother of Elder Taiqing's master.

As for Mo Shanqing, Myriad God Ridge's sect master was the senior brother of his master.

The differences between the titles of martial uncle were not generational but based on cultivation level. In Myriad God Ridge, the accomplished reigned supreme. The higher the cultivation level, the higher one's status was. The highest was obviously the Patriarch. However, it was rare to even hear about the Patriarch, much less see him. Therefore, Myriad God Ridge's sect master naturally became the person with the highest authority in Myriad God Ridge.

This punk was actually so lucky as to be designated the personal disciple of the sect master?

Song Bowen found it unbelievable. What quality gave him that right?

In fact, Mo Shanqing did not truly understand the matter. However, since the sect master had given the order, what else could he say?

Instantly, the atmosphere turned rowdy. The title of personal disciple was enough to stir the crowd!

These candidates were mainly from the various regions of the Calm Sea. All of them wanted to enter the Myriad God Ridge to enjoy a meteoric rising.

The entire Calm Sea spanned tens of millions of kilometers that contained innumerable countries of various sizes. And if one became a Myriad God Ridge disciple, even if they were merely an outer disciple, it was enough for them to be made nobles in their own countries. If they became inner disciples, the status would be enough to make their country's emperor treat them with the utmost respect.

As for core disciples or personal disciples, they were completely unimaginable. If they really employed their strength, they could easily wipe out an entire dynasty.

The surroundings examinees started to voice their envy, making Mo Shanqing frown slightly. He glanced at Yi Yun and said, "It's your good luck and fortune that the sect master thinks so highly of you. However, a word of advice. It's useless to simply stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron! True geniuses depend on strength, not some so-called 'wisdom root!'"

Mo Shanqing spoke coldly. In fact, he never understood the situation. If they were only interested in the treasures sealed in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, they could just invite the candidate with the treasure into the sect and trade the treasure for some reasonable benefits. Why did they make any candidate that was able to stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron a core or even personal disciple?

"Got it."

Yi Yun answered Mo Shanqing's advice tersely. He had a rather bad impression of Mo Shanqing and so didn't bother to act cordially.

Such an attitude naturally displeased Mo Shanqing. He stole a glance at Yi Yun before retreating into the pocket world within the stone gateway.

The test continued!

With about seven to eight thousand participants, it would take about two days to finish. It was still early.

The second batch of tests had already been prepared. As the candidates anxiously participated in the test, they watched enviously as Yi Yun and Snake Girl went to a test booth to retrieve the clothes and tokens issued to new recruits.

"State your names!"

Ji bellowed at Yi Yun and Snake Girl.

Yi Yun's mouth twitched. As an examinee, they had to engrave their names into the registration token after obtaining it. It could be clearly seen by anyone who scanned the token with their perceptions. He refused to believe that the personal disciples did not know his name. This manner of questioning was only meant to establish an imposing air.

"Snake Girl." Snake Girl obediently reported her name.

As for Yi Yun, he lazily waved the registration token in his hand without saying a word. His intention was clear—take a look for yourself.

As he watched this happen, a few veins protruded from Song Bowen's forehead.

"Junior Sister Jin, bring them up the mountain."

Ji surmised that if Song Bowen was to send the duo, they might come to blows midway. Therefore, he let his Junior Sister Jin, who

had a warmer temperament, to lead the way.

Yi Yun did not mind. When he was about to leave, he glanced at Old Snake and while cupping his fists, he said, "Senior, I would like to treat you to some drinks whenever you have the time."

This was the second time Yi Yun said such a thing.

Many people had mocked him for overestimating himself back when he offered to treat Old Snake to drinks after gaining entry to the sect.

Now, as Yi Yun said the same thing a second time, they were left with more mixed emotions.

Why did the entire test appear to be a game to Yi Yun? Yet, despite his nonchalance, he really entered the Myriad God Ridge and became a personal disciple of the highest standing.

"Hehe, I'll wait till you are settled in. I'll be at the Myriad God Restaurant. Remember to bring more money," Old Snake said with a chuckle. He lit up when alcohol was mentioned.

When everyone heard that, their mouths twitched. Myriad God Restaurant!

The name made it obvious that it was run by the Myriad God Ridge. It was the most luxurious restaurant around the Myriad God Ridge. The food it served was usually cooked using natural

treasures that were astronomical in price. It wasn't uncommon to pay a few thousand Spirit Jade for a single meal. If one were a little more extravagant, it would not be surprising for their bill to be one or two hundred thousand Spirit Jade.

Old Snake had immediately chosen the Myriad God Restaurant the moment he was being offered a treat. His shamelessness was truly unparalleled.

"Alright. See you at Myriad God Restaurant in five days."

Yi Yun agreed readily as a curve suffused his lips. This old fellow was finally willing to have a proper conversation with him. Yi Yun's mind was riddled with questions. One of them pertained to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Yi Yun followed Junior Sister Jin and headed for the Myriad God Ridge's main peak.

Junior Sister Jin remained silent throughout the journey and led Yi Yun across six peaks and five mountain entrances before arriving at Myriad God Ridge's main peak.

The mountain was tens of thousands of meters tall and its peak was covered in snow. However, amid the snow, there were large swaths of array formations that had exquisite jade trees and agar flowers that vied against each other for the right to be called the most beautiful.

After walking past the restraints, Yi Yun sighed at Myriad God Ridge's wealth. The bricks and tiles were literally lined with jade and gold. The spring water was made of spiritual liquid and there were spirit beasts darting around the valuable vegetation that was everywhere. The mist lingered, making it feel like an immortal's paradise.

"Junior Sister Jin, are these two newly recruited disciples?"

At that moment, a male disciple dressed in purple was standing above a gigantic hawk. He landed in front of Yi Yun and Snake Girl.

"Yes... Senior Brother Cang Wu, one of them is a personal disciple recruited by Sect Master and the other will be a core disciple. I have brought this young man to pay Sect Master a visit."

It was not easy to get a meeting with the sect master of Myriad God Ridge. However, Yi Yun was different. He was a disciple of the sect master and, according to the Myriad God Ridge's rules, newly recruited disciples had to first visit their masters.

"What? Sect Master has taken in a disciple?" Cang Wu looked at Yi Yun in disbelief after hearing the news. "He... got recruited?"

Cang Wu pointed at Yi Yun, who smirked. He could not be bothered to deal with these people. He was only planning on entering the Myriad God Ridge to find Old Snake, but he never expected to become the sect master's personal disciple. But so what if he was one? Why did everyone who saw him make a huge fuss

about it as though they were mentally unsound?

"Yes, it's him. Might I trouble Senior Brother Cang Wu to pass the news. I'm bringing him to meet Sect Master," Junior Sister Jin said while looking at Yi Yun unhappily.

Chapter 1241: Sunken Moon Tower

"Alright, I'll inform the sect master..."

A white beam of divine light flew down from the main peak the moment Cang Wu spoke. The person that came from it was a man that looked somewhat seductive.

He had long brows and a beauty that was akin to a woman's. He was floating high in the air as he looked at Yi Yun and said, "My master, the sect master, is in seclusion. He just instructed me through a voice transmission to settle you in for now. If you encounter any cultivation problems, you can ask me too!"

My master, the sect master?

Such a salutation clearly meant that the seductive man in front of him was a personal disciple of the Myriad God Ridge's sect master.

Most personal disciples did not address the Myriad God Ridge's sect master in such a manner. By referring to him in such an endearing manner, it was enough to prove that his status was probably no less than that of Mo Shanqing.

"Follow me."

With that said, the man led Yi Yun to a quiet residence. It was a three-storied tower that appeared to be absolutely exquisite. Behind the tiny tower was a simple herb garden and connected to

the tower was a cultivation chamber.

In Myriad God Ridge, many buildings were made of jade but the tower Yi Yun was allocated was made of wood.

Despite it being made of wood, Yi Yun knew that the construction material was nothing even mortal jade could compare with.

He was well-versed in the divine alchemist's notes. He immediately identified the valuable wood—Sunken Moon Wood. Such wood grew in spirit springs and was nourished by absorbing the lunar essence. It grew a foot every millennium and could not be artificially grown.

A tower built from Sunken Moon Wood could be used to nourish the soul, bringing great benefits to cultivation.

"What extravagance."

Yi Yun sighed. The tiny tower was only the residence of a personal disciple. If it were the sect master or an elder, it would probably be even more lavish.

"Stay here for the next few days. My master will probably take another week to come out of seclusion. He will naturally come to meet you when the time comes."

"Everything in this tower is at your disposal as long as there are

no restrictions protecting it. You won't be able to bypass the restrictions anyway. You can go in now."

The charming man gave a brief introduction before leaving. He left behind a few sets of personal disciple clothes, a token, and a jade slip that served as a manual to the Myriad God Ridge.

The clothes worn by Myriad God Ridge personal disciples were all purple in color and on the chest were embroidered the words: Myriad God. The outfit itself was an excellent enchanted artifact.

Yi Yun flipped through the jade slip that contained the rules, and with his powerful perception, he finished reading it in seconds.

The Myriad God Ridge had many rules, but most of them were targeted towards ordinary disciples. At the level of personal disciple, all rules lacked weight. Strength was what really mattered. As long as one was strong, violating a few rules did not mean much. And correspondingly, personal disciples were given all sorts of perks and advantages. Naturally, the ordinary disciples lacked such things.

As for the personal disciple token, just producing it in the Myriad God Ridge's territory could summon and order a king. If the king disobeyed, it would be considered an act of transgression against the Myriad God Ridge. The king could be killed instantly and a new one put in his place.

Upon reading this, Yi Yun felt mixed emotions. He began to appreciate the reason why so many people wanted to enter the

Myriad God Ridge. This was the awe that power brought. An ordinary dynasty without the support of a major sect was like a mortal in front of the Myriad God Ridge. It had no means to resist.

Initially, Yi Yun joined the Myriad God Ridge because of Old Snake. However, after seeing the situation with the Myriad God Ridge, he began to feel that it wouldn't be too bad to stay in the area for a period of time. After all, this was his first foray into the Sinkhole and he had nowhere else to go. And he did have a need of a conducive cultivation environment.

Yi Yun stored the token and jade slip before donning the purple outfit. He headed for the cultivation ground that was connected to the tower.

There, Yi Yun could sense the subtle nourishment effect that the Sunken Moon Wood had on his soul. It made his mind especially calm, and he could feel his pores breathing the surrounding Yuan Qi in and out constantly. Cultivating in such a place would make for double the results with half the effort.

When Yi Yun used his personal disciple token to open the cultivation chamber's door, what greeted him was a simply adorned room. There were a long bookshelf and a cultivation array formation. More than a hundred Spirit Jade were placed around the cultivation array.

Yi Yun noticed that the Spirit Jade was of a much higher quality than the ones Snake Girl had produced. However, he did not know what grades they had.

As for the bookshelf, it was lined with jade slips.

Yi Yun took out a few to read. Not only did they describe cultivation techniques, but they also introduced the Sinkhole's major factions, natural treasures, and the customs of the land. It was comprehensive!

Yi Yun slowly lost himself in reading.

Until...

Knock! Knock! Knock!

There was knocking at the door.

Yi Yun got up and opened the door. He saw a girl that looked about fifteen standing gracefully erect by the door. She had a round face that exuded a healthy glow, resembling a flower waiting to bloom.

"You are?" Yi Yun asked curiously.

The girl blushed and said slowly, "I'm Zuoyan Xiaoyu. I passed the test a few days ago and entered the Myriad God Ridge. I'm currently an outer-sect disciple..."

"An outer-sect disciple?" Yi Yun was surprised. He knew that the

Myriad God Ridge had three kinds of entry tests.

Other than the first test of stirring the cauldron, one could pass the second nomological test and the third cultivation test to enter into the Myriad God Ridge. However, those who did would typically only be outer-sect disciples. To become an inner-sect or core disciple was just too difficult.

But what puzzled Yi Yun most was that his tower was located in an area where personal disciples lived. How did an outer-sect disciple enter the area?

"Why are you here?" asked Yi Yun.

"Uh..." Zuoyan Xiaoyu's voice turned a lot softer. She said in embarrassment, "All outer-sect disciples have to do miscellaneous chores after entering the Myriad God Ridge. I have been designated as a maidservant of Sunken Moon Tower, which is the name of this residence, Young Master."

"Eh?" Yi Yun was left in a daze as he turned to take a look. On the top of the tower he lived in was a plaque that had the words 'Sunken Moon Tower'.

From the looks of it, the towers in the core region of the Myriad God Ridge were made of different materials and were named after the materials used to construct the tower.

Sunken Moon Tower wasn't a bad name. As for a maidservant...

Yi Yun rubbed his nose awkwardly. Perhaps the people of Myriad God Ridge were accustomed to their high standings, a status that often had others serving them; therefore, they did not think much of it. However, Yi Yun truly was never one to be served, especially by such a delicate and sweet young lady. He found it awkward.

"About that... Don't you feel resentment being turned into a servant despite entering the Myriad God Ridge as a disciple?" Yi Yun could not help but ask.

"Resentment?" Zuoyan Xiaoyu shook her head. "How can that be? Young Master, personal disciples like you are a lot higher in stature than outer-sect disciples like me. Besides... being a maidservant of a personal disciple's residence is something people vie for."

"It's much better than tending to the spirit beasts, patrolling the mountain entrance, or supervising the mining grounds. Giving the example of the Sunken Moon Tower that you live in, one can cultivate a lot faster in here. Young Master, it's all thanks to you that I can even come here. If no one lives in Sunken Moon Tower, I would never have even come close to this place."

As Zuoyan Xiaoyu spoke, Yi Yun noticed that the look she gave him was one of idolation.

This made him realize that he had thought too lightly of his status as a personal disciple. As this was his first time in Calm Sea, he had not interacted with the customs of the land before becoming a Myriad God Ridge personal disciple. And since he had

become one so easily, he had not fully realized how much honor there was in his status.

Although there were many experts in the Sinkhole, there were even more mortals. The worship of strength here exceeded that of the 12 Empyrean Heavens.

Under such circumstances, no one believed that serving a personal disciple was a loss of status. On the contrary, they did it with pride. Besides, they could also enjoy some of the benefits of a personal disciple, so it was naturally a job one yearned for.

"Then, how did you get this job?" Yi Yun asked curiously. He noticed that other than the disciple attire Zuoyan Xiaoyu was wearing, nothing else on her was valuable. Clearly, she came from a humble background.

"I received this opportunity because my results were slightly better at the entrance test. Back then, numerous peers that entered with me were quite envious of me. Apparently, even the genius daughter of the Duanmu family, Duanmu Qingwen, had mustered all the powers of her family clan but failed to get this job."

"The Duanmu family?" Yi Yun asked casually.

"Oh... It's a big family clan in the country I come from. As their patriarch is at the seventh-floor Dao Palace realm, his status is even higher than that of an emperor."

"I see..." Yi Yun nodded. To the Myriad God Ridge, a family clan with a patriarch at the seventh-floor Dao Palace realm naturally did not amount to much.

However, such family clans probably enjoyed a supernatural existence in the countries they resided in. They would probably have endless riches, and the heiress of the family clan must have led a luxurious life. To have such a rich heiress become a servant would probably be uncomfortable. It was better off having someone like Zuoyan Xiaoyu who came from a humble background.

Upon deducing the situation, Yi Yun felt mixed emotions. The martial path was truly fraught with difficulties. If one wanted wealth, it was easily attainable. However, to become an unparalleled Godly Monarch, to live for tens to hundreds of millions of years, sharing the same age as the heavens and earth, that was just too difficult.

"By the way, Miss Zuoyan, why did you come to me?"

Zuoyan Xiaoyu hurriedly answered when she heard Yi Yun's question. "Young Master, do not call me that. I can't accept it. Young Master, just call me Xiaoyu. I came here to tell you that it's time to eat."

"Eat?" Yi Yun was taken aback. Why was there a need to inform him about eating? Warriors could abstain from eating even at a very low cultivation level. Apart from satisfying their taste buds, there was no need to eat. Just absorbing the spiritual energy from the heaven and earth would do.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu said, "That's right. The food given to Myriad God Ridge personal disciples is unlike any other. And this food is only provided once a month. You happen to be just in time."

Zuoyan Xiaoyu gave an embarrassed smile after saying that. "That's what I've heard. I've never seen it before."

Chapter 1242: Meal

Zuoyan Xiaoyu had only entered the Myriad God Ridge a few days earlier than Yi Yun, but in that few days, she became quite well-versed in the Myriad God Ridge's rules.

She was also very familiar with the layout of the personal disciple region. She led Yi Yun all the way to the mess hall for personal disciples.

The mess hall covered several kilometers and, upon entry, it looked to be a magnificent grand hall. In the middle of the hall were seventeen heavy and robust bronze artifacts. There were ones with three legs and two handles called tripods, and ones with two handles and no feet that were cauldrons.

There were a total of nine tripods and eight cauldrons that made for seventeen bronze enchanted vessels. Such a number was the highest order used in meal etiquette since ancient times.

Yi Yun could tell that the seventeen vessels were not ordinary enchanted artifacts. Due to their placement, the surrounding laws seemed to naturally form a system unto itself. From the looks of it, the seventeen bronze vessels were a complete set.

Surrounding the vessels were thirty-two tables, prepared for the personal disciples.

A table could only seat two and Yi Yun had shown up early. He sat down at a random table and Zuoyan Xiaoyu stood behind him.

She studied her surroundings with an inquisitive look, for she found such a scene new and fascinating.

"Xiaoyu, you previously mentioned that this meal is only provided once a month and that it's extraordinary. In what way is it extraordinary?"

"Young Master, I heard that the monthly meal is cooked by Myriad God Ridge's Elder Lanqin. She has a rather rare job in the Calm Sea. She's a cook, but you could also call her a Herbal Board Master."

"In the Calm Sea, although there are few refinement masters, array masters, alchemists, Desolate Heaven Masters, or talisman masters, there are still many people who learn such trades. But cooks have nearly gone extinct. The people that manage to master cooking are few and far between. Elder Lanqin's attainment in cooking is at the crest of perfection. If she used mortal ingredients, such as ordinary rice, vegetables or meat, it would still be superior-grade tonic food. Not only would it taste excellent, it would also be extremely beneficial to one's body after consumption."

"If the meal is cooked using supreme-grade ingredients, the effects are even more obvious. Elder Lanqin will be able to refine away the impurities contained within the ingredients during the cooking process. It results in no harm to the body no matter how much is eaten. This is something pills cannot compare with."

As the saying goes, every medicine has its toxicity. It was inevitable for even superior-grade pills to contain a little pill toxicity. If one ate too many, the toxins would accumulate and

time would be needed to purge them.

A well-cooked meal, however, would never result in such a situation. This was also the forte of a cook. However, as the effects from tonic food were less potent than pills, the number of people that studied the cooking of tonic food was even smaller.

"Young Master, take a look. The seventeen vessels placed in the middle of the hall are the enchanted artifacts that Elder Lanqin uses to cook. They are a set, and at this very moment, all the food is in them. In a while, I'll get some for you. There will be a total of seventeen dishes—nine meat and eight vegetarian."

Just as Zuoyan Xiaoyu was explaining the situation, people began streaming into the grand hall one after another. These people were also personal disciples and most of them had servants accompanying them. Some even had more than one servant. Yi Yun even saw a young man who was not dressed in personal disciple garb. Instead, he was wearing an embroidered robe commonly worn by rich scions. He was tended to by four women and all of them were gorgeous. Two of them were tugging onto the man from each side, allowing him to wander his hands over them. Yi Yun was a little surprised by this.

After all, this was in public. Such public displays of affection were rather preposterous.

Coincidentally, this man happened to pick the table where Yi Yun was sitting.

The man took a glance at Yi Yun and said with a laugh, "You must be the Yi Yun that stirred the cauldron!"

The man recognized all the personal disciples of Myriad God Ridge so, with the sudden appearance of an unfamiliar face, he immediately guessed at Yi Yun's identity.

"That is me." Yi Yun nodded.

After the man sat down, the table was filled with the pleasant chatter of women. This rendered Yi Yun somewhat speechless. Those who didn't know might even think he was here to fool around.

The youth obviously noticed Yi Yun's gaze as he said with a laugh. "I'm Zhou Bingfeng, and I have quite a number of maidservants and concubines. I applied for permission from the sect to have four. The other eight were brought from my family clan. The Myriad God Ridge's rules allow personal disciples to bring in eight, and not one more."

Yi Yun was rendered even more speechless by Zhou Bingfeng's explanation. So he had only brought a third of them. Eight of them were left at his residence. He sure had good fortune in love.

"Junior Brother Yi, as a personal disciple in Myriad God Ridge, there's no need to be overly restrained. It's not a problem if you're a little ostentatious, as long as you have sufficient strength."

Zhou Bingfeng, whose personality screamed casanova, beckoned for two of the beauties to sit down. They sat on each side of him and joined him in drinking.

Yi Yun said to Zuoyan Xiaoyu, "You should sit down too."

Zuoyan Xiaoyu's face blushed as she said hurriedly, "Young Master, there's no need. I'll get you some food now."

At that moment, the lids of the seventeen vessels had been removed. A rich aroma of spirit food surged outwards, whetting one's appetite.

The fragrance that overwhelmed Yi Yun was something he had never experienced before. He could not help but be curious about Elder Lanqin's capabilities.

The people in charge of presiding over the banquet were a few old men. They were not Elders, only stewards.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu walked to the first tripod and anxiously received the food from the old man tending to it. It was a spirit fruit the size of a bowl. The flesh of the fruit had been removed and the fragrant food was placed in its core. Zuoyan Xiaoyu carefully held it in her bosom and felt the heat coming from it. She felt sensations going through her heart for, although she was not permitted to eat any of the food, it still excited her greatly.

She glanced at Yi Yun and brought Yi Yun the spirit food like she

was handing over a treasure.

But at that moment, Zuoyan Xiaoyu suddenly felt like she was being tripped as she lost her balance.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu let out a shocked cry. Although her cultivation level wasn't high, she was skilled enough to adjust her balance in midair. But this time, just as she was about to fall, she felt the surrounding laws undergo a change. Maintaining her balance became impossible.

"Peng!"

Zuoyan Xiaoyu fell straight onto the ground. The spirit fruit in her arms dropped to the ground as the food that was once inside it spilled all over.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu sat on the ground in a daze. She looked at the food that was splattered onto the ground as tears began to brim in her eyes. She naturally knew the value of the food she was carrying. Perhaps, all the cultivation resources she had ever used throughout her life was not even as expensive as the spirit fruit. Yet, it was now splattered across the ground by her own hands.

Besides being an outer-sect disciple that worked as a maidservant, she was also one of the least powerful members of her family. As such, she learned to be extremely careful in the residences of personal disciples at all times, always afraid that trouble would befall her randomly. But now, she was in big trouble.

Chapter 1243: Humans Shouldn't Eat Pigswill

"Young Master... I..."

Zuoyan Xiaoyu looked at Yi Yun with watery eyes filled with grievance. This was the first day she was serving Yi Yun but she had already made a mistake. Furthermore, it was on such an occasion.

"It's fine."

Yi Yun stood up and helped Zuoyan Xiaoyu up. He looked at a girl dressed in maidservant garb nearby. He knew very well that the maidservant had tripped Zuoyan Xiaoyu. It appeared unintentional but the trip managed to make Zuoyan Xiaoyu lose her balance. Following that, someone had changed the spatial dimension laws, causing Zuoyan Xiaoyu to fall to the ground.

Upon noticing Yi Yun's gaze, the maidservant felt a little apprehensive. However, one look at her master emboldened her. She explained, "It wasn't intentional. She was walking over and happened to slam into my foot."

Yi Yun's gaze fluttered to a lanky youth behind the maidservant.

He was holding a cup of wine with eyes narrowed. He appeared listless but Yi Yun knew that he was the one who used laws to prevent Zuoyan Xiaoyu from maintaining her balance.

Yi Yun looked at a few stewards in the room. All of them remained composed, as though they had not noticed everything that had just happened.

Yi Yun sneered inwardly. There were many people that let things happen if they were not personally affected. When it came to these slippery people, personal disciples were not to be offended. The best action to take was to feign ignorance.

Upon sensing Yi Yun's gaze, the lanky youth met it, his slit-like eyes filled with derision.

"Do you have a grudge against me?"

Yi Yun asked as the lanky youth sneered. He did not answer, as though it was beneath him to even speak to Yi Yun.

At that moment, a laughter came from outside. "Hahaha, is that Junior Brother Yi? How is it? Are you accustomed to living in the Myriad God Ridge?"

Yi Yun turned around and saw four personal disciples appear at the entrance one after another. They were the ones who previously oversaw the entrance test.

And the person who spoke was the youth with thick brows, Song Bowen.

"We finally rushed here for the banquet after administering the test until sundown. It sure wasn't easy on us." Song Bowen stretched his arms as though he was exhausted.

Behind him, Ji and Junior Sister Jing did not speak. They only glanced at Yi Yun. They had all seen the conflict that had just happened.

The quartet took their seats as Ji sat with the last disciple out of the four. As for Junior Sister Jing, she sat beside a girl. The remaining Song Bowen sat beside the listless lanky youth.

With Song Bowen taking his seat, the lanky youth's maidservant automatically helped Song Bowen to a plate of food.

Yi Yun realized the situation with the scene unfolding. Song Bowen and the lanky youth clearly had a great relationship. They had probably discussed this beforehand.

"Junior Brother Yi, it seems you have attracted the misfortune of staying in Sunken Moon Tower."

Beside Yi Yun, Zhou Bingfeng chuckled through a voice transmission while hugging a charming beauty.

"Why do you say so?" Yi Yun asked indifferently. He seemed particularly unfazed, as though the food that spilled had nothing to do with him.

"Junior Brother Yi, you might not be aware that even the residences of the personal disciples are stratified. Sunken Moon Tower is one of the better places to be. By being the sect master's disciple that stays in Sunken Moon Tower, it is only natural to be targeted."

Oh?

Yi Yun did not know that Sunken Moon Tower was in such demand. In that case, his treatment was to be expected. In these people's minds, he had stirred the Ascending Dragon Cauldron due to his 'wisdom root.' He was only lucky to become a personal disciple, he didn't earn it by his own merit. As such, how could they be convinced of his tenure?

Adding in the conflicts he had with Song Bowen during the test, and it was easy to explain everything that was happening.

And at that moment, Song Bowen feigned surprise as he looked at the food that had splattered on the ground. "Eh? What's going on?"

The lanky youth beside him lifted his eyelids and languidly said, "Nothing much. Some maidservant was clumsy and spilled food all over."

"What sort of maidservant is she? Cutting off her limbs would not be enough to compensate such expensive food! This kind of servant that's as stupid as a pig should be sent away immediately, or at least she would if I had any say. She can't even deliver a meal properly, so why even bother practicing martial arts? What a

joke!" Song Bowen said sarcastically.

As a young lady, how could Zuoyan Xiaoyu react to such nasty derision? She froze with a flushed face as tears began streaming down her cheeks. She wasn't able to say a word.

"Xiaoyu, come back," Yi Yun said.

He knew that Song Bowen's words were truly directed at him, a strike at him by reviling others.

"Young Master, I... I..."

As Zuoyan Xiaoyu sobbed, she felt aggrieved but, before she could say a word, Yi Yun had sat her down.

"Just have a seat," Yi Yun said. Although he had only been acquainted with Zuoyan Xiaoyu for less than a day, Yi Yun knew that it was not easy for a girl with a humble background like her to work diligently at climbing up the martial path. Yi Yun could not just sit idly by as she was being bullied, reprimanded, and insulted because of him."

"Oh? So it's Junior Brother Yi's maidservant that spilled the food. Look at me shooting off my mouth. I should have held back. I'm sorry! However, the food in these seventeen vessels was cooked by Martial Aunt Lanqin. The seventeen dishes are a set, and the effects are greatly reduced if any dish is missed out on! Why don't you get that clumsy maidservant of yours to pick the food up off

the floor? The ground is swept perfectly clean here so the food isn't dirty. Besides, so what if it's a little dirty, right!?"

The personal disciples sitting near Song Bowen burst out into a rapturous roar of laughter when they heard his words. They had good relationships with him so they naturally backed him.

"Junior Brother Song, how can you say that. If you pick up food that's spilled, wouldn't that make it pigswill? How can Junior Brother Yi eat pigswill?"

"That's right. Junior Brother Song, you need to mind your language."

"All of you are right." Against the crowd's mockery, Yi Yun was not angered at all. Instead, he nodded calmly. "It's true that humans shouldn't eat pigswill."

When Yi Yun said those words without rhyme or reason, it left people somewhat baffled. At that moment, Yi Yun suddenly waved his hand as a dazzling black beam suddenly burst out from his palm!

"Whew!"

The black beam was as fast as lightning and, instantly, it reached Song Bowen!

Song Bowen was alarmed. He never expected Yi Yun to suddenly

take action. An attack at such a blazing speed left him no time to react!

He retreated hastily but at that moment, the ice-cold killing intent from the black beam seemed to shatter the surrounding space, causing it to collapse down on him like a massive mountain!

"Ha!"

Song Bowen bellowed angrily as he forcefully pushed out his palms, forming a wall of light.

At the same time, the lanky youth next to Song Bowen took action as well. Song Bowen was his junior brother, so how could he sit idle?

In a split second, he produced a curved blade from his interspatial ring and slashed down!

Boom!

With an explosion, the black beam had slammed into Song Bowen's light barrier. A black flame burst forth as the light barrier was burned through!

The inferno did not abate as its flames coursed along Song Bowen's Yuan Qi and reached his arms!

What sort of fire was this!?

Song Bowen's expression was ashen. He had never encountered such a flame before. After all, it was impossible for him to recognize the Heretical God Fire Seed.

The flames burned and consumed everything. Song Bowen felt the surrounding Yuan Qi twisters howling and pressure coming from the rupturing space. It made his dantian feel like it would explode. His heart could hardly beat.

"Peng!"

The contorting flames struck Song Bowen heavily in the chest and engulfed his flesh and burning his meridians!

Song Bowen grunted as he spat out a mouthful of blood before hurtling backward!

And at that moment, the lanky youth's curved blade came cleaving down a little too late. Song Bowen had already succumbed to heavy injuries as he flew backward. So when his blade slashed into an empty void, it left an extremely ugly expression on the lanky youth's face.

Were there spatial dimension laws?

The lanky youth was appalled. He believed that he could save Song Bowen in time but when he struck out, the flow of time

seemed to dramatically slow. Besides, he never expected that an instant, Song Bowen would be injured in such a manner!

And at that moment, Song Bowen, still flying backwards, came to a sudden halt in midair when Yi Yun tapped his finger.

Following that, Yi Yun casually waved his hand and placed it back on the table. Just this action alone caused Song Bowen to be forcefully pulled back!

As if an invisible rope connected Yi Yun's palm to Song Bowen's head, Song Bowen crashed heavily in the middle of the hall when Yi Yun placed his palm down.

"Peng!"

Song Bowen fell head first and his nose smashed into the ground. Oddly enough, he fell right onto the pile of food that had splattered to the ground. His face and mouth were completely filled with food. His chest and everything under was burnt to a crisp and he looked as pathetic as could be.

At that moment, Yi Yun said slowly, "I was commending you on your logic a moment ago. Humans shouldn't eat pigswill. So why did you gorge on it without any regard? And from the looks of it, you seem to enjoy it?"

When Yi Yun said those words, silence befell the hall! From the start, Yi Yun's intention was to beat Song Bowen soundly and

throw him onto the pile of food.

From beginning to the end, Song Bowen was like a tiny chick that was helpless against him.

This was an unexpected outcome. Although Song Bowen had yet to be promoted to personal disciple, his strength was not to be doubted. Otherwise, he would not have been thought highly of by Elder Taiqing. Yet he was completely incomparable with Yi Yun.

Yi Yun had just entered the Myriad God Ridge and his entry was only because he had stirred the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. How was he so strong despite not being a proper personal disciple?

Sitting beside Yi Yun, Zhou Bingfeng could not help but clap his hands. "Impressive! Impressive! I thought Junior Brother Yi would suffer today, but I never expected you to be this strong. Is your cultivation level really only at the fourth-floor Dao Palace?"

Chapter 1244: Tolerance Extraordinaire

Yi Yun's cultivation level could be seen at a glance. It was also easy to see that Yi Yun had a robust foundation, but his nomological insights and the strength of his techniques were naturally less conspicuous. As for Myriad God Ridge's personal disciples, they were proud people. The Myriad God Ridge spent large amounts of resources to nurture them, so they found it unbelievable that they would be inferior to a new disciple.

"Junior Brother Song, are you alright!?"

With a flash, the lanky youth appeared beside Song Bowen. When he inspected Song Bowen's injuries, his expression turned ashen. Song Bowen's dantian and meridians had suffered grievous burns. Although Song Bowen's cultivation was unaffected, he would definitely be bedridden for a month.

"You suddenly launched a ruthless sneak attack while he wasn't prepared. You have openly violated the sect rules! What insolence!" The lanky youth said sternly.

According to the Myriad God Ridge's rules, disciples were not allowed to suddenly attack another. If there was any strife between them, both parties could make arrangements to fight it out at Myriad God Platform. The loser would then compensate the other party as per the arrangement.

Once fights reached the Myriad God Platform, it would be a world-shaking battle. Although the sect rules prohibited killing, no

one held back as the compensation would usually be quite a substantial amount. If one did accidentally kill the other, it was something that could not be helped. After all, blades did not discriminate!

Therefore, even if there was a conflict between disciples, they would not be too quick to head for Myriad God Platform.

For Yi Yun to suddenly attack, causing severe injuries in the process, was a punishable offense.

"Hehe!" Yi Yun sneered. "It's clear who exactly started this conflict. Don't you try to use the sect rules on me. If you resent anything, we can always go to Myriad God Platform and agree to an amount of compensation. I'll be glad to entertain you!"

"You..."

The lanky youth's voice stagnated and had nothing to return verbally.

Although he said that Yi Yun had garnered victory through a sneak attack, he was acutely aware that, even if Yi Yun had attacked openly, he was much stronger than Song Bowen.

It was even highly probable that he had not used all his strength. He lacked confidence in how he stacked up to Yi Yun, so how could he risk settling the dispute at Myriad God Platform?

"Are you trying to provoke me to the Myriad God Platform? Do you think I'm afraid of you!?"

Although the lanky youth lacked the courage to follow through, his speech remained adamant. He had already been a personal disciple for two decades. His strength was far greater than Song Bowen, who was only recently promoted to personal disciple.

He silently stared at Yi Yun as though he was trying to decipher Yi Yun's true strength.

And at that moment, Yi Yun said to Zuoyan Xiaoyu, "Xiaoyu, since the food has been spilled, go get me some more."

Ah?

Xiaoyu suddenly jolted out of her daze when she heard Yi Yun's words.

Yi Yun had defeated Song Bowen like a sudden clap of thunder, one that left no time to cover one's ears. She had seen all of it and never expected that the young master she served was so powerful.

"Young Master... About the food..."

Zuoyan Xiaoyu was a little taken aback. She had already spilled the food so where was she to get another serving? A person was only allowed one serving of Elder Lanqin's food.

Just as she was about to say something, she saw Yi Yun point at Song Bowen's table. His finger was directed at Song Bowen's food.

Was he... asking her to take away Song Bowen's food?

Seeing the lanky youth sitting at the table, with such a sullen expression, Zuoyan Xiaoyu felt extremely apprehensive.

She hesitated for a moment before gritting her teeth to walk towards the table.

Although she was afraid of the lanky youth, she knew that Yi Yun's assault was partly on her behalf.

In that case, how could she undermine Yi Yun? Compared to Yi Yun's brutal assault, all she was doing was taking a serving of food.

When she walked in front of Song Bowen's table, Zuoyan Xiaoyu saw the maidservant that had tripped her. She was standing behind the lanky youth and staring at her angrily.

Personal disciples had their conflicts, while maidservants shared their own strifes. Zuoyan Xiaoyu's strength may have been lacking, but it was impossible for her to lose to the other party's maidservant. She grabbed Song Bowen's food.

And at that moment, Yi Yun spoke again. "Take both shares!"

What!?

The atmosphere in the mess hall completely froze the moment Yi Yun said those words!

The lanky youth's eyes flashed coldly. He had to turn a blind eye to Song Bowen's food being taken, but to even take his away was preposterous.

"Punk! You're going too far!"

"So what if I am? I'm not one to suffer in silence. You previously instigated your maidservant to trip Xiaoyu, spilling my food. It's only right and proper that I make you compensate me. Even if this reaches the Table of Elders, I will not be faulted."

"If you want to keep that meal of yours, go ahead. If you agree to fight me at Myriad God Platform in three days, you can keep the food."

Yi Yun said this indifferently but his words left everyone present speechless.

What was overbearing? This was it!

Although the lanky youth never took a hit from Yi Yun, his outcome was worse than being hit. Yi Yun was quickly forming a

mental demon in him.

If he agreed to face Yi Yun at Myriad God Platform, he would likely be outmatched. If that time came, he would end up being severely injured and also allow Yi Yun to profit from him.

However, if he were to reject the notion and allow a mere maidservant take away his food, how was he to face others in the future?

"How dare you?"

The lanky youth looked at Zuoyan Xiaoyu as though he could kill her with his gaze.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu felt her body tighten as she was stifled by the lanky youth's glare.

But at that moment, Zuoyan Xiaoyu felt a soft aura permeate her body. She immediately felt her body lighten and the pressure dissipated.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu turned to glance at Yi Yun. She knew that he was protecting her with his aura.

This left Zuoyan Xiaoyu with an odd sense of safety. She was of humble birth and had never experienced the feeling of having a powerful backer supporting her. She felt emboldened, even if she faced an enemy that was usually insurmountable.

Gritting her teeth, Zuoyan Xiaoyu extended her arms and took the food in front of the lanky youth!

The lanky youth's eyes flared with killing intent while, at that moment, Yi Yun pressed down on his interspatial ring.

"Are you intending to fight me now instead of waiting for the Myriad God Platform?"

Yi Yun's voice seemed to come from a nether abyss. It sent a chill down everyone's backs.

In Myriad God Ridge, the so-called rules were used to restrain the weak. The stronger one was, the lesser the punishments were for violating the rules. Besides, it was the lanky youth and Song Bowen that had started the conflict. Yi Yun already stood on the side of reason. There was no doubt in people's minds that Yi Yun would truly take action the moment the lanky youth moved.

In fact, Yi Yun ordered Zuoyan Xiaoyu to take the food because he was certain he could severely injure the lanky youth before he could even lay a hand on her.

At that moment, time seemed to come to a pause. People watched as Zuoyan Xiaoyu's tiny hands lightly grabbed the lanky youth's spirit fruit.

Everyone fell silent. No personal disciple stood forward. The

stewards let the matter play out as it did not affect them.

The lanky youth's expression reached an unprecedented ugliness. He wanted to strike the handmaid in front of him to death but it would not restore his reputation. He knew very well that if he truly did so, he was giving Yi Yun a reason to ruthlessly beat him up. In the end, the conflict would reach Myriad God Platform and things would only get worse.

And if he acted first, killing the maidservant in front of him, Yi Yun would not even suffer any punishments from the sect rules.

In the end, all the lanky youth could do was watch helplessly as Zuoyan Xiaoyu took away his food!

"He tolerated it... He actually tolerated it..."

"What do you know? The accomplished are always tolerance extraordinaires."

Some people laughed with derision. Among the many personal disciples present, there were many that did not see eye to eye with the lanky youth. Some could not help but crack wise. And hearing their jeers only made the lanky youth feel like dying.

He had never been so embarrassed in his life!

Chapter 1245: Green Spirit Jade Fragment

Zuoyan Xiaoyu placed the fruit in front of Yi Yun. The first dish prepared by Elder Lanqin was made from Green Spirit Fruit. It had a naturally refreshing fragrance, and the rice that was stuffed into the fruit was jade pearl rice. Golden-threaded dates adorned it, allowing every grain of rice to suffuse a light green color. The crystalline grains, when piled together, looked like jade fragments.

Just taking in the fragrance was intoxicating, and was enough to wipe away any physical exhaustion.

"Great food, it really is appetizing!"

Yi Yun had never eaten such food before. He had participated in several banquets held by important figures, allowing him to sample all sorts of precious delicacies, but none of them could match the Green Spirit Fruit rice in front of him.

Indeed, the Sinkhole was unique. As a large sect of the Calm Sea, the Myriad God Ridge's deep heritage was not to be doubted.

Most of the time, strength was displayed in ways other than wars or territorial disputes. Just the quality of basic necessities of life was enough to tell the difference.

Apart from the food, the Myriad God Ridge had lodging like the Sunken Moon Tower. Even the simple outfits worn by personal disciples were superior-grade enchanted clothes. Nothing could be faulted.

At that moment, Zhou Bingfeng said with a smile, "Brother Yi, just being able to eat a bit of Elder Lanqin's food is a great blessing. There's never enough for me. Besides, the food in these nine tripods and eight cauldrons form a natural set. They respectively nourish seventeen laws. This first rice dish is called Green Spirit Jade Fragment. It gathers rich wood-elemental Yuan Qi, and the Green Spirit Fruit's essence has long been absorbed by the rice. Enjoy your meal."

As Zhou Bingfeng spoke, he began wolfing down his food.

Zhou Bingfeng was clearly someone with much life experience, but his table manners were in no way elegant. He chomped down on the Green Spirit Jade Fragment, filling his mouth with rice fragrance.

Yi Yun ate two sets himself and enjoyed it all the more. Not only was the jade pearl rice gratifying, its texture was excellent. It was soft and did not lose its bounce.

In a few mouthfuls, he had finished a quarter of the rice within the fruit. However, Yi Yun noticed that Zuoyan Xiaoyu was sitting beside him with her head lowered. She looked very obedient.

With a thought, he pushed the other serving of Green Spirit Jade Fragment in front of Zuoyan Xiaoyu and said, "There's another serving. Take it."

"Ah?"

Zuoyan Xiaoyu hurriedly shook her head. "I couldn't! This is food prepared especially for personal disciples. How can a maidservant like me eat it?"

Just being allowed to sit meant that a maidservant was given extremely high preferential treatment, much less eating the food in the mess hall.

"It's fine. There are two servings anyway."

As Yi Yun spoke, he pointed to the middle of the hall. Song Bowen had suffered such grievous injuries that he was still unconscious.

The stewards that presided over the meal began doing their jobs. They sought out people to send Song Bowen for healing and, as such, he naturally would miss his meal.

Thus, Yi Yun made it a point to not stand on ceremony by taking Song Bowen's meal for his own.

There was no reason to refuse such delicious food that was also greatly beneficial to one's cultivation.

"But, Young Master, I really can't eat it." Zuoyan Xiaoyu was adamant. She felt her lowly status did not afford her the pleasure of the expensive food.

"Then, get a small bowl and have some. If you just keep watching me eat, I'll feel uneasy."

Yi Yun was not accustomed to having people serving him while eating. He found it awkward if a maidservant was watching him while he had his meals.

After failing to decline the offer, Zuoyan Xiaoyu got a tiny bowl and used a ladle to scoop a portion of rice into her bowl, and absolutely refused anything else.

As she looked at the tiny bit of rice in her tiny bowl, Zuoyan Xiaoyu felt conflicted. She was acutely aware how inferior the status of outer-sect disciples was in the Myriad God Ridge. She felt blissful enough to be a maidservant of a personal disciple, but was even more happy to be able to serve Yi Yun.

Under the light, the crystalline pearl rice twinkled like perfect pieces of art. She could not bring herself to eat it and could even sense that the maidservants close by, especially the girl that had tripped her, were casting envious stares at her.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu opened her tiny mouth and carefully ate a mouthful of rice. The fragrance filled her mouth as she slowly chewed and held the food in her mouth, before swallowing it unwillingly.

But even so, the rice had already transformed into pure Yuan Qi that infused into her body while in her mouth. It nourished her dantian.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu clearly felt her cultivation level, that had recently been on a plateau, beginning to subtly increase.

The effects of such spirit food were more intense for cultivators at lower cultivation levels. If warriors with low cultivation levels consumed very enriching pills, their bodies might not be able to withstand the energy of the pills. The warrior could very well end up exploding to their deaths. However, food would not result in such a situation.

"Go get the second dish. Take two servings." Yi Yun said after wiping his mouth. He had eaten nearly two servings of Green Spirit Jade Fragment and felt his appetite being whet!

"Yea!"

Zuoyan Xiaoyu nodded and walked to a bronze cauldron and took the second dish.

She felt a little apprehensive as she approached the steward in charge of dispensing the food, afraid of asking for two servings, but she never expected the steward to just hand over two servings without her request. There was tacit consent over the situation.

This imbued Zuoyan Xiaoyu with the realization that the Myriad God Ridge was a sect that valued strength. Here, strength was the absolute greatest rule.

"For one person to eat two servings, and even let his personal maidservant have some? What arrogance! Senior Brother Ji, are you going to watch idly?"

Among the personal disciples, someone said this to Ji Changsheng.

They were all personal disciples, but the differences in status and strength were immense as well. Ji Changsheng had been a personal disciple for more than three centuries. Song Bowen was naturally incomparable to him. This was why he could run the entrance test and help Mo Shanqing preside over the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"So what if I do? Junior Brother Song was at fault in today's conflict. Without recognizing his strength, he wantonly provoked Yi Yun and ended up being taught a lesson. Who else is to blame but himself? However, this Yi Yun was ruthless in his retaliation. His personality is downright repugnant! Although the Myriad God Ridge values strength, there are numerous people stronger than Yi Yun. When he does encounter someone stronger, the one suffering will be him," Ji Changsheng said indifferently as he continued eating.

Although Yi Yun could not hear Ji Changsheng's conversation, his gaze had inadvertently swept past Ji Changsheng.

Yi Yun felt that Ji Changsheng gave others a deep and unfathomable impression.

"Xiaoyu, have more."

When Yi Yun saw that Zuoyan Xiaoyu would only eat a tiny mouthful of each dish before refusing to eat further, he gave her a huge scoop that filled most of her bowl.

"Young Master... I..."

Zuoyan Xiaoyu was overwhelmed by the favor but with the food in her bowl, she could not decline it.

"Eat it. It's Song Bowen's anyway. It will be a waste if you do not eat it. Besides, I can sense that the cultivation benefits you will receive from eating this food will be much better than mine. It seems like you are about to make a breakthrough."

...

Yi Yun enjoyed the meal, for it had been years since he had such a feast.

Previously, when he was in the Myriad Divine Territory, Yi Yun had entered seclusion for twenty-five years and practically did not eat or drink. When he went to the Mirage Sea Realm, he stayed there for a few years and led an idyllic life with Huan Chenxue. She was a woman that lived like a saint. She would often eat spirit flowers and drink morning dew. Although the diet was elegant, it was definitely not delicious from Yi Yun's point of view. How could it compare with the delicacies prepared meticulously by a Herbal

Board Master?

Yi Yun felt that he could stay in Myriad God Ridge just for the monthly feast alone.

That night, after having his fill, Yi Yun began secluded meditation. After eating the seventeen dishes, Yi Yun felt that the Yuan Qi in his body was gathering together. Although it was not intense, it seemed never-ending and he felt like he was almost about to break through.

In fact, Yi Yun had cultivated in the Mirage Sea Realm for a few years and his cultivation level was extremely close to the fifth-floor Dao Palace. Now he was on the brink of a breakthrough, but it was not solely because of the meal. Even if he had not eaten it, he would have naturally broken through a few months later. What the meal did was save him some time.

And, of course, Sunken Moon Tower was very suitable for seclusion. As such, Yi Yun entered seclusion for three days.

During this time, Zuoyan Xiaoyu stood guard in Sunken Moon Tower's yard.

As she guarded Yi Yun, she cultivated as well. There were large amounts of Yuan Qi gathered by the arrays there, and with the Sunken Moon Wood nourishing her soul, it became a lot easier for Zuoyan Xiaoyu to cultivate.

She took two days to absorb most of the Yuan Qi given by the seventeen dishes. As she had a low cultivation level, her breakthrough came earlier than Yi Yun's. Her cultivation level had reached the perfected Yuan Opening realm.

This cultivation level was not bad for her age. However, there was still the Heaven Ascension realm and Dao Manifestation realm separating her from Yi Yun's Dao Palace realm.

Even so, Zuoyan Xiaoyu was very delighted.

She speculated that if she had not entered the Myriad God Ridge, it would have taken another three years for her Dao Seed to grow into a Dao Tree, allowing her to officially enter the Heaven Ascension realm.

The time she would take to enter the Heaven Ascension realm had been shortened to a few months.

She was eager for Yi Yun to come out of seclusion so that she could flaunt her cultivation results. Although Zuoyan Xiaoyu knew that her accomplishments meant nothing, she felt that simply gaining an approving nod from Yi Yun would leave her drowning in happiness.

Just as Zuoyan Xiaoyu was anticipating that moment, there was a knock on the door.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu opened the door and saw four people standing on

the other side. They were dressed in Myriad God Ridge steward garb and they were expressionless. They executed their job without any personal considerations.

"Are you outer-sect disciple Zuoyan Xiaoyu?" The man leading the group asked Zuoyan Xiaoyu coldly. His voice did not exude any emotions.

"That...is me..." Zuoyan Xiaoyu was taken aback. From the person's attire, he was likely in charge of the Myriad God Ridge's miscellaneous chores department.

"Alright. Your job has been changed. From now on, you do not need to continue being a maidservant for Sunken Moon Tower. Follow me, we will arrange a new job for you."

"Ah?" Zuoyan Xiaoyu's breathing stagnated. She once believed that entering Myriad God Ridge and becoming Yi Yun's maidservant was the luckiest and happiest thing to ever happen to her. But was this bliss only meant to last less than three days before turning into evanescent bubbles?

Chapter 1246: Newcomer

"What are you waiting for? Quickly pack your things!"

The steward impatiently said this when he saw Zuoyan Xiaoyu in a daze.

She was an outer-sect disciple, and as such her job was determined by the Miscellaneous Chores Department. Their orders were like a royal decree to her, so how could she refuse them?

To put it into perspective, outer-sect disciples were ranked lowest on the totem pole. They were too insignificant.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu bit her lip and accepted that indeed, with her status, she was not fated to serve Yi Yun, a powerful personal disciple who treated her well.

She smiled bitterly and said, "I'll leave with you... but when Young Master Yi started his seclusion, I stood in this spot to wait for him. At the moment, I still serve Young Master Yi in Sunken Moon Tower, so if I am to leave, I must wait for him to come out of seclusion to inform him that I'm leaving..."

The seclusion grounds in Sunken Moon Tower had its own array formation. Once it was activated, any information from outside could be transmitted in.

Unfortunately, warriors would sever their perception while in

seclusion. They needed to be oblivious to everything that was happening around them, or they would not be able to focus their mind on breaking through. It was for this reason that warriors would seek expert guardians to protect them while they cultivated.

Under the current circumstances, Yi Yun would not be able to detect that Zuoyan Xiaoyu was leaving. Therefore, as his maidservant, she felt that she should not leave without a word.

However, the head steward became impatient when he heard Zuoyan Xiaoyu's words. He snorted coldly and said, "Who do you think you are? You are only a servant that usually serves tea and massages. The best you can hope for is to catch the eye of someone and become a concubine. If not, you will be forever a maidservant. Do you really think you are that important to a personal disciple? Bidding farewell? Quick, leave with us!"

The person who spoke was a dark-skinned steward. He looked like a mortal in his forties.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu was a mere outer-sect disciple and was unable to put up any resistance. She gave the tightly-shut door to the cultivation chamber a meaningful and longing glance before leaving with the dark-skinned steward.

...

A day later, in the cultivation chamber, a gray flame whirled around in mid-air. Amid the flowing flames was a gentle seven-colored light; and within it, one could vaguely make out a sleeping

girl's face.

That girl was none other than Ling Xie'er.

Ever since she awoke, she became fused with the Heretical God Fire Seed. Now, while she slept, Yi Yun could sense that Ling Xie'er's soul power was constantly increasing. He guessed that when Ling Xie'er's soul power reached a certain apex, she would undergo a new metamorphosis. It was unknown what Ling Xie'er and the Heretical God Fire Seed would evolve into.

"My cultivation level has finally broken through to the fifth-floor Dao Palace realm. It's time to leave."

Yi Yun took a deep breath as the surrounding black flames and pure Yuan Qi rushed into his body as though he was a whale intaking water.

Yi Yun opened the array and walked out of the cultivation grounds. It was already night and there were orange-yellow lights lit in Sunken Moon Tower. There was a faint tea fragrance in the air that left Yi Yun feeling refreshed.

Yi Yun suddenly felt that a maidservant taking care of his daily tasks was quite a nice thing to have. In the past, he had been alone for too long and began to feel somewhat lonely.

Yi Yun pushed open Sunken Moon Tower's door and walked into the room, where he saw tea already prepared on the table. There

were two plates of intricate desserts sitting beside the tea.

These desserts were another thing that the Myriad God Ridge gave solely to its personal disciples. Typical disciples had no chance of enjoying such perks.

A few of the desserts had been painstakingly chosen, with different colors and shapes placed together in an elegant and harmonious arrangement.

And on the table was a bronze heating stove. Hot air effused from it, maintaining the desserts' warmth and soft texture.

Yi Yun knew that Xiaoyu had no way of knowing exactly when he would finish his seclusion. As such, she must have freshly prepared all of this every day. She was quite thoughtful.

Just as he was thinking over the matter, he heard the maidservant room's door open from upstairs. A girl in a red dress stood by the door with an elegant posture. She was beautiful with her white skin effusing a healthy glow, making her look very endearing.

However... she was not Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

Yi Yun was taken aback. A girl had suddenly appeared in his Sunken Moon Tower and was living in the room on the second floor. This left him a little bewildered.

"Who are you?" asked Yi Yun.

The girl gave Yi Yun a poised bow and beamed. She said, "My name is Duanmu Qingwen, an outer-sect disciple that entered the Myriad God Ridge seven days ago. I was formerly tending the herbs in the southeastern herbal gardens. Yesterday, people from the Miscellaneous Chores Department instructed me to serve you, Young Master Yi."

"Young Master, you have been in seclusion for four days, am I right? You must be tired. I have made some Misty Flower Tea for you and have lit a stove of Sunken Water Fragrance. Young Master, I wonder if you like to drink alcohol? If you do, I'll warm a pot. You can take a bath first, and drink while soaking in it."

The red-dressed girl said all this as she arrived on the first floor like a gust of wind. She even pulled open the door to the bathroom on the first floor.

The bathroom in Sunken Moon Tower was extremely spacious. The bathing pool was made of superior suet jade and it was filled with water. There were flower petals of every color scattered across the water surface. Thick steam effused from it, blurring out the entire area. Just one look at it made one feel comfortable.

"I have filled the pool with Myriad God Ridge's main peak's ten-thousand-year-old Melted Ice Water. It has just been heated up and I have scattered petals from the Five-colored Flower. It has quite a refreshing effect. Young Master, are you satisfied with this? If you are, let me help you into the bath."

As Duanmu Qingwen spoke, she picked up the tray of tea. The tray made of softwood could float on the water. By placing alcohol and tea on it, one could imbibe it at any time during a bath. It was extremely convenient.

Duanmu Qingwen wanted to invite Yi Yun into the bath but it was not appropriate for her to pull Yi Yun's hand. Therefore, she stood by the bath's entrance, watching Yi Yun earnestly and with watery eyes.

At that moment, Duanmu Qingwen appeared poised and dignified. But in fact, she was feeling somewhat nervous. Although she came from the Duanmu family and enjoyed a particular status in the Wenyue Country, she knew how low her status was in the Myriad God Ridge. Compared to personal disciples, the difference was as stark as the difference between night and day.

Back when Duanmu Qingwen missed the opportunity to serve personal disciples, she had been somewhat disappointed. But despite abandoning hope, a twist of fate suddenly offered her such an opportunity.

As such, she cherished this opportunity even more.

Although her Duanmu family wielded great power, her patriarch was aged. His lifespan was coming to an end and if she could not hold up the family, the Duanmu family's position would be in extreme danger.

Now, she had been in Sunken Moon Tower for a day. Therefore, she was naturally meticulous and careful for there was no way she could neglect Young Master Yi—the person she needed to serve.

However, despite how much anticipation she had, she did not see any look of satisfaction on Yi Yun's face. Instead, she was panicked to find that he was frowning.

Chapter 1247: Duanmu Qingwen

"Young Master... Young Master, are you dissatisfied with me?"

Duanmu Qingwen probed carefully.

Yi Yun did not reply to her. Instead, he closed his eyes and swept the Sunken Moon Tower's vicinity with his perception. He did not find a single trace of Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu was gone!

Yi Yun suddenly felt an ominous foreboding.

Yi Yun naturally remembered Duanmu Qingwen's name. Previously, Zuoyan Xiaoyu had mentioned that Duanmu Qingwen was an outer-sect disciple that had entered Myriad God Ridge together with her.

Back then, Duanmu Qingwen wished to be a maidservant in the personal disciple division as well. She had even tried to use her family ties but, in the end, the job landed in Zuoyan Xiaoyu's hands because of her slightly higher talent.

If there were shifts, Duanmu Qingwen still shouldn't have been there. She was not a maidservant in the personal disciple zone at all.

Although he knew this, Yi Yun still held hopes. He asked her, "Do you maidservants also take shifts? Zuoyan Xiaoyu was serving me previously. Where is she?"

"Xiaoyu? She's been transferred away. It was the Miscellaneous Chores Department that instructed me to replace her," replied Duanmu Qingwen.

"She's been transferred!?" Duanmu Qingwen's answer sank Yi Yun's heart. Indeed, it was as he thought!

There was no question on the reason. It must have been due to the banquet four days ago.

Yi Yun was a personal disciple and, with his powerful strength, those people would not dare touch him. However, Zuoyan Xiaoyu was different. She was only an outer-sect disciple, lacking in both strength and background. She could be easily strong-armed!

Although the Myriad God Ridge rules prohibited disciples from killing one another, there was not much punishment other than paying some Spirit Jade if a personal disciple were to kill an outer-sect disciple!

Song Bowen and that lanky youth were clearly not magnanimous people. Having suffered at Yi Yun's hand, they knew that there was no way to turn the tables, so they vented their anger on Zuoyan Xiaoyu!

Back at the banquet, Zuoyan Xiaoyu had smacked Song Bowen and the lanky youth's faces at Yi Yun's request! As such, Zuoyan Xiaoyu's outcome could very likely be terrible!

And the worst thing was...this was all a result of Yi Yun's own actions.

Upon realizing this, Yi Yun was seized with remorse. His negligence put Zuoyan Xiaoyu in trouble! If he had brought Zuoyan Xiaoyu into his seclusion chamber, such a situation would not have happened.

"Where's Zuoyan Xiaoyu? Where did she go!?"

Yi Yun's voice was rushed and unknowingly contained killing intent. It made Duanmu Qingwen frightened.

"I... I do not know..."

Duanmu Qingwen was truly startled by Yi Yun. She was only at the Yuan Opening realm, and being enveloped by Yi Yun's killing intent was like a mortal standing naked in the cold wind. She trembled in fear.

"You replaced her but you do not know where she is?"

Yi Yun took a step forward and glared at Duanmu Qingwen.

Duanmu Qingwen shrunk backward but, faced with Yi Yun's imposing stance, she was unable to endure. Unknowingly, she slumped into a chair and stared at Yi Yun with a face full of horror.

She had previously heard from sisters about Yi Yun. As a newly recruited personal disciple, Yi Yun was not only excellent in bearing, he was also very powerful and nice to servants.

When she was transferred to Sunken Moon Tower, she was the envy of many girls. She believed that being picked to serve Yi Yun was a stroke of luck that she accrued from several lifetimes. She wanted to diligently do her part. Everything she did today took her hours, and it was all done meticulously.

However, not only did she fail to obtain a compliment from Yi Yun, she was also hounded by Yi Yun with questioning that was filled with killing intent. She felt truly aggrieved at that moment.

"I... I really do not know..."

As Duanmu Qingwen spoke, she was feeling emotionally hurt. Back when she entered the sect, she did not mind losing to Zuoyan Xiaoyu. But now, having replaced Zuoyan Xiaoyu, she had done so much only to be questioned by Yi Yun in such a fierce manner about Zuoyan Xiaoyu's whereabouts. It was impossible for Duanmu Qingwen to feel any sort of good about this.

Upon seeing Duanmu Qingwen's reaction, Yi Yun took a step back. His remorse and anger towards Song Bowen had caused him to lose control of his emotions.

"Sorry..." Yi Yun said.

On careful thought, Duanmu Qingwen likely had nothing to do with the matter. The Duanmu family was only a small family clan with a seven-floor Dao Palace realm warrior at its head. There was no way they could have any relations with a personal disciple like Song Bowen.

Perhaps, after Song Bowen had Zuoyan Xiaoyu transferred away, the Miscellaneous Chores Department had casually selected another girl to replace her. And with Duanmu Qingwen having used her family connections previously, she was the next natural choice.

Upon thinking things through, Yi Yun held Duanmu Qingwen's hand and helped her up from the chair.

"I'm not going to hurt you. I'm only feeling anxious over Zuoyan Xiaoyu. Things have happened that you are unaware of. I'm afraid Xiaoyu is in trouble. Where is the Miscellaneous Chores Department? Bring me there."

Yi Yun repressed the pangs of fury in his heart and tried to speak calmly to Duanmu Qingwen.

He knew very well that it had been some time since Zuoyan Xiaoyu was taken away.

If Song Bowen and the lanky youth were bent on revenge, the odds were greatly against Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

Such a long period of time was enough for them to do anything to Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

Yi Yun had killed countless warriors in his many years of cultivation. However, he never harmed the innocent. He felt uneasy if a girl in her prime was destroyed because of him.

"There will only be people in the Miscellaneous Chores Department...early tomorrow."

"Bring me there now." Yi Yun's tone did not leave room for doubt.

"Alright... Alright..."

Duanmu Qingwen was filling a myriad of emotions. She never expected Yi Yun to be so worried over Zuoyan Xiaoyu. As a Myriad God Ridge personal disciple, even an emperor had to treat him respectfully and fear him. Yet, he was worried over a mere maidservant that had no background. This made Duanmu Qingwen suddenly envious of Zuoyan Xiaoyu. If Yi Yun could be this nice to her, she would be willing to brave any dangers for him.

There was more than one branch of the Miscellaneous Chores Department. Every region had miscellaneous chores that needed to be done, so a Miscellaneous Chores Department was set up in every

region.

Duanmu Qingwen led Yi Yun to the Miscellaneous Chores Department in charge of the personal disciples' zone.

At that moment, the Miscellaneous Chores Department was deserted and quiet. There was only a manager on duty. He looked to be in his thirties and had his legs crossed as he sat comfortably on a lounge chair. Beside him, a girl that looked like a maidservant was kneeling on a mat, massaging him.

She was rather good-looking but she was only a mortal.

Although the Myriad God Ridge would choose virgin female outer-sect disciples with talent and excellent looks as maidservants, the selected were only used to serve personal disciples.

To put it frankly, the Myriad God Ridge had considered that some maidservants would be fancied by the personal disciples. Therefore, there was a strict requirement for the maidservants' talent. Girls with great talent would be beneficial to the personal disciples' cultivation level after they extracted their primordial Yin!

As for the manager, he naturally did not get such preferential treatment. The servant beside him was likely one that he bought himself.

Chapter 1248: Evil Motives

"Use more strength. What did I buy you for!?"

The manager took another puff from his smoke pipe as he grumbled unhappily. He sensed the people entering but he paid them no mind. He had been a manager of the Miscellaneous Chores Department for centuries. It was a lucrative job and the outer-sect disciples that came to his department would always treat him respectfully. He was already accustomed to leading a life of a lord.

"Manager Song..." Qingwen spoke.

"Who's there?" The middle-aged manager put down the smoke pipe and glanced at Duanmu Qingwen. Following that, he shot a glance at Yi Yun before lying down comfortably on his chair. He sucked a huge mouthful of smoke and languidly said, "Come back tomorrow. I'm not going to handle any matters now!"

Perhaps some outer-sect disciple was here trying to pull some social strings. Without sufficient benefits, he wouldn't even bother speaking, much less take part in a deal.

Yi Yun looked coldly at the middle-aged man and said, "Your surname is Song? You are a family member of Song Bowen?"

Yi Yun knew very well that in the Myriad God Ridge, there were many family clans with long heritages. When some of these family clans reached a place of influence, they would tend to commit

nepotism, allowing their family clan to further entrench themselves in Myriad God Ridge and gradually grow stronger.

"Who are you?" The middle-aged man gave Yi Yun a displeased look. He did not know Yi Yun but, after seeing Duanmu Qingwen, he had a vague guess.

"This is my master, Yi Yun," explained Duanmu Qingwen.

"Ah? Young Master Yi?" He hurriedly got up with a grumble as his face scrunched into an obsequious smile. "So it's Young Master Yi that is gracing me with his presence. You should have told me earlier. I'm Song Yuanpin. Look at me, failing to recognize a great person. Young Master Yi, have a seat please."

Song Yuanpin bowed unctuously. His exceedingly sycophant gesture and acting irritated Yi Yun greatly. "Was it your Song family that had Zuoyan Xiaoyu transferred away?"

"Ah... Zuoyan Xiaoyu?" The middle-aged man's eyes flitted as he said ingratiatingly, "How could that be? The transfer of maidservants is decided by the Miscellaneous Chores Department's headquarters. How can the Song family intervene? The Miscellaneous Chores Department felt that if Zuoyan Xiaoyu could splatter food while carrying it, she was clumsy. Such a lass isn't fit for serving Young Master Yi so, naturally, she was transferred. Now, we have assigned a new maidservant to you. Not only is she beautiful and talented, she's also obedient. Look at how smart she looks, Young Master Yi. She's probably ten times better than Zuoyan Xiaoyu."

Song Yuanpin had been manning the Miscellaneous Chores Department for years and knew the proper way to deal with all sorts of people. He knew very well that most men would discard the old for something new. By giving Yi Yun such a petite lass, allowing him to indulge in sexual pleasures, it would be a great boon he could not resist. As for Zuoyan Xiaoyu, she was a mere girl, more like an ant than a woman. She would be forgotten by Yi Yun in less than two days. Therefore, Song Yuanpin thought nothing of transferring Zuoyan Xiaoyu away.

Her outcome was the least of his worries. Who did care about a lass like her? Then again, the lass was quite supple-looking. If only he didn't lack the status, he would have kept her for himself to enjoy.

While these thoughts flashed across Song Yuanpin's mind, he continued beaming. One did not smack a smiling person. Song Yuanpin was considered a slippery one, so even though he was facing Yi Yun, a person of much higher status than him, he was not worried. As long as he remained impervious to the questioning and pushed the blame, he could naturally dismiss Yi Yun with his smiling face.

"Oh? Your explanation seems rather reasonable."

Yi Yun nodded. Just as his voice faded, he suddenly punched out.

"Peng!"

With a boom, Song Yuanpin cried out tragically. He flew backward like a ball as the lounge chair behind him was flattened.

The maidservant that was massaging his leg was given a fright. She nearly thought that she was dead but, despite such a violent explosion, she was not injured at all.

"I... I... Cough..."

Song Yuanpin had been struck in the dantian by Yi Yun. His mouth was covered in blood and he was in a daze. All he saw were doubles, particularly of Yi Yun.

He never expected to encounter such a malignant star. He was struck before he could finish delivering his excuses.

"I left your dantian intact with this punch. The next one will cripple you. Go ahead and test my patience."

Yi Yun was overbearing. He knew he would offend the Song family, but so what? Everything he did at Myriad God Ridge boiled down to him finding Old Snake. And since he had accomplished that goal, he didn't exactly need to stay in Myriad God Ridge. This was the reason why Yi Yun acted unbridled.

Since the Myriad God Ridge was an expedient measure, there was no reason for him to be bullied everywhere and suffer in silence. He might as well do as his pleased, allowing his mind to feel at ease!

"Don't... Don't do that. Spare... spare me." Upon hearing Yi Yun threatening to cripple him of his dantian, Son Yuanpin's face turned pale. He knew very well what sort of person Yi Yun was. He would definitely carry out his threat. He even dared to beat Song Bowen, much less a trivial Song family member like him. Crippling him was nothing!

Yi Yun was the sect master's personal disciple after all. The Song family could not attack Yi Yun, for the sect master wasn't from the Song family!

When the time came, he would sacrifice himself in the war. Who would mourn him? Even the Song family would abandon him like roadkill.

"Zuoyan Xiaoyu was taken by Song Bowen to be his servant," Song Yuanpin said through clenched teeth. Now that he told Yi Yun, if Yi Yun caused a big hooaha over the matter, the Song family would learn it was him who leaked the news. He too would suffer greatly.

"What? He sure has guts. Does he have a death wish because of a servant?" Yi Yun's eyes flared with killing intent. "Where is Song Bowen!?"

"He... he went out on an experiential training expedition. He applied for the sect's permission the day before yesterday. He left early this morning. By now he must have traveled through a teleportation array and is millions of miles away. I'm telling the

truth, nothing but the truth."

Song Yuanpin babbled on. He was afraid that Yi Yun would strike him again. It was not something he could withstand.

"Out on experiential training!?"

Yi Yun's gaze turned cold.

Song Bowen and that lanky youth had applied to go on an experiential training together. Song Bowen did not even plan on staying in Myriad God Ridge to recover from his injuries because of a malignant star like Yi Yun.

They had their faces smacked rotten by Yi Yun but could only suffer in silence. In the future, they would hardly be able to lift their heads in the personal disciples' zone. How could they stay? With all the talk and mockery from others, they could only choose to leave for an experiential training expedition!

But leaving in such a downtrodden manner was something they were unwilling to do. Since they could not deal with Yi Yun, they took their anger out on Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

From Song Bowen and the lanky youth's point of view, the lass had acted arrogantly because of Yi Yun's backing. It left them fuming with anger.

Now, bringing Zuoyan Xiaoyu out and ravaging her would give

them a small spiritual victory.

If not, the sense of defeat Yi Yun had given them would be too immense. It was turning into a mental demon that plagued them. It could even affect their future breakthroughs. By venting their anger on Zuoyan Xiaoyu, it allowed them to redeem the situation slightly.

As for Yi Yun's wrath, it did not worry them. Firstly, Yi Yun knew no one in Myriad God Ridge. It would be difficult for him to find news of Zuoyan Xiaoyu. Furthermore, a maidservant he only got to know for a few days was unlikely important. He would probably forget about her if he failed to find her.

Song Bowen never imagined that Yi Yun would be that violent when questioning others. Neither did he think that Song Yuanpin would be so cowardly to instantly inform Yi Yun of Zuoyan Xiaoyu's whereabouts.

"Millions of miles..."

Yi Yun's heart sank. How was he to pursue them when they had flown that far?

"In which direction did they go?"

"I... I do not know. I really do not know." Song Yuanpin said in a fluster. He was only a Miscellaneous Chores Department manager, so how could he know the experiential training destination of

personal disciples? In order to prevent opposing sects from harming personal disciples, such things were absolutely confidential. Typically, only the disciple's respective masters would know.

"Good, very good!"

Yi Yun was burning with anger as he stepped on Song Yuanpin's face. The sorry man let out a squeal like a pig in a slaughterhouse. His facial bones cracked and his facial features were rampaged into a mess.

Killing Song Yuanpin was pointless. He was only a useless figure in the Song family. The people that wanted to harm Zuoyan Xiaoyu was Song Bowen and the lanky youth. No matter how he dealt with Song Yuanpin, it would not be able to appease his anger. Instead, it would give the Song family an excuse to attack him.

"Song Bowen, I seldom get disgusted by trivial figures, but you have succeeded."

Having practiced martial arts for decades, Yi Yun's enemies were usually much stronger than he was. Occasionally, he would encounter an opponent of the younger generation, but he would step over them and overlook them in a lofty manner!

Song Bowen was nothing. He had been easily trampled by Yi Yun four days ago but now, he had disgusted Yi Yun greatly.

"Young Master, what do we do..." Duanmu Qingwen realized the gravity of the situation. Although she and Zuoyan Xiaoyu were competitors, they were both girls with the status of maidservants. She subconsciously treated Zuoyan Xiaoyu's experiences as her own. To a girl, that was completely unimaginable.

Yi Yun took a deep breath. He was out of ideas at that moment, but he could not sit idly by as Zuoyan Xiaoyu was destroyed by Song Bowen. However, it was easy to infer that Song Bowen and the lanky youth would not be back any time soon. They were deliberately avoiding him, so it would be difficult to kill them!

With millions of miles separating them and without any inkling of direction, how was he to pursue them? Now, the only person that knew Song Bowen and the lanky youth's destination was probably their master, Elder Taiqing. Unfortunately, it would be a joke to question Elder Taiqing.

Chapter 1249: The Pleasant Surprise in the Ring

Above the vast Calm Sea, the night sky was without clouds. The bright moon hung high and, as the Calm Sea lacked waves, it reflected the bright and clear moon on its surface. It looked immense and distant, with infinite silent beauty.

At that moment, a humongous spirit ship tore through the calmness of the night. It was heading straight for the deep depths of the Calm Sea.

The Sinkhole's Calm Sea contained several islands. Having existed for hundreds of millions of years, they produced all sorts of treasures.

This spirit ship was heading for these islands in search of their treasures.

One thing that should be mentioned is that, even more than the treasures it was seeking, just the spirit ship itself was priceless!

This was a supreme-grade spirit ship that experts at the Divine Lord level might not possess. It traveled at very fast speeds and was extremely stable. There was a spatial array on the spirit ship, so it could make long distance warps without using a teleportation array.

The spirit ship was extremely expensive, yet there was little

worry about it being robbed when used outside. Few people could chase up to such a spirit ship and secondly, there was a concealment array on the surface of the spirit ship. Even a person whose cultivation level had reached the late-stages of a Supremacy would hardly be able to sense the existence of the spirit ship.

If one went into the spirit ship, they would marvel at the luxurious and comfortable interior. There were spatial dimension laws engraved in its main cabin, making what was a hundred-feet long cabin bigger by more than a hundred times. It transformed into a luxurious palace.

Inside the palace's main hall, there were two large and soft beds. Each bed was currently being enjoyed by a relaxed man. Both of them were soaking their feet in a wooden pail.

They each had a maidservant attending them, washing their feet.

If Yi Yun was here, he would have recognized these people immediately. They were none other than the lanky youth and Song Bowen.

The lanky youth's name was Zhang Wuchen. Although he was not from the Song family, he was deeply affiliated with them. In order to rope him in, they had married off Song Bowen's cousin to him a decade ago.

With this connection, Zhang Wuchen and Song Bowen naturally became good friends. In fact, the idea of bringing Zuoyan Xiaoyu out on experiential training was Zhang Wuchen's idea.

"Brother-in-law, although most personal disciples wouldn't think too much of a maidservant's life, that Yi Yun is quite an exception. He even gave a portion of the food cooked by Elder Lanqin to that little slut. He will probably investigate this matter and, once he finds out that Zuoyan Xiaoyu was taken away by us, he will definitely not take the insult lying down."

Song Bowen was truly worried. He was truly afraid of Yi Yun deep down. It made him lack the courage to ravage Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

"Brother Bowen, you're thinking about this way too much. Yes, you were defeated by Yi Yun, but you have only cultivated for one hundred and eighty years. Your cultivation level is only at the third-floor Dao Palace, a floor lower than Yi Yun. Besides, that little bastard, Yi Yun, has probably cultivated for four or five centuries and deliberately represses his cultivation level to study the laws. It's only natural that you can't beat him!"

"I know but... the difference is too great." Song Bowen, who was always competitive, had no choice but to admit that there was a huge gap between him and Yi Yun.

"Why are you so downtrodden!? We haven't tested Yi Yun's age yet. I doubt he's as young as he looks. He might be strong but, in the future, it's not like we won't be able to retaliate. Besides, we still have the Song and Zhang family backing us. That little bastard has no reason to try anything against us, especially over some mere maidservant. If he brings it up to the Table of Elders, they will at most get us to pay him with a new maidservant!"

"In fact, I'm quite looking forward to how that little bastard will pursue the matter. If he truly cares for Zuoyan Xiaoyu, all the better. I want to let him know what it means to be truly disgusted. I'll teach that bitch a good lesson and enjoy her company. I can tell that she has plenty of primordial Yin and should still be a virgin. That bastard's unwillingness to enjoy her has benefited me! I will do this bitch so good that the orgasm she enjoys will have her craving death. I want him so infuriated that his mind is never at ease. The best would be if his anger breeds a mental demon!"

Zhang Wuchen chuckled deviantly when he said that. "Cuicui, Yan'er, have you taught that bitch a lesson? Bring her to me. It's time I indulge in her!"

As he spoke, Zhang Wuchen took off his bathrobes, revealing the firm muscles of his upper body.

He was already bordering on impatience. The only reason he had held back this long was that Song Bowen's second uncle had been following them. He watched over them as they passed through the Waveless Continent, a territory of an opposing sect. His second uncle had gone with them to ensure that nothing bad happened.

Now that they were above the Calm Sea, there was no one around. With the spirit ship's safety ensured, Song Bowen's second uncle naturally left. Now, he could do as he pleased.

"Yes, Young Master."

The two naturally endowed maidservants brought Zuoyan

Xiaoyu over as they gyrated their hips.

The maidservant named Yan'er was the one who had tripped Zuoyan Xiaoyu at the banquet.

Yan'er and Cuicui had been with Zhang Wuchen for more than a year. He favored them greatly so he had brought the two girls with him. He could enjoy them at any time.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu was brought out. Her body was covered in bruises. She had been slapped in the face several times, leaving a few shocking red palm prints.

"Little slut, I'll dig out your eyes if you continue crying! Quick, go serve our young master!"

Yan'er yanked at Zuoyan Xiaoyu's hair and threw her heavily to the ground. She may have looked petite and adorable but in fact, she had an extremely vicious heart. She was envious that Zuoyan Xiaoyu was able to eat the spirit food prepared by Elder Lanqin and yearned to dig out the little bitch's eyes. Now, she finally had a chance for revenge. The death sentence had already been passed for Zuoyan Xiaoyu and it would be a gruesome end.

Previously, with the Song family's second uncle present, Yan'er wasn't able to accompany Zhang Wuchen. And since she had nothing better to do, she would teach Zuoyan Xiaoyu a lesson from time to time. Most of the injuries on Zuoyan Xiaoyu's body were inflicted by her.

"Why did you do this to her. Look at her face, it's swollen because of your slapping. How am I to be in the mood for pleasuring myself with her in a while?" said Zhang Wuchen unhappily when he saw the originally petite Zuoyan Xiaoyu in such a dire state.

"Young Master, why do you say that? I have already prepared some healing medicine that can instantly treat her wounds, making her so beautiful that even her skin can tear from a gentle breeze. Young Master, feel free to enjoy her."

Yan'er said sweetly and deliberately lifting her garment up, revealing a large portion of her bosom before taking out a bottle of medicine.

Zhang Wuchen was sexually aroused as he watched Yan'er. This little bitch was truly unrestrained. This was the reason why he favored her so greatly. But on the other hand, a delicate flower like Zuoyan Xiaoyu was a fresh experience.

Zhang Wuchen got up from his bed and removed his legs from the wooden pail. Yan'er hurriedly took a cloth to wipe Zhang Wuchen's feet.

However, Zhang Wuchen waved his hand, indicating that there was no need. He stretched out one leg and said to Zuoyan Xiaoyu, "Kneel down and crawl over. Lick my feet clean. If you lick them to my satisfaction, I'll be gentle on you later. If not, I'll be taking your primordial Yin, sucking you to the point of your cultivation level dropping! Although your cultivation level is nothing to me, I am well-versed in several bed techniques. Once I demonstrate them, it will be endless fun! Hahahaha!"

Zhang Wuchen laughed maniacally and in a somewhat perverted manner. He was greatly enjoying the feeling of freely ravaging Yi Yun's maidservant.

He hated one thing the most in his life—his woman being screwed by others. If that woman was someone he had not placed his hands on and was even a virgin, the hatred would only deepen!

Zhang Wuchen believed that most men would never admit it, but from his point of view, the best feeling was to have his enemies' women taken from them and ravaged. It would be even greater if the girl's primordial Yin was still intact!

He wanted to use the most vicious method to seek revenge on Yi Yun. As such, the mental demon that Yi Yun had given him would be reduced to its nadir.

"Kill me!"

Zuoyan Xiaoyu was pressed down to the ground by Yan'er. Her pretty face was filled with unyielding anger. It was alright if she could no longer have the joy of serving Yi Yun. All she needed was do well at the new job the Miscellaneous Chores Department gave her.

However, she never expected that the Miscellaneous Chores Department had someone from the Song family. He had directly arranged for her to accompany Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen out on experiential training. This sudden, cruel twist was as

though she had plummeted into hell.

"You want death? It won't be that simple. I have sealed your cultivation powers, so there's no way you can kill yourself by severing your own meridians. I'll teach you well. I want you to submit to me, lying in front of me like a bitch. So you're tenacious? Let's see how long you can last. Yan'er..."

As Zhang Wuchen spoke, he turned towards Yan'er.

Yan'er smiled in a seductive manner. "Yes, master. I'll teach her a good lesson..."

With that said, she pulled out a thin silver needle from her dense, long hair. The needle was a foot long and the glimmer the needlepoint effused left a chill down people's backs.

"This is a Marrow Intrusion Needle. Just being gently pricked by it will give a person a sensual orgasm. If it's pricked into flesh, the pain will be no less than being sliced by a thousand blades. If it's stabbed into the bone marrow, the soul will feel a pain like it's being torn apart. These are probably the most terrifying pains I can imagine. Enjoy it well."

As Yan'er laughed, another maidservant grabbed Zuoyan Xiaoyu. Her needle gently aimed at the back of Zuoyan Xiaoyu's neck...

...

At that moment, Yi Yun was still in Myriad God Ridge, millions of miles away!

He had already returned to his residence with Duanmu Qingwen. His mind was in chaos and could not calm himself.

Regardless of how he counted the time or thought of various methods, there was no way he could save Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

This left Yi Yun feeling extremely bitter.

He swore that if Zuoyan Xiaoyu was ravaged to death, he would destroy the entire Song family one day and have them accompany Zuoyan Xiaoyu in death. As for Song Bowen and that lanky youth, he would extract their souls and refine their marrows to conciliate the hatred he had!

"Young Master, I have caused trouble for Xiaoyu..."

Duanmu Qingwen was at a loss as to what to say. She was originally secretly delighted that she could replace Zuoyan Xiaoyu as Yi Yun's maidservant, but having learned of the situation, with Zuoyan Xiaoyu likely being tormented to death, her joy was gone. Only remorse was left.

She felt that her luck had been established on the cruelty Zuoyan Xiaoyu was suffering. This matter weighed down on her conscience.

"This has nothing to do with you," Yi Yun said coldly. He had no mood to care for Duanmu Qingwen's feelings.

He was still too weak. If he was sufficiently strong, he could storm the Song family and grab the patriarch. With his hands gripping the patriarch's neck, Song Bowen's location could be immediately obtained!

But now, with him in Myriad God Ridge amid even more powerful beings, he could not destroy the rules without having sufficient strength.

Even if this matter reached the Table of Elders, it would be advantageous to the Song family. What was a maidservant's life worth?

Then, suddenly...

Knock Knock Knock!

There was a series of knocks on the door. Duanmu Qingwen hurriedly opened the door while Yi Yun could not be bothered with the visitor's identity.

When the door opened, Yi Yun listlessly took a glance. Standing by the door was... Snake Girl?

Yi Yun had not seen Snake Girl in days. He was somewhat perplexed. "What are you doing here?"

Yi Yun had quite a good impression of the disciple Old Snake had randomly taken in. Although he was in a bad mood, he tried his best to repress his feelings when facing Snake Girl.

Snake Girl shrugged. "Can't I come? Master told me to remind you to not forget the alcohol treat tomorrow at Myriad God Restaurant."

"Alcohol?"

Yi Yun recalled that he had set up an appointment with Old Snake of five days after entering Myriad God Ridge. Tomorrow was the fifth day.

If this was a few days back, he would have looked forward to talking to Old Snake. He had many questions to ask him but now, he lacked that mood.

Yi Yun waved his hand with flagging interest and said, "Tell your master that I don't feel like drinking at the moment. Another day perhaps."

"Another day?" Snake Girl was taken aback as she looked oddly at Yi Yun.

"What's wrong?"

"Master told me that you would change the date when he told me to come to you. I refused to believe him, saying that you came all the way to Myriad God Ridge to look for him, so why would you change the date? Who knew that he'd actually be right? You are really changing the date."

"What?" Yi Yun was taken aback. Old Snake had guessed it?

"Master also said that he has a present for you. Once you see it, you won't want to change the date, and you'll even treat him to the best wine."

As Snake Girl spoke, she handed him an interspatial ring.

Yi Yun was baffled. He vaguely realized a possibility as he grabbed the interspatial ring. He touched it and took out an ancient and unadorned bronze circular disk.

It was a... disk array!!

Yi Yun looked at the various runes engraved on the bronze disk array. Immediately, he understood that it was a long-distance teleportation array that had a one-time use!

Yi Yun's master was Felicitous Rain Lord and so he had a deep understanding of spatial dimension laws. He quickly understood how to use the teleportation array.

There was only one pair of such one-time teleportation devices. If

one teleportation disk array was used, one would immediately appear at the other teleportation disk array. There was no need for a fixed teleportation.

Could it be...

Yi Yun suddenly realized a possibility. His heart raced as he said, "Qingwen, take care of Snake Girl. I'll be entering my cultivation chamber for seclusion. Do not disturb me! Also, regarding this disk array, do not tell anyone. Do you understand!?"

After Yi Yun said those words, his body vanished like a gust of wind, leaving Duanmu Qingwen and Snake Girl with widened eyes. Both of them still did not know what had just happened.

"Why would Young Master suddenly be so spirited... What is up with... that disk array?"

Duanmu Qingwen murmured curiously. She obviously could not understand the disk array.

Snake Girl was also left blindly guessing. She had followed Old Snake for years but didn't learn much. Most of the time, she would watch Old Snake engage in the vices. As for the skills Old Snake taught her, it was only a crappy 'Old Snake Divine Skill.' Just the name alone rendered people speechless.

Snake Girl did not have a good background, so she kept her hopes up and practiced the Old Snake Divine Skill properly. However,

the crappy cultivation technique was exceedingly average. It was useless even after being honed for a long time.

Snake Girl could not detect anything special about the disk array Old Snake had given her. She even thought that the old man had picked up some garbage on the ground. Who knew that Yi Yun would be so excited after seeing the disk array?

At that moment, Yi Yun had already entered his cultivation chamber. He immediately activated the array formation, sealing the chamber. He took a deep breath and picked up the bronze disk array. He injected his Yuan Qi in as the runes lit up one by one. A spatial door slowly opened...

Chapter 1250: Life Worse than Death

"Ah!"

In the palace within the spirit ship, a girl screamed. It was a heart-wrenching cry.

"This is only the third one. I haven't even stabbed your bone marrow but look at you, your entire body is convulsing. I should let you drink some water. Perhaps, you might end up failing to stop yourself from urinating."

Yan'er cackled delightfully. Many times, women can be more ruthless than men. When it comes to the struggle for power and profit, many women will scheme in all sorts of ways and employ the cruelest of measures.

These situations often occurred in the royal palace's harem, large family clans, and large sects. Such situations gave rise to women with evil thoughts.

"For you to last this long under the Marrow Intrusion Needle, could it be that you are still clinging to hopes that your little loverboy will come rescue you? We are millions of miles from Myriad God Ridge. Ignoring the fact that your loverboy doesn't know that you are here, but even if he were to know, he won't be able to enter this spirit ship. As for you, I'll turn you into an obedient little bitch in an hour."

"In fact, you might not know this, but before we brought you

over, Young Master had even sent a gorgeous and petite beauty to Yi Yun. Perhaps, he's currently enjoying the pleasures of sex with that beauty so much that he doesn't have the mood to even think about you!"

Yan'er was still envious that Yi Yun had given the food cooked by Elder Lanqin to Zuoyan Xiaoyu and was deliberately trying to provoke her.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu obviously knew that it was impossible for Yi Yun to save her. She did not count on that happening.

She had endured so long because she knew she was definitely doomed today. But even if she was fated to lose her life, she did not want to lose the last shred of dignity she had before dying.

"Yan'er, I got you to investigate this lass's family. Did you find anything?" Zhang Wuchen suddenly asked.

Yan'er giggled when she heard that. "Young Master, how can I forget your instructions? It only took me two days to find out a lot about her. This lass's father died a long time ago. She used her mother's surname and I think her name is Zuoyan Shu..."

When she suddenly heard her mother's name, Zuoyan Xiaoyu's body jolted vigorously. She looked up at Zhang Wuchen. The man on the bed was smiling but the smile looked as hideous to her as it could be!

Zuoyan Xiaoyu's heart was quivering. She believed that suffering all of it alone was enough. At most, she would die with dignity, but she never expected her mother to be implicated!

She had stepped out of a mountain village and into the martial path. Finally, she entered the Myriad God Ridge. Her initial motivation was to give her mother, who brought her up arduously, a good life. But she never imagined that she would implicate her mother in the end!

"Don't hurt my mother! No! I beg you!"

Zuoyan Xiaoyu knelt on the ground as she underwent a meltdown.

"How could I hurt your mother? You are overthinking things. Climb over here and obediently lick my feet clean. Then, lie down on my bed and beg me to enter your body. If your cries are arousing enough and you serve me well, I'll guarantee you that your mother will live a good life," Zhang Wuchen said smugly.

Everyone had a chink in their armor. How could Zuoyan Xiaoyu be his match?

"Haha, Brother-in-law, you are impressive. It looks like this lass will submit very soon. How about this: you can take her primordial Yin and, for the first after that, leave it to me. Let me enjoy her too," Song Bowen said with a chuckle.

He might have been worried over Yi Yun before, but now he had thought it through. He decided to indulge in pleasure first before considering anything else. Anyway, the experiential training would last several years. When he was done, his strength would probably increase significantly.

"Of course you can." Zhang Wuchen nodded with a smile before looking back at Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

"What are you waiting for? Aren't you coming over to lick? Do you not care for your mother's survival?" Upon seeing Zuoyan Xiaoyu kneeling on the ground without taking any action, Zhang Wuchen turned impatient.

Yan'er yanked Zuoyan Xiaoyu's ear. "Did you hear the young master's question?"

Yan'er gently held the silver needle as the other maidservant giggled. After many years of serving Zhang Wuchen and living with the machinations that filled Myriad God Ridge, her mind had turned somewhat twisted. She was eager to see a delicate girl degenerate into a nymphomaniac, just like her.

"Where should I stab next? Your ears look rather pretty. What would happen if I stab this into your ear?"

As Yan'er spoke, the needle slowly approached Zuoyan Xiaoyu's ear.

The mere thought of the pain left people shuddering. However, Zuoyan Xiaoyu did not seem to react at all. She knelt on the ground with her heart completely overwhelmed by despair. Not only was she going to die today, she would also lose all her dignity...

"Slut! Enjoy this!"

Yan'er thrust the silver needle with all her might in an attempt to rupture Zuoyan Xiaoyu's eardrum but at that moment, she felt her wrist turn cold as though an icy wind had blown across it. Following that, she felt her hand lose its sense of balance!

"Pa!"

The needle-wielding hand of Yan'er fell straight to the ground!

Upon seeing this scene, Yan'er was left confounded. She stared in a daze at her wrist that had been reduced to a stump as blood flowed out incessantly.

"My hand! My hand!"

Yan'er screamed sharply as she held her wrist while she broke out into a cold sweat.

"Who is it!?"

Zhang Wuchen was alarmed. He was onboard the Song family's

top spirit ship. Its defensive and concealment array formations were top notch. How could anyone infiltrate the spirit ship and cleave off Yan'er's hand without being noticed?

Song Bowen also jumped up from his bed immediately and touched his interspatial ring. But at that moment, Song Bowen felt an intense killing intent lock onto him.

It was as though his head would fall off the moment he moved.

He saw a figure walk out from the corner of the hall's shadows. It was as though the hall led straight to hell, and the person was stepping out of hell while accompanied by hellish infernos.

He was dressed in black and there were gray flames lingering around his body. The flames crackled lightly and seemed calm, but the highly concentrated heat wave seemed to burn through the entire void.

When the person walked into the middle of the hall, everyone held their breaths.

"Young... Young Master..." Zuoyan Xiaoyu, who had been tormented to the point of feeling groggy, saw Yi Yun's face. She refused to believe what was happening. Was she having a dream?

"Yi Yun!?"

Upon discerning the figure, Song Bowen was frightened out of

his wits.

"Impossible!"

Zhang Wuchen found it unbelievable. After seeing Yi Yun, his calm facade dropped and he became immediately flustered.

How could Yi Yun appear in this spirit ship? Before they set off, Yi Yun was still in seclusion. It should have been impossible for him to infiltrate the spirit ship. After all, the spirit ship had Song Bowen's second uncle, Song Guangyan, protecting it.

Song Guangyan was at the Divine Lord realm, and he was the strongest person in the Song family. Even if Yi Yun had secretly snuck onto the spirit ship, it should have been impossible for him to go unnoticed by Song Guangyan's perception.

As for chasing up to the spirit ship and infiltrating it, that was even more impossible!

They had traveled incognito and at very fast speeds. In addition, the spirit ship, Great Traversal Spirit Ship, actually belonged to Song Guangyan. It took him several years of saving to buy it. As he placed great importance on Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen's safety, he had lent it to them for this journey.

Even if Yi Yun did possess immense ability, it was impossible for him to noiselessly come onboard.

Furthermore, the moment he appeared was too perfect. Song Guanyan had left the spirit ship an hour ago and, without any surprise, Song Guanyan had already passed through a teleportation array. He was now millions of miles away and it was impossible for him to come back and save them!

How was Yi Yun capable of this?

"Are you a ghost?" Zhang Wuchen bellowed sharply as his heart was gripped by horror.

"You don't have to be concerned about whether I'm a ghost or not, but it's likely you will become a ghost very soon."

Yi Yun's voice was fierce. He had practiced martial arts for so many years and had offended numerous people. However, few were like Zhang Wuchen. Despite not really provoking Yi Yun, his actions and how much of a scoundrel he was made Yi Yun think of squishing him to death like a fly.

Phew—

Just as Yi Yun's voice faded, an ancient and immense aura emanated from his body. It enveloped the surroundings into a black domain.

This was Yi Yun's destructive power. He had wrapped everyone in his destruction domain.

"What is it?"

Zhang Wuchen panicked when he saw that he was trapped in the destruction domain. He had never come into contact with such laws.

At that moment, the Heretical God Fire Seed within Yi Yun's body spewed out, lashing out at the surroundings as the heat waves left everyone stifled!

"Don't go thinking I'm afraid of you!" Zhang Wuchen bellowed. He was at the seventh-floor Dao Palace, two subrealms higher than Yi Yun. Furthermore, his strength exceeded Song Bowen, so although he did have some trepidation in fighting Yi Yun, he did believe that he had a chance of putting up a fight.

But just as he finished his declaration—

Whew!

Yi Yun's figure vanished like a ghost and instantly appeared in front of Zhang Wuchen. He was too fast!

"Ha!"

Zhang Wuchen roared as he pulled out a concealed saber and thrust it straight at Yi Yun's throat. But at that moment, the surrounding black domain transmitted indescribable powers that rapidly eroded his Yuan Qi. It instantly dissipated the strength that

he had gathered!

Following that, Yi Yun forcefully punched Zhang Wuchen in the abdomen!

"Peng!"

With a loud explosion, Zhang Wuchen bent over like a shrimp.

"You...you..."

Zhang Wuchen held his abdomen as blood spewed out of his mouth. He was feeling horror and despair. He never felt so helpless before as he realized that, even though he had evaluated Yi Yun's strength to be very high, his evaluations were a far cry from Yi Yun's true strength!

The terrifying destruction laws prevented him from mustering any strength, nor could he gather the strength to resist at all.

Yi Yun extended his hand as his Yuan Qi materialized into a rope that bound Zhang Wuchen. He was held up with his limbs sprawled opened in front of Yi Yun.

Yi Yun looked coldly at Zhang Wuchen. "You seem to enjoy women?"

Yi Yun's words seemed to pummel him into an ice cavern. He

suddenly felt a strong sense of unease. Could it be...

"Yi Yun... wait... wait!"

Before Zhang Wuchen could even finish his words, Yi Yun had kicked right at the spot between Zhang Wuchen's legs!

"Peng!"

With a rapturous sound that sounded like eggs being crushed by a sledgehammer, Zhang Wuchen let out a shrill scream. His family jewels had been obliterated by Yi Yun's kick!

To men, no other pain could be more excruciating than this. However, Zhang Wuchen's body was completely bound. Regardless of how painful his lower body was, he could not hold on to it. At that moment, Zhang Wuchen wished he could immediately die.

Chapter 1251: Destroying All Evidence

"Yi Yun, you... you will..."

Zhang Wuchen wanted to finish cursing Yi Yun by saying he'd 'die a horrible death' but his neck was clasped by Yi Yun. His mouth was agape but could not produce a sound.

Towards his antics, Yi Yun had a cold expression. Without a word, he injected Yuan Qi through his hand and broke Zhang Wuchen's neck!

Zhang Wuchen's eyes glazed over, instantly losing all their luster. Yi Yun grabbed Zhang Wuchen's interspatial ring while, at the same time, the Heretical God flames gathered together, burning Zhang Wuchen to ashes!

Upon seeing this scene, Song Bowen's face turned pale as he stood beside Zhang Wuchen's charred remains. He had schemed together with Zhang Wuchen, and now his outcome would likely be the same as his brother-in-law's.

Not only would he lose his life, but he would also die extremely horribly!

"Yi Yun... Yi Yun, you can't kill me. If you kill me, the Song family will pursue you until the end of your days! My second uncle has put a restriction on me. Once I'm killed, information about my demise will instantly be sent to the Song family, and you will be pursued by them. Also, killing me would violate the Myriad God

Ridge's rules. Not even the sect master will be able to protect you!" Song Bowen exclaimed.

Yi Yun gave Song Bowen a glance. His eyes were filled with a bloodlust that sent a chill through Song Bowen's body.

Yi Yun showed no reaction to Song Bowen's words. He walked towards him and said, "Are you going to castrate yourself or do you want me to do it?"

"You... You... did you not understand what I said?"

Against the pressure Yi Yun put on him, Song Bowen was close to a mental breakdown.

"It looks like you are choosing the latter."

Yi Yun shook his head.

"Wait...Wait!"

Song Bowen yelled but at that moment, the Heretical God Fire Seed that permeated the destruction domain raged towards Song Bowen. The inferno burned through the void to the point that it was completely inescapable!

Back at the banquet, Song Bowen had no chance of defending himself against a mere wisp of the Heretical God Fire Seed, much

less the large amount that presently filled the destruction domain. Song Bowen's Yuan Qi was repressed, so how was he to face the Heretic Fire's attack that seemed to blot out the world?

"Yi Yun, I'll fight it out with you!"

Song Bowen yelled maniacally, but all that could be heard were a series of howling sounds. The Yuan Qi that Song Bowen had gathered had been directly burned through by the Heretic flames.

At that moment, Song Bowen's eyes flashed with a grotesque look. He opened his mouth and spat out a round bead that flew straight for Yi Yun!

"Explode Destruction Blood Bead! Let's die together!"

This was a life-preservation artifact that his second uncle had given him. Once the Destruction Blood Bead was triggered, it would annihilate all lifeblood in a hundred-foot radius, reducing humans into desiccated corpses.

He could have used the Destruction Blood Bead to kill enemies but, with it being necessary to activate it at a close distance, Song Bowen himself would be trapped within the explosion of the Destruction Blood Bead. His death was no question.

Song Bowen infused his remaining energy into the Destruction Blood Bead in hopes of exploding it!

But at that moment, Yi Yun made the first move. The Destruction power formed a wall that could destroy everything between Song Bowen and the Destruction Blood Bead. Song Bowen's Yuan Qi dissipated immediately upon contact with the powers of Destruction.

Yi Yun had already used his energy vision to identify the energy fluctuations of the Destruction Blood Bead. A tiny trick such as this wouldn't get past him.

"You are completely unaware of the gap between us. How do you expect a mere bead to be able to bridge that gap?"

Yi Yun clenched his hands into a fist as the Heretical God Fire Seed surged over in overwhelming fashion.

It burned Song Bowen's limbs to ash, and even his crown jewels were burned to a crisp.

"You... You're doomed... My second uncle will not spare you..."

Song Bowen endured the excruciating pain to babble his last words.

However, Yi Yun remained indifferent for he did not mind it at all. "I already said, you are completely unaware of the gap between us. A mere restriction can't escape my Destruction domain, so how can it inform others about your death?"

As Yi Yun spoke, he punched out and struck Song Bowen's forehead.

This punch was infused with Destruction energies. It shattered Song Bowen's soul sea instantly and, with intense hate and indignation, Song Bowen collapsed to the ground.

With a wave of his hand, the second interspatial ring flew into Yi Yun's hand. Along with the interspatial ring was the Destruction Blood Bead.

The bead was quite a good item, so Yi Yun naturally kept it.

After turning around, Yi Yun looked at Yan'er and Cuicui. The color in the two maidservants' faces was completely drained by their horror. They could not comprehend that the two men who easily lorded over their fates had been killed by Yi Yun in such a manner.

He may have been a personal disciple, but Yi Yun blatantly ignored the powerful Song and Zhang family, as well as the Myriad God Ridge's rules.

"Don't... Don't kill me. I can serve you. I'll do anything you want..." Yan'er said with a trembling voice.

Unfortunately for her, Yi Yun had already flicked his finger, sending a stream of light straight into Yan'er's soul sea. Yan'er did not even grunt before her eyes lost their luster. As for Cuicui, she

had been scared out of her wits. Yi Yun walked in front of her and, without waiting for her to say a word, he directly probed into her soul!

Yi Yun had not seen Cuicui attack Zuoyan Xiaoyu, so he was unsure of her character. However, upon searching Cuicui's soul sea, he saw more than enough dirty scenes and machinations.

"Those girls that you inflicted death upon were probably as afraid as you are now..."

As Yi Yun spoke, Yuan Qi burst out from his palm, causing Cuicui's body to slump downward. Following that, the Heretical God Fire Seed gathered and burned the two girls into ash.

The restriction that Song Bowen had used to threaten Yi Yun was burned clean as well. After ascertaining that he had not left any evidence behind, Yi Yun undid his Destruction Dao Domain.

In a blink of an eye, Yi Yun and Zuoyan Xiaoyu were the only two left in the massive palace. The other four were dead and every trace of their existence had been wiped away. However, the palace remained intact. Even the beds were not destroyed, and in fact, maintained their original state.

"Young Master, I... I..."

Zuoyan Xiaoyu was at a loss for words. She had quickly gone from extreme despair to being snatched from the jaws of death. It

left her emotions stirring in vicissitudes. She couldn't even construct a proper sentence.

On one hand, she was feeling excited that Yi Yun had suddenly appeared to save her. On the other hand, she felt deep remorse. In order to save her, Yi Yun had killed two personal disciples. If the Myriad God Ridge were to learn of this, it would absolutely not spare Yi Yun.

Yi Yun could read Zuoyan Xiaoyu's mind as he said, "There's no need to worry. They won't be able to connect it to me."

His coming here was all thanks to the teleportation disk array that Old Snake had secretly sneaked onboard the Great Traversal Spirit Ship. The disk array was something even the owner of the ship, Song Guangyan, did not notice.

As for when Song Guangyan left the spirit ship, Old Snake was perfectly aware of the timing.

Under such circumstances, even if the Song family had reason to suspect Yi Yun, they would not be able to figure out how Yi Yun could have been the one who killed Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen. They would likely blame it on them being killed by others while they were out on an experiential training.

However, Yi Yun was truly baffled as to what Old Snake's cultivation level was. He seemed to come and go like a divine shadow.

On careful thought, it was about fifteen hours until the appointed meeting between Yi Yun and Old Snake. Yi Yun was beginning to feel a sense of anticipation over it.

"Xiaoyu, we are going back. You won't be able to reveal yourself for the time being," Yi Yun said. He had to immediately return to the Myriad God Ridge. As for the Great Traversal Spirit Ship, he naturally took it. It was a priceless enchanted artifact after all.

However, Yi Yun still needed to carefully examine the Great Traversal Spirit Ship and the two interspatial rings to prevent any restrictions from exposing him.

Chapter 1252: Unexpected Discovery

Under the bright and clear moonlight, the black Great Traversal Spirit Ship shuttled through the night sky. It continued traveling away from the Myriad God Ridge, but Yi Yun was in no rush to return. His first stop was the Great Traversal Spirit Ship's control room.

The control room was equivalent to the Great Traversal Spirit Ship's heart. Here, the user of the spirit ship could use a bit of their perception to easily control the spirit ship and, at the same time, do whatever they wanted.

"The core array formation is here."

Yi Yun infused his perception into the ship, and indeed, he found a mental imprint within. Typically, owners would leave behind a tiny mental imprint on valuable enchanted artifacts like the Great Traversal Spirit Ship after successfully refining them for themselves.

This mental imprint had been repeatedly tempered and was fortified. It would not be easily removed unless the strength of the remover's soul was much stronger than that of the enchanted treasure's original owner.

Yi Yun inspected the imprint. Unfortunately, Yi Yun was only at the fifth-floor Dao Palace. His strength had improved, but he was cognizant of the fact that there was still a huge rift between him and Song Guangyan, especially in terms of their souls' strength.

If he wanted to refine away the imprint's strength, it would take a day or two of slowly grinding it away. But if he tried, Song Guangyan would notice that something was amiss and immediately return to the spirit ship.

In fact, the very instant Yi Yun took action, it would be sensed by Song Guangyan.

One had to be fast while wiping out a mental imprint! But Yi Yun alone was incapable of being that fast.

"Xie'er."

Yi Yun gently called in his mind. At the next moment, a tiny tower flew out of Yi Yun's dantian. Plumes of black flames billowed above the tower as an adorable girl with some baby fat appeared out of the flames.

"Brother Yi Yun, is there something you need from me?"

Ling Xie'er had been sleeping for the past few years. Ever since she awakened and left the massive worldly array that bound her, her strength had not only been increasing, but her affinity with the Heretical God Fire Seed was getting stronger.

As it was, what Ling Xie'er lacked in combat strength she made up for in her control over the Heretical God Fire Seed. In that aspect, she was much better than Yi Yun. Just this alone afforded

her the ability to deal massive damage.

Besides... When it came to the strength of the soul, Ling Xie'er, who was born of a natural treasure, was someone that typical warriors could not compare with.

In the Sun Burial Sandsea, she had existed alone in an incorporeal form for hundreds of millions of years. In that time, her soul's strength had developed much more than Yi Yun's.

"Xie'er, are you able to burn away this mental imprint within fifteen minutes?" Yi Yun asked.

Ling Xie'er took a look at the disk array and nodded. "Sure."

As she spoke, Ling Xie'er walked out of the flames and transformed into a fair and supple-looking girl. She moved her tiny hands and produced seals. The Heretical God flames fused into her soul, becoming a flame of the soul that could burn through all mental imprints.

"Phew—"

The flames ignited over the disk array but produced no heat. However, if a soul manifestation was there, it would have been able to sense the terrifying flames that could rend the world asunder. This was a flame that specialized in immolating souls.

"Chi! Chi! Chi!"

The flames in the disk array crackled violently as the phantom face of an elder appeared out of thin air. He was struggling and bellowing as the flames covered him!

He looked at Yi Yun and Ling Xie'er as his face exuded ferociousness.

"You..."

He said through clenched teeth as though he was trying to use all his strength to transmit everything he saw before he was destroyed. However, Ling Xie'er obviously stopped him from doing so. Her tiny hands moved immediately, commanding the soul flames to form a prison that completely surrounded the elder!

"Peng!"

With a loud explosion, the elder's face burned to nothingness amid the flames!

Simultaneously, millions of miles away in a tavern—

"Boom!"

A loud explosion boomed as the entire room was blasted to smithereens.

An elder walked out of the room with disheveled hair, his face suffusing an abnormal paleness.

He was none other than Song Guangyan.

Just a moment ago, he sensed that the mental imprint he left on the Great Traversal Spirit Ship had been destroyed!

The time from the moment his mental imprint was attacked until it was completely vanquished was only about thirty seconds. Even the information about the destroyer failed to be transmitted!

This made Song Guangyan's actual body suffer a soul injury. The mental imprint was equivalent to a piece of his soul. So losing his mental imprint was equal to him losing a portion of his very soul. Without the nourishment of heavenly herbs, it would be impossible for him to recover.

"Who was it!?"

Song Guangyan had a hideous look on his face. He had the Great Traversal Spirit Ship in his possession for tens of thousands of years. He had fortified the mental imprint several times, and yet such robustness was destroyed in less than a minute?

This proved that the other party's soul was much stronger than his!

Song Guangyan was already a Divine Lord. That meant that the

other party was likely an old monster that had lived for an unmeasurable period of time.

The person's strength probably exceeded his greatly. As such, not only did he not know who the culprit was, but, even if he did know, he was unable to seek revenge. The spirit ship had fallen into the hands of the other person, and it was impossible to recoup it.

He long knew that the deep depths of the Calm Sea were extremely dangerous, but he never imagined that his ship would fall after less than a day of being out at sea. That was just too fast.

"Darn it! Bowen has probably succumbed to harm."

Song Guangyan's expression was as ugly as it could be. He was feeling the pinch over his spirit ship as well as worry for Song Bowen.

Song Bowen was the only personal disciple that the Song family had in the Myriad God Ridge. He was the only son. There was also Zhang Wuchen. The Zhang family was the Song family's ally by marriage, and Wuchen was the only personal disciple they had.

If the two perished, the Song and Zhang family would face the delicate situation of not having a successor. They would need to nurture another excellent junior within a thousand years. If they couldn't, their positions in the Myriad God Ridge would plummet.

At that moment, Song Guangyan was in no mood to continue staying in the tavern. He rushed towards the Myriad God Ridge overnight to immediately hold a family meeting to discuss the important matter.

...

"Xie'er, you are really awesome!"

Yi Yun was truly astonished by Ling Xie'er's abilities.

Ling Xie'er smiled happily upon being complemented by Yi Yun. She knew that, over the past twenty-plus years, Yi Yun had spent a lot of time and effort to awaken her. To her, Yi Yun was the most important person in her life. Being able to help him naturally delighted her.

"Xie'er, I think we need to find you a mystic technique that focuses on cultivating the soul," Yi Yun said.

He had always known that Ling Xie'er's soul was very powerful since she was an incorporeal soul body. However, he never imagined that after she fused with the Heretical God Fire Seed, her transformation into a flame that burned at souls would only take less than a minute to burn a mental imprint left by powerful Divine Lords into ashes.

If he focused on nurturing Ling Xie'er's capabilities, wouldn't he be able to catch any enemy by surprise?

Soul attacks were also considered a martial path, but few people could go far using them. After all, the soul had the body protecting it. Annihilating it directly was no easy task.

However, if Ling Xie'er's soul strength was immensely high, it would be able to overwhelm. After all, Ling Xie'er had yet to cultivate in a cultivation technique that focused on the soul! If she cultivated it, she would only become stronger.

Chapter 1253: Meeting Old Snake

At the foot of Myriad God Ridge was the Myriad God Restaurant.

A restaurant established by the Myriad God Ridge itself, it was unmatched in both its lavishness and the flavor and quality of the food. Of course, the prices were enough to make one gasp. It was no exaggeration to say that one meal could cost the entire wealth of a Heaven Ascension warrior.

Those that could enter the Myriad God Ridge were nontrivial figures. The foot of Myriad God Ridge was a place where people of apparent standing had gathered since time immemorial. There were princes, dukes, tycoons, as well as geniuses and Elders from powerful families.

But even for these people, it was not easy to have a meal at Myriad God Restaurant.

The restaurant had a total of seven floors. One entered the first and second floor solely by being rich. However, a reservation six months ahead of time was needed.

There was no need for reservations above the third floor. Unfortunately, money alone was insufficient as a criterion for entry. One had to have status and strength. Princes, dukes, and even kings of a country found their status useless there.

Yi Yun came to Myriad God Restaurant on noon of the fifth day after he made the appointment with Old Snake.

It was when Myriad God Ridge was the most lively. Yi Yun hid Zuoyan Xiaoyu in his God Advent Tower and had long stowed away the Great Traversal Spirit Ship. No one would believe that, just hours ago, he had slain two Myriad God Ridge personal disciples millions of miles away.

"This Myriad God Restaurant is truly not bad."

Yi Yun sized up the seven-floored building in front of him. Although it was luxurious, it did not lose its elegance. Every spot was meticulously crafted, giving one the impression of natural exuberance. Perhaps, the person that built the Myriad God Ridge was proficient in many laws for them to be able to build a building that was so harmonious and natural.

At the front of Myriad God Restaurant were four beauties that served customers. Qipaos covered their tall, excellent figures. Their long legs were emphasized by the slit that ran up the qipao. Yi Yun knew at a glance that they were more than just pretty faces. All of them had cultivation levels at the Dao Palace realm or higher.

These beauties who entertained the guests were also outer-sect disciples of the Myriad God Ridge. Although they were waiting on people here, they were revered back in their countries by the royalty and aristocrats, blessed daughters of heavens that were placed on a pedestal.

Yi Yun stood at the entrance for a while and scanned with his

perception. Suddenly, he turned and saw an old man carrying an alcohol gourd while walking toward him.

"Kid, I've been waiting so long for you," Old Snake said with a chuckle. However, his smile looked wretched in every possible way.

"Senior, thank you for the disk array you left me. It was a great help." Yi Yun cupped his fists. He already knew that Old Snake was no ordinary person, but now his actions had corroborated his suspicions.

"Kid, let's not talk about unimportant matters. Didn't you say that you will be treating me? There's a type of alcohol in Myriad God Restaurant known as Immortal Inebriation. It's said that even Godly Monarchs will get intoxicated by it. I assume that you made a killing recently? Just treat me to some Immortal Inebriation today. I want to drink ten jugs of that." Old Snake interrupted Yi Yun and rubbed his hands while smacking his lips.

He looked like he had just seen a beauty that had taken off all her clothes while lying in bed. It was truly a look that left one unable to look him straight in the eye.

Myriad God Restaurant was bustling with business as there were constant streams of people entering and exiting. And Old Snake's voice was loud, allowing everyone to hear his words clearly. Many people looked at the pair in astonishment. Immortal Inebriation was a supreme-grade specialty alcohol of Myriad God Restaurant. Just one jug cost three hundred thousand Spirit Jade. Even Supremacies could not afford it. After all, three hundred thousand

Spirit Jade a jug was way too extravagant.

However, the flavors of the Immortal Inebriation were naturally as good as could be. It was brewed from twenty-two natural treasures for more than a thousand years. Although it was an exaggeration to say that Godly Monarchs would be intoxicated, it was not entirely without reason. The premise was that one was not to use Yuan Qi to screen their mind, allowing the alcohol to flow into one's body. Only then could one experience the sensations of a euphoric immortal.

The people around Myriad God Restaurant were the wealthiest among the wealthy. When they heard the dirty old man's wish to drink ten jugs of Immortal Inebriation, they smirked without saying a word. They didn't think much of his claims. He was probably babbling in his stupor after having too much to drink from his gourd.

Yi Yun did not know the price of Immortal Inebriation but from his read of Old Snake's expression, he could guess that it was not going to be cheap. However, Old Snake had indeed helped him greatly. Even if Immortal Inebriation was expensive, he was still able to afford the treat.

"Senior, since you like this alcohol, feel free to drink as much as you want as long as I can afford it," Yi Yun said with a smile.

At that moment, one of the four women in qipao walked in front of Yi Yun and said, "Young Master, are you really intending to have Immortal Inebriation? Such a delicacy is only provided to guests on the fifth floor and above. In other words, you can only order the

alcohol if you first reach the fifth floor. Might I know who you are?"

Yi Yun's cultivation level was only at the Dao Palace realm. His strength was naturally not high enough to gain entry. With the old trickster beside him looking like a beggar in his tattered clothes, they truly did not look like people that belonged in the Myriad God Restaurant. However, as an attendant of the Myriad God Restaurant, this girl maintained her courtesy. She knew that many of the people that came to Myriad God Restaurant had outstanding identities. And it was not always something one could tell based on external appearance.

Fools that really had no money or standing would likely go limp just from seeing the Myriad God Ridge's plaque. Who would dare enter just to cause trouble?

Yi Yun said to the woman, "I'm a Myriad God Ridge disciple. I'm here to treat a senior..."

As Yi Yun spoke, he took out his personal disciple token.

The four beauties of Myriad God Restaurant had keen eyesight. They were astounded when they saw the personal disciple token. Naturally, they could tell that the token was real.

A personal disciple!

Although entry to the Myriad God Restaurant was difficult, most

of the people that came to it for meals were fringe members of the Myriad God Ridge. The true Elders and personal disciples were in the minority. When they weren't out on experiential training, they would spend most of their time in seclusive cultivation. How could they have the time to frequently patronize the Myriad God Restaurant?

The four beauties immediately went forward together and bowed to Yi Yun. This was a bow that outer-sect disciples had to give personal disciples.

Instantly, their originally professional smiles turned seductive and a lot more passionate. Even their eyes twinkled as they looked at Yi Yun.

The four women wanted to serve Yi Yun, but the two women in front snatched the opportunity.

"Since you are a personal disciple, you will be given the same treatment as Elders. Currently, the seventh floor's 'God' and 'Ridge' rooms are empty. You can choose either one of them and I'll personally escort you there."

Myriad God Ridge's personal disciples enjoyed great treatment.

While speaking, the two women led Yi Yun and Old Snake towards the seventh floor of Myriad God Ridge.

Old Snake was rather satisfied with the treatment he received.

He glanced at the many wealthy and accomplished people by the side with a smug side-eye. He did not even look them in the face.

"I said that I was drinking ten jugs of Immortal Inebriation. It's not a big deal at all," said Old Snake arrogantly.

Many people choked upon hearing this. The youth was actually a personal disciple of Myriad God Ridge. But who was this old man? Why would a Myriad God Ridge personal disciple treat him?

Chapter 1254: Ascending Dragon Cauldron's Origin

Myriad God Restaurant's seventh floor had a total of six rooms. Yi Yun had chosen the 'God' room, so a young lady in qipao led Yi Yun and Old Snake through the 'God' room's heavy door made of nanmu.

Upon entering the room, Yi Yun could not help but be overcome with emotion at the unique design of Myriad God Restaurant.

The God room contained a snowy pocket world that spanned several thousand feet.

Amid the snowy, pure white scenery was a tiny lake. A snow-laden, winding stone bridge extended towards the middle of the lake from the entrance of the God room. At the end of the stone bridge was a beautiful pavilion carved out of jade. The room's table was placed in the middle of the pavilion.

The emerald water that surrounded the pavilion rippled as thousand-year-old snow lotuses bloomed in the middle of the lake. The snow lotuses were as clear as ice and as pure as jade. The contrast they formed with the plain whiteness of the snow left one easily mesmerized.

Customers who dined in the God room could enjoy a meal in the pavilion while also marveling at the sights of the snowy land. It was truly elegance par none.

Just the scene alone left Yi Yun awestruck by the Myriad God Restaurant's designer. There was a reason why so many people flocked to Myriad God Restaurant despite it charging such exorbitant prices.

"Haha, great place."

Old Snake was very pleased as he obstreperously walked to the pavilion in the middle of the lake before sinking his ass into a chair.

"Bring on the food and alcohol!" he urged.

Two young ladies in qipao had already arrived with a menu, which took the form of a disk array. When activated, it projected all the dishes and fine wine available. The projection was rendered so extremely realistically that it was capable of whetting one's appetite.

"There's no need for all this trouble. Just give us your signature dishes. Send about ten or twenty servings and then ten jugs of Immortal Inebriation!"

Old Snake waved his hand as though he was ordering meat skewers at a roadside stall without any restraint.

Yi Yun stole a glance at the prices of the food as the corners of his mouth twitched. Thankfully, his recent heist left him with all of

Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen's wealth. Otherwise, ordering dishes that cost upwards of a few thousand to above ten thousand Spirit Jade simply wouldn't be possible.

Upon hearing Old Snake's order for generous amounts of food, the twinkle in the two ladies' eyes brightened as they looked at Yi Yun. They were naturally aware that the person who was really paying for the treat was the young man in front of them.

There were many people in Myriad God Ridge that were rich, but those who spent so much money on a single meal were few and far between.

This youth appeared extraordinary in both looks and demeanor, and with his eminent status as a personal disciple, such a figure was truly the man of one's dreams.

Upon noticing the girls' gaze, Yi Yun could not help but shake his head. Indeed, be it in his past life or the present martial world, girls always fell for the irresistible allure of living in the upper classes of society.

In his previous life, Yi Yun knew of wealthy scions who would lead charmed lives. As they spent lavishly, there would always be numerous beauties surrounding them, accompanying them in their wanton spending of their youth and money.

In Yi Yun's past life, he was an ordinary person. He had heard a lot of stories of such lives and was, in fact, curious about it and even dreamt of it.

Later, having come to this martial world, he began from the Cloud Wilderness and forged a difficult path through the martial way, cultivating to become stronger. He fought to survive and became accustomed to seeing gory battles. After experiencing numerous encounters in which his life was on the line, Yi Yun had long learned how to show restraint and exhibit wariness.

Yet, even though he was accustomed to such behaviors, the young heart he had repressed for so long still made him find it irresistible to indulge just this once.

Now, by spending freely to enjoy a lavish feast, leading a life he had never experienced in the past, a curiosity that was always inside him was satisfied. It was a brand new experience.

"Serve one of each of your signature dishes. Don't bother with jugs for the Immortal Inebriation. Just send an entire jar," Yi Yun said casually.

Warriors could eat as much or as little as they wished. He was not afraid of there being any waste. Besides, from the way Old Snake looked, he was definitely a glutton. It was clearly impossible for him to not finish the food.

Since he obtained all of his Spirit Jade from robbing, Yi Yun did not feel the pinch even if all of it was spent. The windfall he had obtained was all thanks to Old Snake after all. Yi Yun didn't think too much of using it to treat Old Snake.

"Alright, Young Master. Please wait a moment. We will immediately inform the kitchen. Also... personal disciples are given a ten percent discount. And with your generous expenditure today, you can become a distinguished customer of Myriad God Restaurant. That will give you a twenty percent discount."

The two ladies said this happily. The more the customers they waited on spent, the more they received in commissions.

Myriad God Restaurant served its dishes rather quickly. In about fifteen minutes, all the dishes were served. The two ladies stood ready to wait on them, but Yi Yun waved his hand and said, "Since the food has been served, you can take your leave. There's no need for you to be here."

"That..." Upon hearing Yi Yun say those words, the two ladies were somewhat disappointed. However, they still took their leave.

Old Snake eagerly began feasting on the table full of delicacies.

Yi Yun was in no hurry. He poured a cup of Immortal Inebriation for Old Snake and set up an insulation barrier, sealing them from their surroundings.

Although Myriad God Restaurant ensured that its customers enjoyed superior privacy, Yi Yun still wanted to be certain.

"Senior, allow me to toast you." Yi Yun raised his cup.

Old Snake tipped a wine jar directly. "There's no need for all these formalities. Just drink directly."

Old Snake had no sense of being a guest at all. He tipped his head and drank a huge swig of Immortal Inebriation. His face quickly took on an intoxicated look of satisfaction.

"Senior, Miss Huan has a letter for me to hand to you."

After drinking a few cups of wine, Yi Yun produced Huan Chenxue's letter.

Old Snake raised his eyes and took a glance. He tore the envelope open and read the letter. Old Snake's expression turned reserved for once as he seemed to become nostalgic.

"Chenxue's sword is with you?"

Old Snake looked seriously at Yi Yun. He seemed surprised that Huan Chenxue had given the sword to him.

"Yes, Miss Huan's companion sword is indeed with me. Senior, I have a few questions for you."

Old Snake put away the letter and grabbed a roasted drumstick. He took a bite of it, and then garbled through a mouth full of food.

"Senior, I would like to know more about the Ascending Dragon

Cauldron."

Yi Yun had long been curious about the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. The cauldron was clearly a divine item. Yi Yun sensed that the level of its power far exceeded the Myriad God Ridge.

"Ascending Dragon Cauldron... hehe." Old Snake licked the oil from the corner of his lips. "It's not like you can't know about it. Speaking of which, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron is somewhat related to your pure Yang broken sword."

Old Snake had clearly learned that Yi Yun possessed the other half of the pure Yang broken sword from the letter.

"Oh?" Yi Yun faltered slightly. "Why do you say that?"

"Do you know about the twelve Dao Ancestors, or should I say... the twelve Fey Gods?" asked Old Snake.

"Yes!" Yi Yun nodded. Back in the Luo clan, he had come into repeated contact with the twelve Fey Gods.

"Do you know what they are?" asked Old Snake again.

Yi Yun hesitated for a moment before saying, "Only the first nine are known."

The first nine of the twelve Fey Gods were: Extreme Yang

Illumination! Extreme Yin Nether Glow! Empress Earth Dao Tree! Dragon Emperor! Seven-colored Phoenix! Kun Peng! Heavenly Man! River of Forgetfulness! Solitary Nothingness!

Extreme Yang Illumination and Extreme Yin Nether Glow were born at the beginning of the universe when there was nothing but Chaos. The supreme ultimate (Taiji) generated the two opposing forces, Yin and Yang.

The Empress Earth Dao Tree was the manifestation of the three thousand Great Dao.

Dragon Emperor, Seven-colored Phoenix, Kun Peng, and Heavenly Man were the manifestations of several powerful lifeforms.

Finally, River of Forgetfulness was the river of time and Solitary Nothingness was the infinite void that represented the Great Dao of space and time.

These nine Fey Gods were known. The remaining three Fey Gods were a mystery. However, Yi Yun knew that the Purple Crystal Origins he possessed was one of the final three Fey Gods.

The twelve Fey Gods were names given by the Fey race.

As for the twelve Dao Ancestors, it was a name given by humans.

In fact, the twelve Fey Gods were in no way closer to the Fey race

than humans. In short, the twelve Fey Gods represented the beginnings of the Heavenly Dao!

From this point of view, using the human's naming convention—twelve Dao Ancestors—was apter.

"Yes... Not bad. I can only tell you that your pure Yang broken sword is in fact somewhat related to Extreme Yang Illumination!"

"As for Chenxue's companion sword, it's a partner of your pure Yang broken sword. It is somewhat related to Extreme Yin Nether Glow."

"These two swords represent Yin and Yang, swords of the two opposing forces."

"What?" Upon hearing Old Snake's explanation, Yi Yun was astounded. He took out Mirage Snow from his interspatial ring immediately!

Mirage Snow was blue and crystalline, like a pure and clean ice crystal. It was like its owner, Huan Chenxue, and its appearance in the snow-filled pocket world made it even colder.

But this cold was not like any ordinary cold. It had a spirituality to it, a vibrant feeling that seemed to be contained within.

Yi Yun naturally recalled Huan Chenxue's old servant. He had sealed Dong Xiaowan and Fairy Youqin, making them immune

from death. When he did, he also used an aura of frost ice that was filled with such unusual vibrancy.

"This sword is related to the second Dao Ancestor, Extreme Yin Nether Glow? Besides, it's a complete sword. Doesn't that mean it's even more valuable than the pure Yang broken sword?"

Yi Yun was truly astonished.

After all, just the half of the pure Yang broken sword was valued greatly by Bai Yueyin back then, let alone this complete sword!

"It's not as you imagine," Old Snake said with a shake of his head. He could read Yi Yun's thoughts. "Be it the pure Yang broken sword or Huanxue's sword, their preciousness does not come from the weapon itself but the power sealed within the weapon."

"Although the pure Yang broken sword is broken, there was a powerful Extreme Yang Illumination soul infused in the sword tip. That was the reason why Bai Yueyin wanted it. It also means that the pure Yang sword tip she had in hand possessed immense value, much more than that of the other half you possessed, or even Mirage Snow."

"In that case..." Yi Yun drew in a light gasp as he said, "In that case... The Ascending Dragon Cauldron is related to the fifth Dao Ancestor, Dragon Emperor?"

Since the Yin and Yang swords were related to Extreme Yang

Illumination and Extreme Yin Nether Glow, Yi Yun naturally made the connection between the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and Dragon Emperor.

Old Snake nodded. "Your guess is right. And it's because of that that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron is a divine artifact. It too contains a wisp of a dragon's soul!"

"The Ascending Dragon Cauldron might seem to belong to the Myriad God Ridge but in fact, no one in Myriad God Ridge can properly use it. Not even the Patriarch of Myriad God Ridge. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron has chosen to stay here by itself!"

Chapter 1255: Myriad God Patriarch's Goal

What Old Snake said opened a brand new world for Yi Yun. He learned many things that he had not known previously.

"Senior, in that case, does that mean that there is a corresponding weapon for each of the twelve Dao Ancestors?"

Old Snake nodded and replied, "Not only do each of the twelve Dao Ancestors have a corresponding weapon, they also have twelve corresponding cultivation techniques. These twelve cultivation techniques are known as Great Dao Origins."

"However, since the existence of the last three Dao Ancestors is a mystery in and of itself, no one knows what the final three cultivation techniques and weapons are."

Upon hearing Old Snake's words, Yi Yun drew a cold gasp. He had learned from Huan Chenxue that the famous 'Yang God Manual,' 'Nine Nether Sacred Manual,' and other 12 Empyrean Heavens cultivation techniques were actually not created naturally by the Great Dao, but written by people.

These twelve cultivation techniques were especially valued by those at the Divine Lord level and lower, but to figures like Bai Yueyin, they were nothing!

This was why Bai Yueyin only took the pure Yang broken sword after harming Azure Yang Lord, and showed no interest in the remnant pages of the 'Yang God Manual.'

However, according to Old Snake, the twelve Dao Ancestors' Origins cultivation techniques were different. Once mastered, it was unknown what sort of power one would obtain.

Yi Yun could not help but think of his 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence. He owed many of the victories he had won up until now to his cultivation in the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence. It allowed him to gain insights into the Dao of Major Destruction. Could the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence also be a Great Dao of Origins?

"Senior, do you know where the twelve Dao Ancestors' corresponding sacred weapons and cultivation techniques are at present?" Yi Yun could not help but ask.

With the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence having such might, wouldn't similar cultivation techniques be just as powerful?

Old Snake shook his head and said, "The majority of them are unknown. Nearly all the Origins cultivation techniques have been lost to time. There are still some traces of the Dao Ancestor sacred weapons, but the few of them that remain in this world are not a complete set. If one were to complete and control the set, they would wield might that could tear the world asunder. Even this Myriad God Ridge could be directly flattened."

"So they are lost..."

Yi Yun sighed with regret. If only he could take a look at those

Origins cultivation techniques. How great would that be?

"I really would like to see them..."

Yi Yun felt his heart itching. The techniques he currently cultivated in were actually nothing impressive, other than the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence.

Yi Yun's expression was caught by Old Snake as he chuckled, "Kid, you want to take a look at the Origins cultivation techniques, don't you?"

Yi Yun nodded as he asked hopefully, "Senior, I'm truly very curious. Do you have any knowledge regarding these twelve Origins cultivation techniques?"

"Heh! Dream on!" Old Snake swallowed a mouth of meat and picked at his teeth with a bamboo toothpick. "Do you think a mere table of food and a jug or two of Immortal Inebriation is enough to make me tell you about that?"

Upon hearing Old Snake's words, Yi Yun was taken aback. "Senior, do you really know something?"

"I know a little but not much." Old Snake crossed his leg.

Yi Yun poured a cup of alcohol for Old Snake and said with a smile, "Senior, what would you want in exchange for that knowledge? If it is within my means, I will definitely spare no

effort."

Yi Yun had always been curious as to why Huan Chenxue had him seek out Old Snake. If Old Snake knew of the locations of the twelve Dao Ancestors' Origins cultivation techniques, and each of them was at the level of the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence, then learning from him was a matter of great importance.

Upon hearing Yi Yun's words, Old Snake smacked his lips and finished the Immortal Inebriation that Yi Yun had poured for him. He said, "Don't think that just because that lass Chenxue sent you to me that I'll give you any special treatment. Over my many years, I have never lost out in my dealings. Besides, you are lacking in strength and won't be able to help me. Being able to treat me to some alcohol is good enough."

Upon hearing Old Snake's words, Yi Yun choked up. The old fellow was truly impervious. Trying to obtain any help from him was truly not easy. One only needed to look at his disciple, Snake Girl, and her state of affairs to know that the old fellow was not decent.

"Senior, although I'm lacking in strength, how do you know that I'm incapable of doing something if you don't say what it is?"

Old Snake chortled. "You sure are adamant. However, there is one bit of news that I can tell you. Didn't you previously ask me why I'm staying in Myriad God Ridge?"

Yi Yun's eyes lit up. "Please enlighten me, Senior!"

"Myriad God Ridge's Ascending Dragon Cauldron may or may not have a remnant soul of Dragon Emperor, but I do know that among the treasures within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron are remnant pages of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' I do not know how the Myriad God Patriarch learned this information, but why do you think that old fellow seems to have nothing better to do? To run a recruitment drive every other day to recruit a bunch of trash? Getting them to give their blood to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, claiming to be in search of people with a 'wisdom root?' In truth, what he wants more than anything is the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' sealed inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron."

"So that's the reason.' Yi Yun drew a deep breath of air. He suspected that the Myriad God Patriarch's true aim was to seek the treasures from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. But he never expected that one of those treasures was the 'Dragon Emperor Technique!'

Yi Yun had been curious. If the real goal was to obtain the treasures within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, then the people with the 'wisdom root' could simply give up their treasures, be compensated, and be sent away. If the Myriad God Ridge didn't care about being ruthless, they could even permanently silence them. So why did they recruit them into the sect and make them into core disciples for nurturing?

There was probably some hidden purpose behind the matter...

"Senior, I would like to know why some people are able to trigger

the Ascending Dragon Cauldron while others aren't?" This was a question Yi Yun was most puzzled about. The ability to trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron did not seem to be related to talent at all.

Old Snake said, "Those that can trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron have a bloodline of an ancient race. And this ancient race are the descendants of the Dragon Emperor. It once had an illustrious history but eventually, due to mysterious circumstances, the ancient race vanished in the rivers of time. Even now, it's difficult to find records of them."

"The ancient race left behind some collateral bloodlines. And after countless generations, these bloodlines are as thin as they can be. But even so, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron is able to sense these bloodlines, and is triggered when exposed to them."

"So that's the reason." Yi Yun never expected so many secrets within this matter. "From the looks of it, the Dragon Emperor's bloodline is too thin. It is of not much use for their cultivation. What a pity..."

When Old Snake heard Yi Yun's wistful remarks, he shook his head. "It's not completely useless. However, the heritage of the ancient race has been severed. Even those with slightly richer Dragon Emperor bloodlines could still end up becoming average if they cannot find a method to develop their bloodlines."

"Myriad God Patriarch should know this, but that old man refuses to give up. He wishes to nurture these people and strengthen them to awaken the bloodline that slumbers within

their bodies. He hopes that, once awakened, they will trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and give him a pleasant surprise. And yet, the chance of that happening is very slim."

Chapter 1256: Myriad God Ridge Sect Master

Yi Yun was fascinated by the mystery of why the Ascending Dragon Cauldron triggered for him. Why was he capable of triggering it? He definitely wasn't a descendant of some ancient race. Could it be... due to the Purple Crystal?

The Purple Crystal Origins had existed in Yi Yun's heart for about a hundred years.

Over the past century, every beat of his heart would be accompanied by an energy fluctuation from the Purple Crystal. With the innumerable beats of his heart, an immense amount of blood had flowed through the Purple Crystal. Therefore, Yi Yun's blood was no doubt infused with the aura of the Purple Crystal.

The Purple Crystal was one of the twelve Dao Ancestors, for sure. As for the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, it was only an artifact related to the Dragon Emperor. From that perspective, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was naturally on a lower level than the Purple Crystal. It was understandable for it to be triggered by the Purple Crystal.

These thoughts flashed through Yi Yun's mind. Suddenly, he saw Old Snake looking at him with a cheeky smile. He resembled a weasel.

"Uh... Why are you looking at me like that..." Yi Yun stroked his chin. The old man was a miserly slippery one, to begin with. So the

way he looked at Yi Yun gave him a sudden realization. "Don't tell me you that you want me to get the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' out for you?"

It was no wonder the old man had given him the information. Perhaps even from the moment he entered the sect, watching as he triggered the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, Old Snake had already had such a thought in mind.

Back then, Old Snake had forcefully severed the connection between Yi Yun's blood and the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, preventing Yi Yun's blood from causing too great a stir. Now, although Yi Yun had become a personal disciple, he was not given much attention from the Myriad God Ridge.

Old Snake said, "I obviously hope that you can retrieve the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Your triggering of the cauldron's dragon soul has greatly sparked my interest."

Yi Yun wavered on this. If he could obtain the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' it would definitely be a huge opportunity for him.

However, could he pull out the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' with just the Purple Crystal? Yi Yun wasn't so sure.

Besides, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was still in the Myriad God Ridge. Although Old Snake had said that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was not the private property of the Myriad God Ridge and had chosen to stay there of its own will, the Myriad God

Ridge obviously thought otherwise.

If he was able to obtain the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' the Myriad God Ridge would definitely take it away. Not only would Yi Yun miss his chance to look at it, but he would be lucky just to leave without being permanently silenced.

There was a complex and intricate battle for interests unfolding, and it was obvious that Yi Yun could not face it alone. He needed Old Snake to back him.

Yi Yun could still negotiate certain terms with Old Snake.

Although Old Snake was much stronger than he was, Yi Yun trusted Huan Chenxue. Since she had recommended Old Snake, his character wasn't in question. This was the premise for Yi Yun's ability to negotiate with him.

Yi Yun said, "The Ascending Dragon Cauldron has been placed in the Myriad God Ridge and will definitely be heavily protected. If I approach it and trigger it, it will be discovered by the Myriad God Ridge Patriarch, right?"

Old Snake chuckled and said, "Being discovered is a certainty. However, the true matter is if he can react in time. When that time comes, I'll arrange everything. It will take at most five days before I can let you make an attempt. When the time comes, all you'll need to do is give some of your blood."

"That fast!?" Yi Yun was astounded. He originally believed that a lot of planning would be required, allowing for the scheme to slowly play out. He never imagined that Old Snake would suggest five days.

He nodded and agreed to it. He naturally wanted to vie for such an opportunity!

"Come, let's continue drinking." With their business done, Old Snake lifted another jar of wine. "I say, Kid. Why don't you be my disciple," said Old Snake while licking his lips.

Yi Yun rolled his eyes at Old Snake. "With a master like you, I think I'll pass. I don't think I deserve it."

Seeing the terrible state Snake Girl was in, one could tell that being a disciple of the old fellow wasn't beneficial.

Everyone had their own lifestyle. Yi Yun guessed that the old fellow had lived for too long and was sick of living a lofty lifestyle. This was why he treated life like a game.

Although Old Snake appeared libertine, there was one thing he was still set upon. He still pursued the martial path.

That was the reason why Old Snake sought the 'Dragon Emperor Technique!'

...

The meal lasted from noon to the evening. They drank two jars of Immortal Inebriation and ate more than thirty signature dishes. Even after the twenty percent discount, it still cost Yi Yun four million Spirit Jade. It also made Yi Yun instantly become the most preferred customer in Myriad God Restaurant.

When Yi Yun left, the eyes of the few girls that waited on him were filled with a wistful look. All of them wished that Yi Yun would come again. After all, even in the Myriad God Restaurant which was patronized by distinguished customers, few would spend so freely. Just the service charges earned from waiting on one table were extremely sizable.

However, Yi Yun felt that the meal was only average. Although he had eaten a lot of natural treasures, the benefits they gave to his cultivation level were greatly inferior to those of the meal cooked by Elder Lanqin.

"Phew—"

Suddenly, a flame ignited in front of Yi Yun.

It was a voice transmission charm. The Myriad God Ridge personal disciple token had a voice transmission mark that could be used for communication.

Upon hearing the content of the voice transmission, Yi Yun's heart thumped.

The Myriad God Ridge's sect master had come out of seclusion!

If Yi Yun was only an ordinary personal disciple, then the sect master would not mean anything special to him. However... Yi Yun was the sect master's disciple!

Days ago, the sect master he had never met had taken him in as a disciple due to the appearance of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's dragon soul.

Although Yi Yun was not afraid of his freebie master, he still had to be careful!

Yi Yun responded and headed straight for Myriad God Ridge. Fifteen minutes later, he arrived at the sect master's seclusion zone.

Standing outside was the seductive-looking man—Cang Wu.

"My master is waiting inside for you," Cang Wu said as he gave Yi Yun a meaningful glance.

"Yes, Martial Uncle."

Yi Yun bowed.

"There's no need to call me Martial Uncle. Although our Myriad

God Ridge determines seniority based on cultivation levels, you are my master's disciple. Just call me Senior Brother Cang Wu," Cang Wu said with a smile.

He tapped his fingers gently and behind him, a previously-restricted array formation opened up, forming a long corridor that led to the inner sanctums behind him.

As he looked at the long corridor with an unknown entity at its end, Yi Yun calmed his heart and walked in.

"This freebie master wouldn't harm me, right..."

As Yi Yun walked, he used his mental powers to repress the Purple Crystal's energies. He wasn't worried that the Purple Crystal would be exposed. However, having fused with the Purple Crystal over many years, its aura had subtly infused itself into Yi Yun's bloodline.

When facing the unfamiliar Myriad God Ridge sect master, it was best he remained vigilant. Yi Yun converged all his energy and soul power into the Purple Crystal. He also reduced the Purple Crystal aura in his bloodline to a minimum.

The corridor wasn't that long but Yi Yun walked very slowly. After about three minutes, he came in front of a large door that seemed to lead to a palace. He pushed open the door and entered.

What entered his vision was a pale-red hall.

The tiles at his feet seemed like they had been burned by flames before. They were red hot. Yi Yun knew that the production of such tiles required the injection of Fey beast blood, giving the tiles the ability to naturally possess heat. Weaker warriors would feel intolerable pain, as though their souls were burning, while walking across these tiles.

However, a person with a powerful soul would find their soul being tempered while walking over the tiles. Staying in such an area for prolonged periods of time had various benefits.

Yi Yun stepped on the tiles and looked straight ahead. He saw an old man that looked weighed down with age. He was languidly slumped onto a long chair and was watching him without much strength.

"You have come. Have a seat."

The elder spoke indifferently. His voice sounded extremely weak. Yi Yun could even sense a faint aura of death from him.

This was the Myriad God Ridge's sect master?

Yi Yun was alarmed. He would not have found it odd if the Myriad God Ridge's sect master was an elder nearing the end of his life. However, typical warriors would appear spirited from their Yuan Qi enrichment even as they approached their end.

One would have to truly be on death's doorstep to produce such an aura of death.

Could it be that the Myriad God Ridge's sect master was about to die?

Yi Yun did not sit. Instead, he bowed first. After all, he was the sect master's disciple, even if only in name.

"What is it? Are you surprised to see me like this?" asked the elder in a self-deprecating tone.

Yi Yun fell silent. He was truly surprised.

"You are rather honest..." The elder smiled as he straightened his back. He asked, seemingly without any undertones, "It appears you were not in Myriad God Ridge... last night?"

The elder's question alarmed Yi Yun.

Before he left that night, he had returned to his seclusion chamber. The chamber had a restriction that could insulate him from others' perceptions. Even Snake Girl and Duanmu Qingwen did not know that he had left through a long-distance array.

However, the old man knew. This immediately made Yi Yun uncomfortable.

"I wasn't," Yi Yun replied honestly.

"You must have gone somewhere very far, right?" asked the elder faintly.

Yi Yun's heart skipped a beat but he did not reply. Logically speaking, even if the sect master knew that he had left Myriad God Ridge, he should not have known how far he had gone or to where, unless he had put a tracing mark on him.

However, Yi Yun was confident that, thanks to the Purple Crystal, it was very difficult for someone to plant anything on him without him being aware of it.

"Don't be nervous. I realized that, after you left, you exceeded the range of my perception. I got Cang Wu to use a long-distance voice transmission charm to contact you. It has a range of five hundred thousand kilometers. If you had received it, you should know of its contents."

So it was a voice transmission charm. Yi Yun exhaled lightly. He never expected that a simple voice transmission charm had allowed the elder to infer how far he was from the Myriad God Ridge. How could he have received the voice transmission's contents?

"I didn't receive it!" Yi Yun had no means of hiding. He felt like the elder's listless eyes were like a deep lake that could see through everything.

"Yes..." The elder nodded. "It's good for you to travel out of here. Staying in Sunken Moon Tower all the time will be boring, after all. However, you have to mind your safety. It's extremely dangerous deep in the Calm Sea. A few days ago, your senior brothers, Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen, must have felt that cultivating was just too boring. They applied to go on an experiential training trip outside, but experienced a mishap. Even as of now, their corpses haven't been found. They vanished into thin air just like that."

The elder spoke calmly. His voice sounded genial, like any elder speaking to a disciple, as though he was exhorting Yi Yun to be extra careful.

Chapter 1257: Meeting the Ascending Dragon Cauldron Again

Yi Yun's expression sank when the elder mentioned Song Bowen at that moment.

His murder of Song Bowen yesterday was executed flawlessly. Anyone in Myriad God Ridge, no matter how imaginative they could be, would not have guessed that Song Bowen was killed by Yi Yun.

Yet, this elder that he had never met before apparently saw through everything. Just a voice transmission charm was sufficient to incur his suspicions.

"Have some tea. This is excellent Skyrain Tea. It was prepared by Lanqin."

As the elder spoke, he tapped his finger gently. The tea set he placed on the table automatically flew up and poured Yi Yun a cup of tea.

Yi Yun silently drank the tea and waited for the elder to continue.

The elder said with a smile, "There's no need for you to worry. I'm not going to investigate your whereabouts yesterday. I called you here to ask you something. On the day you entered the sect, during the test of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, did you feel

anything special?"

As the elder spoke, his turbid eyes seemed to emit a glow. He stared at Yi Yun's face as though he wanted it to reveal something to him.

"I did not feel anything special."

Yi Yun truly did not have much of a sensation. If there was anything to speak of, it was that he sensed an energy fluctuation coming from the Purple Crystal. But that should have been impossible for the elder to perceive even if he could see through everything.

"Follow me."

The elder got up and led Yi Yun into the deeper sanctums of the hall.

They passed through a dark corridor and went down a staircase. After more than a hundred feet of stairs, the room opened up to a wide stone chamber.

In the middle of the stone chamber was a bronze cauldron the size of a house!

The cauldron was engraved with a coiling dragon. When standing in front of it, one could sense the inundations of a boundless and majestic aura!

Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Yi Yun held his breath.

"This is the second time you are seeing this cauldron. You might not know it, but this Ascending Dragon Cauldron holds the fate of infinite generations of our Myriad God Ridge."

As the elder gazed at the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, his eyes flashed with a mesmerized look.

"If you are able to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, you would be the one to render the greatest service to the Myriad God Ridge. It's even possible that you could become the next sect master."

The elder patted Yi Yun on the shoulder as he hung an encouraging and genial smile on his face.

However, this form of encouragement only left Yi Yun sneering secretly. Next sect master? Did he think that he was a child? Ignoring the fact that he could not become one, he didn't want to be bothered with being one.

Yi Yun said in a deadpan manner, "Master, I'll probably disappoint you. During the test, Martial Uncle Mo Shanqing had me make a second attempt at triggering the Ascending Dragon Cauldron but I failed."

The elder shook his head with a smile. "You don't have to worry about that. No matter how great a person's wisdom root is, it pales in comparison to a god's. And the Ascending Dragon Cauldron is a divine item. It's already very impressive that you managed to trigger it once."

"As your master, I naturally have means to awaken the potential in your blood. I'll make your blood truly trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!"

Just as the elder finished speaking, there was the sound of footsteps coming from the stone stairwell. Yi Yun turned to look and his heart sank slightly. He saw an old woman bringing a young girl down the stairwell. And that girl was none other than Snake Girl!

"Yi Yun, you are here too?"

Snake Girl was somewhat surprised to see Yi Yun.

Yi Yun frowned. "Master, what is this about?"

"Nothing. Light has shone down on our Myriad God Ridge for us to recruit both you and Snake Girl in the last recruitment test!"

"If the both of you can completely awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, your names will be recorded in the history books of the Myriad God Ridge, immortalizing you. Isn't this something to be

proud of and look forward to?"

The elder smiled. However, his words only left Yi Yun with a sense of disgust.

Whatever the elder said at that moment came across to Yi Yun as excuses to obtain the treasures within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. His talk of meritorious achievements sounded like a joke to Yi Yun.

No matter how powerful the old man was, he did not know of the existence of Old Snake. It was even more unlikely that he could guess that Old Snake knew more about the secrets of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron than he did, and that he had already told Yi Yun everything.

"Stretch your hand out."

As the elder spoke, his jaundiced eyes flickered.

"What for...?"

Snake Girl asked in a daze.

"You were instructed to stretch your hand out, so do it. Why do you ask so many questions!?"

The old woman behind Snake Girl urged her impatiently.

Snake Girl had no choice but to stretch out her hand.

Yi Yun had a heavy expression. He had guessed what the old man was trying to do but he was not sure. The old man made him feel extremely uncomfortable. He was like a venomous snake that lurked in the dark.

Compared to him, the man actually named 'Old Snake' was like an angel.

Speaking of that old man, who knew where he was? With the Myriad God Ridge's sect master summoning him, Old Snake should have stuck around to protect him in secret. Without his help, Yi Yun's life was truly not his own.

Despite these thoughts running through his head, he still extended his hand.

"Cha!"

A cold beam streaked and, with a tiny bit of pain, Yi Yun's wrist was lacerated.

Yi Yun frowned slightly. He strongly disliked having his life determined by others.

The elder that was standing in front of him was his master in

name but, in fact, Yi Yun was just a valuable experimental subject to the old man.

"Fill it to the brim."

The elder said without any expression. Out from his interspatial ring, a three-inch-tall bronze tripod flew out. It had three legs and a handle and resembled a miniaturized bronze tripod.

"And you too."

Snake Girl's wrist was cut open as well.

The vessel used for Snake Girl was many times bigger than Yi Yun's. It was the size of a small basin.

"So much blood is needed?"

Snake Girl was dismayed. Yi Yun only had a cup of blood but she had to fill a small basin.

"Compared to the things you are going to do, this bit of blood is nothing!"

Although Snake Girl was unwilling to do so, she still let out her blood.

And at that moment, Yi Yun closed his eyes to focus. He converged the Purple Crystal aura within his body as much as he could. He tried his best to make the blood that flowed out of him turn into ordinary blood.

However, the elder clearly did not sense that. He was oblivious of the Purple Crystal's aura.

He watched the blood that flowed out of Yi Yun with a blatant flash of excitement.

When the blood filled up the bronze tripod, the elder took out a jade bottle.

He opened it and poured out a drop of red liquid, which seemed to be a drop of blood.

The elder appeared to cherish the drop of blood immensely, as though the blood was a most precious treasure.

"There are only six drops left... There is one fewer drop with every drop used..."

The elder muttered to himself as he gently tapped the bronze tripod in Yi Yun's hand. The blood immediately flew out and formed a spherical ball of blood.

The blood sphere constantly shrunk and, in moments, it reduced to the size of a drop of blood.

Yi Yun watched from the side. He knew that the elder had concentrated all the blood essence in his blood into that drop of blood.

Moments later, the elder repeated the sequence of events for Snake Girl. He reduced the basin of her blood into a drop of blood.

Yi Yun was somewhat enlightened. The amount of blood extracted was determined by the purity of the blood according to the elder's standards. All of this was done to refine a single drop of blood.

As such, the elder had three drops of blood to attempt an awakening of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

This was the purported method of awakening the potential in their blood.

Chapter 1258: Outcome

Under the elder's control, the three drops of blood finally fused into a single blood bead the size of a grape. The blood bead was crystalline, and it reflected the Myriad God Ridge's sect master's face.

His face had a feverish look as he gazed at the blood bead.

Upon seeing the elder's expression, Yi Yun's heart thumped. On careful thought, he began to wonder exactly what the drop of blood that the elder produced was. For him to place so much weight on the drop of blood, it was definitely not easily obtained.

Was it possible that the drop of blood was left behind by past disciples with 'wisdom roots' that had once joined the sect after triggering the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

But where were those disciples now?

For many years, the Myriad God Ridge had recruited disciples in a clamorous fashion, so it should have accumulated quite a number of disciples with 'wisdom roots!' But Yi Yun had not heard of many disciples with 'wisdom roots' actually existing in the sect. Other than Snake Girl and himself, there weren't many others.

Upon realizing this, Yi Yun had an ominous feeling.

"Let's begin..."

The elder focused on controlling the drop of blood, sending it flying towards the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. The elder looked on with an awed expression, as though he was witnessing the birth of a new world.

At last, the drop of blood entered the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, landing right on the eyes of the black dragon sculpture.

The drop of blood gradually fused with the sculpture as the black dragon's eyes turned increasingly bright. The silent Ascending Dragon Cauldron seemed to come alive momentarily!

"Boom!"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron blasted out immense energy as a terrifying wave of aura flew out in every direction. Snake Girl, who had a relatively weaker cultivation level, could not withstand the blast at all as she spewed a mouthful of blood and was sent flying backward.

Yi Yun's strength was much greater than Snake Girl's so he was able to withstand the aura. However, to not stand out, he feigned a look of also not being able to withstand it.

And at that moment, amid the squall, the Myriad God Ridge's sect master's hair was disheveled and his eyes were filled with a maniacal glimmer.

"Open! Open!"

The elder cried out crazily with all his heart as the dragon vibrated violently. A flickering black dragon soul peered out of the cauldron's mouth as though it was about to escape!

"It's out, the Dragon Emperor's soul!"

The elder's eyes were filled with excitement but he wasn't surprised. He had witnessed this very scene many times in the past. Several attempts to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron with the Dragon Emperor's bloodline had been made, and there were times that he would trigger the dragon soul only for it to ultimately fail.

The elder held the greatest hope for this attempt, and it was also the strongest reaction up to date!

However...

The black dragon's phantom only appeared for less than a minute and did not grow any stronger. After that, the energy produced by the Ascending Dragon Cauldron no longer increased, and instead began to gradually decrease. The black dragon phantom also turned increasingly blur as it began to shrink away.

"What!?"

Upon seeing this happen, the elder's heart was seized with

anxiety!

It had failed!?

The dragon soul weakened and disappeared eventually. The energy squall came to a rest and the Ascending Dragon Cauldron became still, standing in the middle of the hall as though nothing had happened.

The elder was battered out of his senses when he saw how things had played out. He stood silently for a long time, continuing to stare at the Ascending Dragon Cauldron as though he was waiting for a miracle to happen.

However, the cauldron continued to show no sign of activity.

It had truly failed!

The elder took a few steps back. And when he turned around, he appeared to have aged even more.

A rich air of death effused from his entire being as though he was about to walk into a tomb. He had attempted about eight times, all of which ended in failure. Yet, his time was nearly up!

The elder slowly turned his head around to look at Yi Yun. This look made Yi Yun's heart clamp up. It was an indescribable look. The look contained disappointment, disgruntlement, and ferociousness...

"Your blood..."

The elder's voice was heavy. The effects of Yi Yun's blood were a lot worse than he had originally expected.

He believed that Yi Yun's appearance could very well be the chance for him to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. However, it failed yet again. He had also wasted a precious blood catalyst.

The blood catalyst consisted of blood marrow from draconic Ancient Fey, fused with the bloodline essences of multiple disciples with 'wisdom roots,' finally taking a new form.

The wastage of every drop of this blood catalyst pinched the elder's heart greatly.

And the reason for such an outcome was that Yi Yun had given him inaccurate expectations.

It was a fact that Yi Yun had triggered the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's soul dragon previously, but this time the quality of the bloodline was exceedingly bad. Bloodline of such quality would never be able to trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's dragon soul. Was there a hidden reason behind this?

The elder watched Yi Yun intently. His deep gaze was like a keen blade that appeared to be penetrating Yi Yun. But from beginning

to end, Yi Yun did not betray himself with any expressions. He wore a calm expression but he was sneering in his heart.

The failure to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was perfectly aligned with his wishes. For using him as an experimental subject and taking his blood on a whim, the old man deserved to die from anger.

"Senior Brother, what do we do?"

Seeing the attempt to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron fail, the old woman beside Snake Girl appeared extremely disappointed.

With that, she also began to hate Yi Yun and Snake Girl.

Noticing how the elder was quietly watching Yi Yun, she could not help but curse, "It's all because of you two good-for-nothings. The Myriad God Ridge made an exception to accept the both of you and gave you such great treatment, but your 'wisdom roots' are so terrible. You have wasted a blood catalyst for nothing. Useless trash!"

The old woman spoke harshly. In fact, Snake Girl was under her jurisdiction.

"Grandmaster, what did I do wrong..."

Snake Girl was completely puzzled. She did not know what she

could have done to be scolded in such a vicious manner.

"Forget it." The Myriad God Ridge's sect master waved his hand. "I probably made a mistake in my judgment. Let them take their leave."

"Then, I'll take my leave."

Yi Yun bowed with a deadpan expression as he turned to leave with a baffled Snake Girl.

The old woman watched Yi Yun leave and when she saw his figure disappear, an abhorring glimmer flashed in her eyes. "That punk. I really want to kill him with a strike! That look in his eyes, that demeanor. He shows no fear or respect for the two of us. He knew that the awakening of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron had failed because of his impure bloodline, and that he wasted a drop of blood catalyst. But look at him. Not only was there no hint of guilt, he nearly gloated at our misfortune!"

The Myriad God Ridge's sect master remained silent. He looked at the door through which Yi Yun had disappeared.

"This Yi Yun is not simple. I can see through many people from the younger generation, but he makes me feel as though he is hiding certain things..."

"What things?" The old woman's face turned cold. "The awakening of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron is of utmost

importance. How can we permit this punk to do as he pleases? I'll have him forcibly brought here for interrogation. Let's see what secrets he can possibly have!"

"No, do not act rashly." The elder shook his head before turning to look back at the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. He recalled the process by which the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was awoken a moment ago.

"What could be the problem?" The elder muttered to himself...

Chapter 1259: Patriarch Returns

An hour later, at Sunken Moon Tower.

Ever since Yi Yun met his so-called master, he had been plagued by a sense of unease. That old man gave off an extreme sense of danger to Yi Yun.

Yi Yun was not accustomed to placing himself in a land of peril but due to the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' and with Old Snake around, he could only choose to continue staying in Myriad God Ridge.

"Young Master, the desserts are ready. Shall I serve them to you?" Duanmu Qingwen bowed and said gently.

"There's no need. I'll be entering seclusion in the cultivation chamber. Do not disturb me."

As Yi Yun spoke, he walked straight into Sunken Moon Tower's cultivation chamber.

Duanmu Qingwen could only nod. Having been in Sunken Moon Tower for a few days, she came to learn that she had no chance of serving Yi Yun in his day-to-day life. Ignoring her serving Yi Yun, even meeting him was rare. Every time she managed to catch a glimpse of him, he would be rushing into the cultivation chamber.

"Young Master sure is hard-working..."

Duanmu Qingwen had such a thought. However, she did not know that Yi Yun had an ugly expression in the cultivation chamber.

The Sunken Moon Tower's cultivation chamber was problematic!

Logically speaking, once the cultivation chamber's array formations were activated, the interior would be isolated from the outside world. No one should have been able to know the situation inside the cultivation chamber. However, the Myriad God Ridge sect master knew of his whereabouts. There was likely some form of backdoor within the cultivation chamber's array formation that allowed the old man to easily monitor him.

Thankfully, upon reflection, Yi Yun knew that he had not done anything that would expose his secrets during his past few days of cultivation. If he had, the outcome would be disastrous.

"This Myriad God Ridge doesn't even have a private space for me. I really can't stay here much longer."

Who would wish to be monitored daily? Yi Yun did not know if the other personal disciples dealt with such conditions, but perhaps due to his special status of having the ability to trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, he had been given unique treatment.

As Yi Yun pondered over the matter, he caught a shadow in his peripheral vision standing in the room's corner.

The shadow had appeared silently, as though it had always been there and Yi Yun had only just now noticed it. This gave Yi Yun a fright. When he focused on it, he realized that it was in the shape of an old man with a small figure. His face was wrinkled and there was a somewhat familiar grotesque smile hanging from it.

"Old Snake!"

Yi Yun was rendered speechless. The old fellow had suddenly appeared without even notifying him of his existence. He was like a ghost. If Yi Yun wasn't mentally prepared, he would truly have been given a great fright.

"It appears that you're being monitored."

The elder stroked his beard as he looked around Yi Yun's cultivation chamber.

"You still came here despite knowing that?" Yi Yun said with exasperation. However, he also knew that for Old Snake to dare do it, he must have had confidence in avoiding detection.

Although Old Snake did not appear proper in any way, his strength was not to be doubted.

"Hehe, it's because I knew it that I appeared here. I have already taken care of the monitoring array formation for you. There's no need to thank me. After all, you don't want someone peeping in

when you're doing naughty things with that maidservant of yours!"

As he spoke, Old Snake clapped his hands and gave a 'you know' look.

Yi Yun was at a loss for words when he heard that. The old fellow was already so advanced in years, yet he spoke in such a licentious manner.

"How did you take care it? Since that old fellow went through the trouble of setting up an array formation, he clearly meant to monitor me. If he discovers that the array formation has been altered, wouldn't that make me look suspicious?"

"Haha! How could I make such a careless mistake? That Myriad God Ridge sect master thinks highly of his skill in array formations and had set up a hidden monitoring array formation, but his array is only trivial in my hands. I installed a new array formation to override it. When the time comes that you do not want to be monitored by the old fellow, just activate my array formation. All he will see is you meditating in cultivation. You can then do whatever you want to do. That old fellow wants to compete with me? He's way too inexperienced for that,"

Old Snake said ostentatiously, thinking absolutely nothing of the Myriad God Ridge's sect master. Although Old Snake came off like a shameless braggart, Yi Yun knew that the old man was still someone to rely on during critical moments.

As such, Yi Yun could finally rest knowing that he was not constantly monitored. Thankfully too, as he was getting to the point where he could not stay a day longer in Sunken Moon Tower.

Yi Yun asked, "Didn't you say we would take action soon? This Myriad God Ridge's sect master has malicious intentions. I don't want to continue risking my life by staying here."

"That's what I hoped but... Myriad God Ridge's patriarch is returning soon. As for taking action, we will probably have to postpone it."

"Myriad God Ridge's patriarch?"

Yi Yun's breathing faltered. The Myriad God Ridge sect master was enough to make him feel in danger and that he couldn't handle the situation. As for Myriad God Ridge's patriarch, he was even more mysterious and powerful than the sect master.

He could not help but look Old Snake suspiciously in the eye. This old fellow should be able to deal with the Myriad God Ridge's patriarch, right?

Old Snake could tell what was on Yi Yun's mind. He scowled disdainfully. "Why, kid? Are you doubting me? It's only a Myriad God Ridge patriarch. With me here, you can feel at ease."

As Old Snake spoke, he patted Yi Yun on the shoulder with a chuckle. "For that lass Chenxue to hand you over to me, I must be

trustworthy, right?"

Yi Yun had a look of disbelief. His attempt to trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was going to be a highly risky endeavor. He had to be wary or he might end up as cannon fodder for the old man.

As Yi Yun was pondering over the matter, his personal disciple token suddenly flashed. There was a voice transmission coming from the token.

A call to gather!

Two hours from now, all personal disciples and Elders had to head for Myriad God Ridge's Jade Emperor Palace to await the return of Myriad God Ridge's patriarch!

The patriarch was truly returning. Yi Yun gave Old Snake an odd glance. He called it. However, how did he know of the patriarch's whereabouts?

Old Snake stroked his beard and said smugly, "If I put my mind to probing anyone in Myriad God Ridge, no one can hide from my eyes."

Yi Yun was impressed by Old Snake. With such an ally, he could feel even more assured.

However, he was somewhat curious. The gathering notice did not

seem reminiscent of the patriarch's past actions.

Although he had just entered Myriad God Ridge, he had heard about the patriarch's character from many people. The patriarch was an extremely mysterious person with his whereabouts often unknown. Many Elders and personal disciples had never even seen the patriarch before. In fact, not only had they never met him, they had heard little news concerning him.

In Myriad God Ridge, the sect master was already a lofty existence, while the patriarch was equivalent to a legend.

But today, the Myriad God Patriarch was returning. He was even gathering all personal disciples and Elders to receive him. This matter alone was abnormal. Was there a reason why he was gathering all of them?

In fact, as Yi Yun was puzzling over the issue, many other personal disciples and Elders were similarly puzzled by the news.

Of course, more of them were pleasantly surprised!

Myriad God Patriarch was a godlike existence in Myriad God Ridge. Having a chance to meet him was definitely an opportunity. If they could gain a tiny bit of favor from the Myriad God Patriarch, they would have a meteoric rise and obtain countless more opportunities.

This made many people begin to greatly anticipate the Myriad

God Patriarch's return.

Chapter 1260: Betrayal

The entire Myriad God Ridge had a few dozen personal disciples, but the number of Elders far exceeded the number of personal disciples.

In Myriad God Ridge, anyone whose cultivation level reached the mid-stages of Supremacy could become an outer-sect Elder. Nearly all personal disciples had the potential to achieve that cultivation level; therefore, in terms of status, personal disciples were equivalent to outer-sect Elders. However, they were far inferior to core Elders.

Due to the gathering notice, many of the core members of the Myriad God Ridge had arrived one after another in Jade Emperor Palace, awaiting the patriarch's arrival.

Soon, the vast hall was filled with several hundred people. Yi Yun was naturally among the crowd.

After he arrived in Jade Emperor Palace, he sensed that someone was watching him. He looked up and saw a middle-aged man with a pale face walking toward him.

The middle-aged man's cultivation level was probably in the mid to late-stages of Supremacy. The way he looked at Yi Yun barely masked his bloodlust.

"Are you Yi Yun?" The middle-aged man asked with a voice filled with coldness.

Yi Yun frowned slightly. He did not know this person.

"That is me!"

"Great! Let me ask you, where did you go in the past two days?"

The middle-aged was interrogating him. Such a questioning tone made Yi Yun feel extremely uncomfortable. "Who are you?"

"I'm Song Zhanchen!" The man's voice had bold undertones. Yi Yun's eyebrows pricked up. With that surname, he was undoubtedly from the Song family.

"So it's Elder Song. Nice to meet you." Yi Yun put on a polite tone but cupped his fists languidly. He did not have a good impression of the Song family at all. "Elder Song, it seems you aren't my master. Therefore, I don't think I need to report my whereabouts to you, right?"

"Hehe!" The middle-aged man chortled sinisterly twice. "It's true that I'm not your master. It's fine if you do not tell me where you were. I'll say it for you. Yesterday, you left the Myriad God Ridge and traveled millions of miles away. Then, you returned within a day. At the same time, my son that was out for experiential training millions of miles away was murdered. Not only did you kill my son, you even killed Zhang Wuchen!"

The middle-aged man's voice rang out loud and clear. Instantly,

many people present heard him and reacted.

"What? Yi Yun killed Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen!?"

People were shocked. They previously knew that Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen had perished while out on experiential training, but they did not know that it was related to Yi Yun.

If that were truly the case, then Yi Yun was truly audacious. Assassinating a personal disciple of the sect was a heavy crime in Myriad God Ridge!

Yi Yun narrowed his eyes as he looked at Song Zhanchen. Just two hours ago, he learned that the Myriad God Ridge sect master had guessed that he was the one responsible for killing Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen.

However, to the sect master, the Song family was but one of the many family clans in Myriad God Ridge. With the sect master's status, it was beneath him to inform the Song family of the matter. As such, he never expected the Song family to know of it almost immediately!

Was it Cang Wu?

Yi Yun recalled the seductive man that was responsible for communicating on behalf of the sect master. When he was gone, the sect master had tried contacting him through Cang Wu. In other words, Cang Wu also knew that he had traveled far away the

past two days.

If Cang Wu had a good relationship with the Song family, it was very likely that he would inform the Song family!

Upon thinking of this, Yi Yun scanned the hall. Instantly, he saw a man dressed in white with looks as beautiful as a woman's standing beside a pillar. He was casually chatting with a blue-dressed woman.

He appeared oblivious to Song Zhanchen's interrogation of Yi Yun. He also ignored the gaze Yi Yun was casting at him. He continued chatting with the blue-dressed woman, his every word and action refined and courteous, as if to showcase his modesty and gentleness.

Cang Wu...

Yi Yun took a deep breath. If Cang Wu had truly informed the Song family, then this matter must be known to the sect master.

However, Cang Wu appeared to pay no attention to it. That meant that the sect master had lost all concern for a so-called 'disciple' like him.

In other words, due to his failure to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, he was probably of no value to the sect master.

This was why Cang Wu felt so confident in delivering the news to

the Song family. The sect master wouldn't care, and he would be doing the Song family a favor. In those circumstances, why wouldn't he inform them?

"Yi Yun! You killed Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen, two personal disciples! According to the sect's rules, your cultivation will be crippled! You will be imprisoned for life!"

Song Zhanchen's voice was filled with killing intent. Song Bowen's death left him unsettled. Now, the murderer was finally found. However, Song Zhanchen was still puzzled as to what method Yi Yun had used to infiltrate the Great Traversal Spirit Ship.

Cripple his cultivation and give him life imprisonment?

Yi Yun sneered and said, "It's true that I wasn't in the sect the past two days. However, I was constantly in seclusion prior to that. How, then, was it possible for me to know where Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen went? You keep insisting that I killed the two of them. But where's the evidence?"

"You want evidence? Then hand over your interspatial ring. Let me search it in public and I'll find you the evidence you want!"

As Song Zhanchen spoke, he locked his perception onto Yi Yun. It seemed as though he would snatch the ring away from him at any time!

"Search my interspatial ring?"

Yi Yun's gaze turned cold. To warriors, the only thing more important than their interspatial rings were their lives. Typically, all the wealth a warrior had was carried with them. Unless they were killed, no one would ever be allowed to freely probe one's interspatial ring. It carried a lot of a warrior's secrets.

Although Yi Yun could hide the Great Traversal Spirit Ship in the God Advent Tower, it was absolutely impossible for him to let others see what was in his interspatial ring.

"Elder Song, if you want to attack me, just say so directly. Why do you need to raise a request such as searching my interspatial ring!?"

"Attack you?" Song Zhanchen guffawed. "Do you think a junior like you is worth the effort of me attacking you? Yi Yun, don't think that just because you are the sect master's disciple I wouldn't dare do a thing to you. You can't escape if you violate the sect's rules!"

Song Zhanchen threatened coldly.

And at that moment, a few people appeared behind Song Zhanchen.

"Brother Zhanchen, are you sure this punk killed my grandson?"

A woman spoke. She was from the Zhang family and, just like the Song family, Zhang Wuchen was the most outstanding person among the Zhang family's younger generation.

The Song and Zhang family had been important members in the Myriad God Ridge for years. They had six Elders who, if they joined forces, were a mighty force that would have no trouble destroying Yi Yun.

Had Yi Yun not been the sect master's disciple, it was very likely that these people would have already attacked.

Very quickly, the atmosphere in the hall was all set for a showdown. Many people were watching the buzz in a schadenfreudian manner. Up until now, Yi Yun had enjoyed too much special treatment, so there were many who wished ill on Yi Yun. If the crime of killing personal disciples was confirmed, even the sect master could not protect him.

The situation turned increasingly tense. The number of family members of the Song and Zhang family standing in front of Yi Yun increased, but at that moment—

A cold aura emanated through the entire hall!

The aura felt like it was blown from the deep abyss of the netherworld. It simultaneously gave people a shudder and an unfathomable feeling.

Yi Yun's heart palpitated. Such a terrifying aura... could it be that the Myriad God Patriarch had arrived?

Chapter 1261: Myriad God Patriarch

The aura was not only sensed by Yi Yun. Many people present also shuddered because of the aura. The tense atmosphere of two parties about to jump at each other's throats was naturally and instantly calmed.

In front of the Myriad God Patriarch, no one dared to act impetuously.

A few seconds later, the large hall that everyone was in suddenly changed. What was once a palatial hall was now transforming into a completely open world.

A huge cauldron fell from the sky. It was engraved with a black dragon and it was extremely heavy. It effused a might that seemed like it could hold down mountains and rivers.

"Ascending Dragon Cauldron?"

A personal disciple said loudly. To the members of the sect, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was the cornerstone treasure of the Myriad God Ridge. It was also a treasure that belonged to the Myriad God Patriarch.

However, Yi Yun knew that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron belonged to no one. The cauldron in front of them was not the real Ascending Dragon Cauldron, but a replica. Although it was a high-quality replica with a formidable aura that left the hearts of people palpitating, it was still quite inferior to the true Ascending Dragon

Cauldron.

The real Ascending Dragon Cauldron would exude the feeling of facing the world to those who stood before it.

Above the cauldron stood a red-dressed boy. He had small eyes and his body was tiny. However, his face did not look young. There were minute wrinkles on his face that were inexplicably odd.

And standing on either side of the red-dressed boy were two people. One of them was an elder that Yi Yun recognized. He was none other than the Myriad God Ridge's sect master!

The other person was a handsome youth. He looked like a sixteen or seventeen-year-old mortal. He was dressed in white and there were purple patterns embroidered on his sleeves. He was tall and he had nice facial features. He had an outstanding bearing.

From the way the three people stood, one could easily tell who was the Myriad God Patriarch. It was the red-dressed boy standing front and center!

"He is the Myriad God Patriarch?"

Yi Yun stared at the queer-looking red-dressed boy. Upon first glance, he looked rather normal. However, the more carefully Yi Yun looked, the more uneasy he felt. He even felt a little disgusted. It was unknown what cultivation techniques he cultivated in for him to be in the form of a boy at such an advanced age.

"Greetings, Patriarch!"

The gathered crowd wasn't full of dumb people. Although this was the first time most of them were meeting the Myriad God Patriarch, they were able to instantly guess at his identity. Just his immense aura was confirmation enough.

The red-dressed boy languidly swept his glance at the people beneath him and said, "Dispense with the formalities. I summoned all of you here today to make a few announcements."

The red-dressed boy's voice was hoarse, unlike a child's voice at all. Every sound he produced made one feel as though their ears were burrowing into their brains.

"The first matter is in regards to the successor of the sect master!"

The sect master's successor!?

Everyone gasped. It was the major matter of the succession of the sect master. No wonder the Myriad God Patriarch was there to personally announce it!

The Myriad God Ridge's sect master had been in power for millions of years. The people of the Myriad God Ridge had nearly forgotten the need to change sect masters. Many of the personal disciples cultivated arduously with the sole goal of becoming a core Elder. None ever entertained the thought of becoming the next sect

master.

No one imagined that the candidate for the next sect master would be decided today. Many people present could not help but be excited. However, they also knew that the chance of such a great thing befalling them was too minute.

Who could it be?

People waited with bated breaths. At that moment, the red-dressed boy continued, "All these years, I have been touring the Sinkhole in search of opportunities to enhance myself. In the end, my potential has run out and the chances are too few and far between. Therefore, I turned my thoughts to finding a person to take over my mantle. While traveling the Seven Desolates, I found a truly suitable young man. I have already taken him in as my last disciple. Yunyang, greet your fellow disciples."

When the red-dressed boy spoke, the youth behind him stepped forward. He casually cupped his fists at the crowd and said proudly, "I'm Feng Yunyang. I was lucky to be discovered by Master and, today, I come back to the Myriad God Ridge with Master. I wish for all my senior brothers and sisters, and junior brothers and sisters, to take good care of me!"

What? The patriarch had taken in a disciple!?

Everyone present was dumbfounded. They had been in the Myriad God Ridge for years but they had never heard of the patriarch taking in a disciple. They never expected him to bring a

disciple back from his travels!

Who was this Feng Yunyang? How was he recruited by the patriarch to be his only disciple?

Without a doubt, the successor to the sect master was Feng Yunyang!

When they originally noticed the young man, many believed that he might be an old freak whose true age was beyond guessing. They never expected that he was really a young man and that he was the only disciple of the patriarch!

Instantly, many personal disciples were exceedingly disappointed. Although they knew they had no chance of becoming the successor to the sect master, they still felt displeased that an outsider would suddenly take that spot.

"The sect master's successor..."

Yi Yun looked at the red-dressed boy and the high-spirited youth who was standing beside him. He felt that something was a little off. From his point of view, the red-dressed boy's thoughts were only on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Why would he affirm the successor to the Myriad God Ridge's sect master at this point in time?

"There's one more thing." The red-dressed boy spoke again. "I realize that some of you are unimpressed by Yunyang and wish to

vie for the spot against him. In fact, it is an equal opportunity. I might have made Yunyang my last disciple but all of you present are similarly my disciples. If you perform excellently, my heritage and treasures can be given to you. I'm old and I don't have many days left. The items I leave behind have to be handed down to my descendants, after all. How much you obtain will depend on your capabilities."

"I have here a list of natural treasures. If any one of you can find the materials on this list, I'll give you corresponding rewards."

The red-dressed boy waved his hand and the list transformed into a stream of light that stretched out hundreds of feet, presenting itself to the people in front of him.

The words on the list were written in a large golden font. Each word was the size of an inkstone. Everyone could read it clearly.

"Oh? These materials..."

Yi Yun's gaze zoomed in. Many of the materials were the bones and blood of Fey beasts. Herbs only made up a tiny portion of the list, and the names of the Fey beasts also caught Yi Yun's attention...

Heaven Devouring Wyrms!

Four-track Snake!

Dragonbone Whale!

Crimson Blood Heavenly Silkworm!

Li Fire Hornless Dragon!

Nine-winged Golden Dragon!

...

These ancient Fey beasts seemed unrelated from just their names. However, Yi Yun was well-versed in the divine alchemist's notes. He was acutely aware of every attribute of the Fey beasts written on the list. These particular Fey beasts had one thing in common: They more or less possessed the bloodline of the True Dragon.

There was no need to elaborate on the Heaven Devouring Wurm. Back when Yi Yun was in the Luo clan, he had obtained the tailbone of a Heaven Devouring Wurm after gaining the acknowledgment of the twelve ancient Fey columns. In terms of quality, the Heaven Devouring Wurm tailbone was greatly inferior to the backbone that contained rich bone marrow. But even so, Yi Yun had obtained great benefits from the Heaven Devouring Wurm tailbone.

The Four-track Snake was a gigantic python that could transform into a dragon according to legend. The reason why it was called a Four-track Snake was that its tummy could grow four legs.

The Dragonbone Whale was a manifestation of the legendary Dragon King of the seas. It was also called Dragon King Whale, a behemoth of the sea. Transforming into a dragon gave it the name whale, and transforming into a Peng gave it the name Kun.

As for the Crimson Blood Heavenly Silkworm, it was one of the legendary nine transformations of the Heavenly Silkworm. After the ninth transformation, it would become a golden dragon...

...

Yi Yun finished reading the entire list. There were a total of nineteen Ancient Fey beasts listed, all related to dragons.

There were three herbs that were also related to dragons.

Things like the Fey Blood Orchid were guarded by Ancient Fey like the Massive Desolate Grand Python. It took millions of years to grow and it grew by absorbing the breaths of the Massive Desolate Grand Python. And it so happened that the Massive Desolate Grand Python also had the bloodline of the True Dragon!

These materials were priceless. The Myriad God Patriarch had drafted all the personal disciples and Elders of the Myriad God Ridge to search for them. Many of them were from illustrious family clans but even so, it would be extremely difficult to gather all the materials!

What was this old fellow up to? By producing such a list, with every item related to the True Dragon, his goal was likely related to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Was he trying to refine some pill?

Chapter 1262: Besieged on all sides

Yi Yun knew the secret of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron; therefore, he needed to consider the Myriad God Patriarch's every action carefully. He thought of the possible traps that might be waiting, and what ultimate goal the old fellow had.

As for the red-dressed boy's talk of being near the end of his life and the bullshit about him seeking someone to pass his mantle to, Yi Yun would be a fool to believe it.

He was acutely aware how ambitious the old fellow was. Hints could be seen from the way he handled the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. How could such a person give his everything to pave a way for his descendants?

"This disciple he took in..."

Yi Yun looked at Feng Yunyang silently. There was likely something special about the youth.

Yi Yun had complicated thoughts, but the other Myriad God Ridge disciples did not ponder over the matter. To them, the patriarch's offer was their greatest opportunity.

The patriarch's heritage was something they constantly dreamed of.

"Patriarch!" A personal disciple prostrated himself. "If the items

on this list can be obtained, will there be a chance to cultivate in your Myriad God Manual?"

The Myriad God Manual was famous in Myriad God Ridge. It was the supreme knowledge of the Myriad God Patriarch. Typically, Myriad God Ridge personal disciples only had the chance to cultivate in the first three volumes of the Myriad God Manual. As for the second three volumes, they could only be obtained by exchanging sect contribution points at appalling rates.

And the list that the patriarch produced was no doubt a fantastic way to contribute.

The red-dressed boy said, "The Myriad God Manual is nothing. If you gather these items, not only will you see the full Myriad God Manual, but all of my array formations, alchemical skills, and enchanted artifacts that I have tempered for millions of years can be yours!"

As the red-dressed boy said those words, everyone turned extremely excited.

They guessed that the patriarch was likely refining an extremely important pill for him to pay such a heavy price. They had to grasp the opportunity before them.

The family clans they were from had been entrenched in the Calm Sea for millions to tens of millions of years. The deep roots of these family clans naturally meant that they had a deep and complex web of connections. There was always a way to find even

the rarest of items.

"Thank you, Patriarch! My wish is that the Patriarch would share the same age as the Heavens and Earth, and be as lustrous as the sun and moon!"

Everyone bowed deeply. The red-dressed boy waved his hand. "All of you are dismissed. If there is any information, simply report it to the sect master or inform Yunyang."

Inform Feng Yunyang?

Everyone looked at Feng Yunyang with mixed emotions. At present, Feng Yunyang was only the successor to the sect master but his status was supernatural. He lorded over the personal disciples and core Elders!

Without a doubt, Feng Yunyang would become the third most important person in the Myriad God Ridge thanks to the patriarch's backing, whether the others were agreeable to it or not.

Upon noticing the envious and disgruntled looks the crowd was giving him, Feng Yunyang stood forward and spoke loudly, "Fellow sect members!"

"It's all thanks to Master's nurturing that I, Feng Yunyang, can reach what I've attained today. I haven't been cultivating for long and many of you here are my senior brothers or sisters. However, the martial path does not consider age. In this world, the strong

are almighty! Other than cultivating in the martial path, I have some minute accomplishments in array formations! If any senior brother or sister has any thoughts to share, I'm willing to take the advice!"

Feng Yunyang's tone sounded amiable, particularly the part about him willing to take in advice, but everyone knew that Feng Yunyang was putting on a show of force.

As the last disciple of the patriarch, he was definitely extraordinarily talented. With the patriarch's nurturing, the resources he enjoyed were far superior to anyone else's. In such a situation, who would dare give him any advice?

And of course, no one present spoke. The corners of Feng Yunyang's lips curled up for he was very satisfied with the reaction from the crowd.

As an outsider, he had suddenly become the successor to the sect master. He obviously knew the people were unconvinced, but so what? It only increased the superiority complex of holding the position!

"Cang Wu, it's Martial-nephew Yunyang's first time in Myriad God Ridge. Help him to settle into his board and lodging." The Myriad God Ridge's sect master spoke. Towards this successor that would replace him, he continued beaming. But it was unknown what he was truly thinking.

"Yes, Master!" Cang Wu received the order.

The gathering came to an end and, after the patriarch left, everyone began to leave the hall.

When Yi Yun left, he could clearly sense a large amount of killing intent lock onto him. The killing intent came from the Song and Zhang family.

With the patriarch and sect master present, they didn't dare to try anything. But that did not mean Yi Yun was off the hook.

Yi Yun ignored them and returned to Sunken Moon Tower. After entering his cultivation chamber, he activated the array formation to insulate him from the Myriad God Ridge sect master's monitoring. Following that, he placed the Great Traversal Spirit Ship and other items in his interspatial ring into the God Advent Tower and sealed it up.

Although it was impossible for Yi Yun to hand his interspatial ring to the Zhang and Song family for investigation, it was still best to hide the suspect items away.

After he finished all of this, Yi Yun began meditating in cultivation. In Myriad God Ridge, he was facing a situation that could be described as being besieged from all sides.

Yi Yun could already tell that, thanks to his failure to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, the sect master thought nothing of him.

With the Song and Zhang family guessing that he was the one responsible for killing Zhang Wuchen and Song Bowen, he was in a dire situation.

Now, he had to grasp at every opportunity to cultivate and wait for Old Snake to take action. Then, he could employ a concerted attack with him from inside and outside.

At that moment, an array voice transmission from Qingwen came from outside the cultivation chamber. "Young Master, quickly come out. There's someone here who wants to speak to you."

"Oh?" Yi Yun pricked up his brows. Typically, Duanmu Qingwen would not disturb him once he entered the cultivation chamber. Could it be that the Zhang and Song family were here for him?

He deactivated the cultivation chamber's array and stepped out. When he did, he saw men wearing steward garb outside.

The one leading the group was a mustached middle-aged man. He looked like a manager of a store with his thin mustache.

His cultivation level wasn't high but from the way he was smiling, he did not appear to be from the Zhang or Song family.

The mustached middle-aged man bowed at Yi Yun and it was obvious that it was a perfunctory motion. He said, "Young Master

Yi, I'm here to pass you a message. If it's possible, would you move out of Sunken Moon Tower at your earliest convenience?"

"Oh?" Yi Yun frowned. "What!?"

The mustached middle-aged man wrung his hands in an embarrassed manner. "I'm only following orders. A while ago, the sect master informed Lord Cang Wu to allocate Sunken Moon Tower as Young Master Yunyang's residence. Lord Cang Wu had mentioned that in the entire personal disciple zone, the best residence is Sunken Moon Tower and asked if Young Master Feng was willing to stay here. Young Master Feng nodded so Lord Cang Wu has arranged for this to be his residence."

"He ordered me here and I can't do anything about it. I can't exactly clone another Sunken Moon Tower either. Do you think... you can make it easy for me by moving out?"

The mustached middle-aged man said the last bit with a smile. Although he was smiling humbly, Yi Yun could tell that his smile had a derisiveness to it.

From the looks of it, Cang Wu had informed him of certain things. He also knew that, although he was still the sect master's disciple, he was no longer going to enjoy any beneficial treatment from the sect master.

Chapter 1263: Myriad God Crown Prince

"How about it Young Master Yi? If it is convenient for you, please move now. I have already found help for Young Master Yi. These men will help you move. I'm really sorry to make you go through all of this, Young Master Yi." When he saw Yi Yun not moving, the thin mustached middle-aged man obsequiously pleaded with him.

Yi Yun narrowed his eyes. "Where do you want me to move to?"

"About that..." The middle-aged man looked a little troubled. "Lord Cang Wu did not instruct me to move you to a particular place. There is a severe shortage of residences in the personal disciple district at the moment, you see. Young Master Yi, why don't you first move to the East Box Building and we can later make further arrangements for your residence?"

Upon hearing the middle-aged man's words, Yi Yun laughed. He knew of the East Box Building. It wasn't a residence for personal disciples, but the place where the stewards and deacons who served them stayed.

There was also the ridiculous claim that there was a shortage of residences in the personal disciple district. Just Zhang Wuchen and Song Bowen's deaths should have opened up two spots.

This was all likely arranged by Cang Wu. He had probably received benefits from the Zhang and Song family.

"The East Box Building isn't bad. If you want me to move there,

that's fine. Although, I have quite a bit of luggage. Get Cang Wu to help me pack!"

With that said, Yi Yun turned to leave. Although he was not particularly attached to the Sunken Moon Tower, being chased out was completely different from him simply not being able to stay there.

Upon hearing Yi Yun's words, the middle-aged man was stunned. He never expected Yi Yun to say such a daring thing. Get Cang Wu himself here?

What sort of person was Cang Wu? As the eldest disciple of the Myriad God Ridge's sect master, his cultivation level was already at the Supremacy level. He held an extraordinary status. Any personal disciple that saw him would bow respectfully and greet him as Martial Uncle.

Who did Yi Yun think he was to ask Cang Wu to come personally to get him to move? Even if he hadn't lost the favor of the sect master, he was nowhere near comparable to Cang Wu.

"Young Master Yi, what's the point of making things difficult for me? I'm only a steward. If you are that capable, go directly to Lord Cang Wu and Young Sect Master Feng and say that!" The middle-aged man said furiously.

How could a disciple that has lost the favor of the sect master act so arrogantly? He was nothing compared to the only disciple of the patriarch, the next sect master.

Yi Yun could no longer be bothered with the steward. He closed the door to Sunken Moon Tower and shut the group out at the door.

The middle-aged man was fuming mad, but at that moment he could not do a thing. What else could he do if Yi Yun refused to move?

He stood in a daze in front of Sunken Moon Tower for a long while when he suddenly saw a group of people walking towards him from afar.

There were more than ten people. From their attire, they were mostly Elders or personal disciples of Myriad God Ridge. Walking among them was a youth. He was like the moon that drew a circle of stars around him. That person was none other than Feng Yunyang.

And walking beside Feng Yunyang was the sect master's eldest disciple, Cang Wu.

Even Cang Wu was walking half a step behind Feng Yunyang. At that moment in Myriad God Patriarch, Feng Yunyang was like the crown prince in mortal dynasties. His status was second only to the patriarch and incumbent sect master. Many people were fawning over him.

After the announcement, many family clans had prepared gifts and written letters of visit. They all planned on scheduling a time

to visit Feng Yunyang.

To these ancient family clans, Feng Yunyang, as the next sect master, was someone that they absolutely had to establish good ties with. Any smart person could tell that the current sect master was near his end. Furthermore, the patriarch had said that his days were numbered. In effect, that meant that Feng Yunyang would become the only head of the Myriad God Ridge in the future. Who would dare to offend such a person?

However, not everyone could discern the circumstances. There were a few shortsighted people that were unconvinced by Feng Yunyang.

Previously, Feng Yunyang had mentioned that he had minute accomplishments on the martial path and array formations. He welcomed every senior brother and sister to give him 'advice.'

It was a way for Feng Yunyang to establish his authority, but there were two young and high-spirited personal disciples who believed that it was genuine. They believed that they had extraordinary talent. They thought that if they defeated Feng Yunyang they would receive the attention of the patriarch, and that they might be able to take Feng Yunyang's place as his last disciple. In that case, they would undergo a meteoric rise, becoming the sect master's successor.

However, dreams are beautiful but reality is very cruel. When they went to 'give advice' to Feng Yunyang, they were defeated by him in three strikes!

Feng Yunyang was extremely ruthless in his attacks. One of them was beaten till he was on his last breath. The other one was nearly crippled. They would be bedridden for about a year, and there was no hope of recovery without expending large amounts of treasured herbs.

Such an act left many people secretly alarmed. Feng Yunyang was definitely not as benign as he seemed!

He clearly knew that the two who challenged him were not his match, and yet he enticed them to sign a challenge contract anyway. They went on the Myriad God Platform, and so he was not to be blamed even if they were beaten to death. After all, blades do not discriminate!

People knew that Feng Yunyang could have easily gained victory without injuring the other two. However, he deliberately injured them heavily in their dantians. Only a very vicious person would have such thoughts.

It was, in fact, a violation of the sect rules, but no one raised that point. With Feng Yunyang's status, people were eager to fawn over him, so who would be dumb enough to offend him? The only ones to blame were the two who didn't know any better. They were too naive with their dreams of grandeur.

"Young Sect Master is truly the kind of genius that doesn't even appear once in ten thousand years in the Calm Sea! It was truly heart-shaking to see Young Sect Master's valiant bearing on the

Myriad God Platform!"

An elder beamed from ear to ear as he lauded Feng Yunyang. The way his wrinkles pressed together was enough to squeeze a fly to death.

"Elder Sun, your mentioning of the Calm Sea is too small in scope. From the way I see it, Young Sect Master is definitely the best even in the entire Sinkhole!"

Another person flattered. It was uplifted from the Calm Sea to the Sinkhole. Their sycophantic acts were done without even blinking.

Feng Yunyang relished in how the people addressed him 'Young Sect Master.' Back in the Seven Desolates, when had he ever enjoyed such treatment?

The original Feng Yunyang came from a small sect. It was all because of Myriad God Patriarch's foresight and wisdom that he discovered how exceedingly talented he actually was. He obviously leapt at the chance to leave with the Myriad God Patriarch. Later, Myriad God Patriarch obtained divine medicine at great cost to help him clean his marrow and temper his bones. He was also taught divine techniques, giving him his robust foundations and present-day achievements.

He took in the flattery while maintaining his countenance before saying nonchalantly, "The Calm Sea's scope is indeed not big enough. Master has placed great hopes on me. I will not let him

down either. In the future, I'll lead the Myriad God Ridge to expand beyond the Calm Sea and dominate the Sinkhole!"

When Feng Yunyang said those words, the crowd echoed emphatically. No youth could be more high spirited than this.

At that moment, Cang Wu said, "Junior Brother Feng, Sunken Moon Tower is right ahead. It's the best residence in the personal disciple district..."

"Oh, it's actually a building made of Sunken Moon Wood? That works! Not bad!"

Feng Yunyang was very pleased.

With a smile, Cang Wu turned to introduce the Sunken Moon Tower but he noticed the mustached middle-aged man running toward him with a downtrodden look.

Cang Wu frowned slightly and asked, "What's the matter?"

"Lord Cang Wu... Yi Yun refuses to move. He's still inside Sunken Moon Tower at this very moment!"

Chapter 1264: Sudden News

"He refuses to move?" Cang Wu's expression sank.

"That's right. He even claimed to have too much luggage, and... and..."

"And what!?"

"About that... Don't be angry when I say it." The mustached middle-aged man had a twinkle in his eye as he said in a hushed tone, "He said that he would only move if Lord Cang Wu himself helps move his luggage."

The middle-aged man was burning with anger at the thought of being looked down upon by Yi Yun. So with this opportunity opening up for him, how could he not kick Yi Yun while he was down? He looked forward to the show that was about to begin.

"Heh!" Cang Wu took a deep breath. "Good! Very well done! Since he wants me to help him move, let's see if he can handle it!" Cang Wu said angrily.

Not only was he the most senior disciple of the sect master, he was also one of the Elders that oversaw the personal disciple district. It had been ages since his authority had been challenged.

And now, the person that challenged his authority was Yi Yun who had already lost favor.

"This Yi Yun is simply courting death! He killed my son Song Bowen, and the Zhang family's Zhang Wuchen. They were both personal disciples of the Myriad God Ridge. I was planning on finding evidence to implicate him but he actually still dares to be this arrogant now!" Song Zhanchen said angrily.

Having lost Song Bowen, there was a greater need for the Song family to curry favor with Feng Yunyang. So of course, Song Zhanchen was among the people who were currently gathered around Feng Yunyang.

"Oh? Not only did this person withhold due respect from Senior Brother Cang Wu, he even publicly killed other personal disciples? Yet, he isn't being punished?"

Feng Yunyang spoke out. He had obviously never heard of Yi Yun, much less knew what Yi Yun had done. In fact, the murder of Zhang Wuchen and Song Bowen had nothing to do with him. However, as a mere disciple, Yi Yun's arrogance was something Feng Yunyang could not tolerate.

What sort of person was this Yi Yun? Feng Yunyang needed to curb his urge to kill the two personal disciples that had challenged him. He ended it with maiming them badly, but Yi Yun took it as far as killing other personal disciples. It was ridiculous.

From Feng Yunyang's point of view, among all the disciples in Myriad God Ridge, he was the only one with the right to ignore the sect rules.

"That's right. Young Sect Master, please administer justice!"

Upon hearing Feng Yunyang's question, Song Zhanchen had a bright idea. Both the patriarch and the sect master thought highly of Feng Yunyang. As long as Feng Yunyang gave the go-ahead, finishing Yi Yun was not a problem at all.

A Zhang family elder standing beside Song Zhanchen, named Zhang Tianxing, added on, "Young Sect Master, this Yi Yun clearly knows that Sunken Moon Tower was allocated to you, but he refuses to relinquish it. It's clearly an act meant to disparage you!"

Zhang Tianxing and Song Zhanchen both greatly wished to see a conflict between Feng Yunyang and Yi Yun. The clash between the two would be like an egg striking a rock. If it happened, they could get Yi Yun killed without even dirtying their hands.

When he heard the duo's words, Feng Yunyang smiled. "Are the both of you trying to use me as cannon fodder?"

"Ah... Definitely not! No way!" Song Zhanchen and Zhang Tianxing shook their heads frantically.

"I know what's on your minds. However, there was truth in your words. This Yi Yun clearly knows that the Sunken Moon Tower was given to me, but he continues to stay in there. He must be sick of living."

As Feng Yunyang spoke, a cold and sinister smile suffused the corners of his lips. This smile had appeared once before, when he heavily injured the two personal disciples that did not know better on the Myriad God Platform.

"Since this Yi Yun doesn't want to move out, I'll set up a Murderous Illusion Array. It will ensure that he never leaves Sunken Moon Tower."

Common array techniques could be categorized by effect into trapping arrays, killing arrays and defensive arrays.

Feng Yunyang was most skilled at killing arrays. His arrays would project illusions that killed his enemies. If those in his arrays allowed themselves to be lost in the illusions, they would be plagued by what seemed like countless enemies before dying in the array. The thing was, death in the array meant actual death.

Feng Yunyang enjoyed the arrays that caused his enemies to die in illusions. However, it was not yet appropriate for him to kill Yi Yun. After all, he was still the sect master's disciple, even if he had lost the sect master's favor. Feng Yunyang would still need to answer for such an action.

"This Yi Yun has killed two personal disciples and is a sinner. However. I will not immediately kill him. It would be far more interesting to let him suffer a mental breakdown in the illusion array."

With this thought in mind, Feng Yunyang reached out to touch

his interspatial ring. Twelve array flags flew out!

"Shoo! Shoo! Shoo!"

The twelve array flags stuck around Sunken Moon Tower, like the twelve spots on a clock. They surrounded Sunken Moon Tower completely.

Feng Yunyang began producing hand seals as the twelve array flags immediately lit up. They stirred the Heaven Earth Yuan Qi, causing the entire Sunken Moon Tower to become enveloped in dense Heaven Earth Yuan Qi. Everything became a blur.

"What pure Yuan Qi!" A personal disciple exclaimed.

"This array formation fuses the Laws of Water and the Laws of Light. The twelve array flags are extremely intricate. Senior Brother Feng's attainments in array techniques are truly extraordinary." Another person echoed. It wasn't just more exaggerated flattery, as the array formation truly was amazing.

Feng Yunyang smiled. The twelve array flags were obtained by Myriad God Patriarch in an ancient ruin. He had refined the array for many years before passing it down to Feng Yunyang. How could it not be intricate?

Of course, Feng Yunyang did not mention this. He said, "This array formation's name is the Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao! The Heaven Earth Yuan Qi will form a series of illusions in the

array formation. Now that the array formation has been activated, Yi Yun will fall into an endless battle. He will constantly kill enemies in his illusion world until he suffers a mental breakdown. I have only activated the fourth gate out of the twelve gates, but that alone should be sufficient. It's best you report to the sect master. Yi Yun is his disciple after all. It's not right for me to kill him."

"I see. Young Sect Master is truly an extraordinary genius. With such a powerful array in hand, probably no peer in the entire Sinkhole is your match." Upon hearing Feng Yunyang's comment, someone immediately fawned. As for reporting to the sect master, no one did. Zhang Tianxing and Song Zhanchen were watching. Who would want to offend those two?

Feng Yunyang shook his head and said, "I wouldn't dare to say that I'm invincible among my peers in the Sinkhole. Let's not mention the Sinkhole. Just the land I come from, the Seven Desolates ancient continent, alone has people I lack confidence in beating. One is the White Lunar Goddess Empress's adopted son, Bai Shanhe, and the second is White Lunar Goddess Empress's last disciple, Lin Xintong. Even I am slightly inferior to them in terms of strength!"

When Feng Yunyang suddenly mentioned the White Lunar Goddess Empress, everyone present felt their hearts palpitate.

They had been comparing him to all sorts of geniuses, but when an actual legend was mentioned—the White Lunar Goddess Empress—no one dared to joke further.

One had to know that the Seven Desolates ancient continent was made up of seven ancient continents to begin with. Every piece of land covered an area that exceeded the Calm Sea. It was filled with experts!

And the White Lunar Goddess Empress, Bai Yueyin, had carved a path out of blood on the Seven Desolates continents. She had unified the Seven Desolates' seven mighty sects and ended the massive war that lasted for a millennium. Finally, she established the White Lunar Divine Empire and had ruled it ever since. Just the mention of the White Lunar Goddess Empress in the Calm Sea was enough to make others show reverence.

An Elder laughed dryly and said, "The resources the disciples of the White Lunar Goddess Empress enjoy cannot be compared to those of typical sects. Even the Myriad God Ridge is greatly inferior to the White Lunar Divine Empire. Young Sect Master, for you to attain accomplishments from our Myriad God Ridge that make you the match of Bai Shanhe and Lin Xintong is already something to be proud of!"

"That's right. Young Sect Master is a genius. Yet, he remains this humble. It's quite a rare sight."

As the people were fawning over Feng Yunyang, the array enveloping Sunken Moon Tower suddenly quaked!

"Boom!"

Yuan Qi began to tremble as the door to Sunken Moon Tower

opened. Yi Yun, dressed in purple, strode out. His brows were like a sword and his gaze was like blades. It left the hearts of people palpitating!

Yi Yun had not thought much of Feng Yunyang, but Feng Yunyang had said a name that made his heart stir. He had mentioned the White Lunar Goddess Empress's last disciple, Lin Xintong!

"What did you just say? Who was it that you said you were inferior to in strength?"

Yi Yun's voice was loud and clear as it tore through the Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao, reaching the ears of everyone clearly.

Instantly, everyone present was dumbfounded. Wasn't the Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao already activated? Yi Yun should have already been lost in the illusion world, almost at the point of his soul sea collapsing.

Yet, not only had he walked out obstreperously, he had also heard their conversation. He had even pushed open the door to speak to the people outside the array!

"Could it be that the array didn't activate?" A puzzled personal disciple said.

They all looked at Feng Yunyang, whose face was turning white. It looked extremely ugly.

How could this be possible? He had always prided himself on the Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao, but it was completely ineffective against Yi Yun. It was a massive array that the Myriad God Patriarch had passed down to him. Although he could only use a tiny portion of the Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao's power, it was definitely not something a Dao Palace realm warrior should have been able to withstand.

"I'm asking you a question! Are you deaf!?"

Yi Yun yelled sharply. He was naturally anxious regarding news of Lin Xintong.

Feng Yunyang was a little taken aback after being lambasted. However, he quickly reacted with anger.

"It looks like I have underestimated you. You must have undergone some fortuitous encounter, so your soul is far stronger than most warriors at your realm. That's how you managed to withstand my illusion array. That's fine, I have only activated the first four of the twelve gates. I will now activate all twelve gates and extract your soul!"

As Feng Yunyang spoke, his arms began moving as he produced hand seals. The twelve array flags began lighting up one after another!

Yi Yun had a sullen expression. "I'm asking you one more time. Who was it that you said you were inferior to in strength? Tell me

what kind of person the White Lunar Goddess Empress's disciple is!"

Yi Yun's voice was already filled with killing intent. But at that moment, how could Feng Yunyang bother with what he was saying? He had already gathered his Yuan Qi to a maximum.

"Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao—Annihilation of All Life!"

Feng Yunyang leaped up and looked down from above. He had used the strongest move of the Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao. The twelve array flags formed a wave of annihilative might in a bid to destroy Yi Yun's soul.

At that moment, Yi Yun could no longer tolerate it any further. He extended his hand with a beckon as the sword, Mirage Snow, appeared in his palm.

Huan Chenxue had previously mentioned that Mirage Snow had undergone huge changes in state. No one could recognize its origins, so Yi Yun was free to use it.

With Mirage Snow's appearance, the surrounding atmosphere changed completely. It became overbearingly cold!

At the same time, the blazing Heretical God Fire Seed augmented Mirage Snow. With the fusion of extreme hot and cold, coupled with Yi Yun's comprehension of Yin and Yang laws, the two forces synergized with each other, creating an extraordinary power!

"Whew!"

The sword tip flashed with a cold beam that tore through the void, striking the Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao.

The sharp sword beam was irrepressible. The moment it came into contact with the array, it instantly tore through it. The sword beam's momentum did not decrease as runic patterns began shattering one after another!

Yi Yun flew out, sword in hand, from the Twelve Gates of the Illusion Dao, transforming into an azure beam that instantly appeared in front of Feng Yunyang!

"What!?"

High up in the sky, Feng Yunyang was alarmed. He retreated rapidly while wiping his interspatial ring, hoping to take out a scimitar. But Yi Yun's sword was too fast. It far exceeded Feng Yunyang's reaction time.

At the end of the sword beam was the Heretical God Fire Seed, fused with Extreme Yin frost ice!

With the alternating extremes of hot and cold, Feng Yunyang's protective Yuan Qi instantly shattered as the Mirage Snow pierced straight through his body.

"Puah!"

Blood splattered as Feng Yunyang felt as though the right side of his body had become immersed in chaotic energy. Its heat was about to burn his visceral organs to ash while the cold was about to chill his bone marrow!

Feng Yunyang had no way of resisting such force. At that moment, the Mirage Snow had stabbed and pulled, slashing off one of Feng Yunyang's arms!

As for this arm of Feng Yunyang's, it had just grabbed the scimitar in his interspatial ring but it was instantly frozen. And within the ice, the arm was burnt by flames, turning into a charred black mess!

"Ah!"

Feng Yunyang cried out tragically as he plummeted from a high altitude.

"Bam!"

Feng Yunyang fell head down and with full force. The right side of his body had his entire arm lopped off from the shoulder. His wound had been sealed in ice but beneath the ice were burnt wounds. It looked extremely wretched!

In fact, Yi Yun's strike had contained the Extreme Yin frost Qi

and the Heretical God Fire Seed. They had severely destroyed Feng Yunyang's meridians. Without large amounts of heavenly treasures and several months of recuperation, it would be impossible for him to recover.

And this was Yi Yun showing mercy. Had he not, his strike could have killed Feng Yunyang!

He had left Feng Yunyang alive mostly to question him. Secondly, Yi Yun was not ready to lose decorum with the Myriad God Ridge. He knew that the Myriad God Patriarch had put forth great effort to nurture Feng Yunyang. Furthermore, he had held a meeting to personally confirm Feng Yunyang's status as the Myriad God Ridge's sect master successor. As such, Feng Yunyang was probably very important to the Myriad God Patriarch. Killing him would be the fastest way to make an enemy of the Myriad God Patriarch.

Even with Old Snake backing him, Yi Yun still lacked confidence in that fight.

"What did you just said. Who was the genius from the Seven Desolates' White Lunar Divine Empire?"

The cold Mirage Snow was held beside Feng Yunyang's cheek. The devastating cold bit at his skin as the hair on his skin stood straight up. His skin was being subtly sliced apart by the frost Qi as the streams of blood meandered down Mirage Snow's blade. However, they quickly froze into red ice crystals that fell off. They did not stain the sword even once.

"You...you..."

Feng Yunyang's voice trembled. He had yet to come to. How was he so easily defeated? Why was the youth in front of him so powerful?

Feng Yunyang believed that there was hardly anyone his age that could match him. Although he knew he was nothing much in the White Lunar Divine Empire, he was certain that he could reign supreme in the Myriad God Ridge. How was he defeated in a simple face-off? Furthermore, it was such an abject defeat!

Chapter 1265: Lin Xintong

Upon seeing the situation unfold, all the Elders and personal disciples present were completely confounded. They originally believed that, as the last disciple of the patriarch, Feng Yunyang would have talent that stood at the pinnacle of the Calm Sea, invincible among those at the same realm.

In the battle with the two ambitious personal disciples, Feng Yunyang had easily clinched victory. Many who witnessed it even believed that he had yet to use all his strength. But now, when facing off with Yi Yun, he was defeated in one hit?

Days ago, Yi Yun had fought Song Bowen and defeated him with one hit. Now he had also defeated Feng Yunyang in one hit! There was almost no discernible difference!

So what kind of strength did Yi Yun have? The patriarch might as well have taken Yi Yun in as his last disciple.

"Did you not hear the question I just asked?"

As Yi Yun repeated his question, Mirage Snow's blade constantly sliced into Feng Yunyang's cheeks. The right half of Feng Yunyang's face was frozen and it felt as if he was being repeatedly pricked by needles.

At that moment, his heart was seized by extreme terror. Amid the biting cold, all he could muster was a stutter. "I... I said..."

"In terms of strength, I am inferior to... Bai Shanhe and... Lin Xintong..."

"Who is Lin Xintong? What background does she have?" Yi Yun asked again.

However, how could Feng Yunyang know the answer? Back in the Seven Desolates continent, he was only a disciple from a tiny sect and not a citizen of the White Lunar Divine Empire. He shook his head, still in a daze. "I... I really do not know. I only know that she is the last disciple of the White Lunar Goddess Empress."

Upon hearing Feng Yunyang's answer, Yi Yun frowned. He was unsatisfied with that answer.

He could not be absolutely certain that the Lin Xintong in question was his wife. However, on careful thought, Yi Yun remembered hearing from Princess White Fox that Lin Xintong had encountered fortuitous events that greatly increased her strength. He knew that Lin Xintong had also arrived in the Sinkhole.

There were as many warriors in the Sinkhole as there were grains of sand in the Ganges river. It was not rare for people to share the same name. However, she was a top genius. The amount of geniuses was drastically less and so the chance of two people sharing the same name was infinitesimal.

"Yi Yun! What are you doing? Are you not going to release Junior

Brother Feng Yunyang yet!?"

Seeing how Feng Yunyang's head was about to be completely encased in ice, Cang Wu bellowed.

Yi Yun turned around and looked at Cang Wu. It was a look that nearly made Cang Wu's knees buckle.

Yi Yun was too strange. How was his strength so great? Feng Yunyang was already a four-storey Dao Palace warrior and he had excellent talent. If Yi Yun could so easily defeat him, didn't it mean that he already had strength that approached that of a Supremacy?

This thought left Cang Wu alarmed. If that was the case, wouldn't the sect master want Yi Yun as his last disciple? Could it even be possible that he would one day become the sect master of Myriad God Ridge?

Cang Wu was not the only one who had such a thought. Many who witnessed the battle shared it. Yi Yun's brutal defeat of Feng Yunyang appeared to be a slight to the patriarch but, according to the tradition of the Myriad God Patriarch, he would end up being praised for his ability to trample over Feng Yunyang.

Once Yi Yun rose directly to a high position, what sort of fruits did those who had offended him deserve?

Zhang Tianxiang and Song Zhanchen had especially pale faces. If Yi Yun gained power, the question was no longer the kind of fruit.

It was possible that their entire family clan would be wiped out from the Myriad God Ridge! At that moment, Zhang Tianxing and Song Zhanchen were no longer in the right mind to bother about Yi Yun murdering some juniors.

"Junior Brother Yi, it's best you hand Feng Yunyang over to me. He is the patriarch's disciple after all."

Cang Wu knew that he could not suppress Yi Yun, so he mentioned the patriarch to pressure him.

Yi Yun's brows moved slightly. He would not get a satisfactory answer to his question and there was no value in holding Feng Yunyang hostage. Besides, he had no idea what schemes the Myriad God Patriarch had in store. Feng Yunyang was probably of great use to him. There was no reason for Yi Yun to kill Feng Yunyang.

Yi Yun kicked Feng Yunyang, sending his body tumbling away. After a few rolls, he landed in Cang Wu's hands.

Upon touching Feng Yunyang's body, Cang Wu felt like he was touching a block of ice. Cang Wu took a deep breath and retrieved a pill from his interspatial ring to feed Feng Yunyang.

The people present exchanged looks. No one imagined the possibility of Feng Yunyang being instantly defeated by Yi Yun.

"Young Master Yi, please do not take any offense I may have

rendered you to heart."

"Young Master Yi has truly opened my eyes today. I thought that Feng Yunyang was a rare genius of this world, but who knew that Young Master Yi is actually a genius freak of nature that bests the Sinkhole?"

Many people said such things in great embarrassment. They were trying their best to redeem whatever impressions Yi Yun had of them.

At that moment, it felt like they had just swallowed a fly. What the heck just happened? A group of high-spirited men had come to Sunken Moon Tower to see it given over to Feng Yunyang but, in a blink of an eye, Feng Yunyang was beaten to a pulp. Now they were implicated by Feng Yunyang's bad luck.

"Let's go. To the sect master."

Cang Wu was extremely glum. He was a proud person, and he had confidently connived against Yi Yun in various ways. Now, it was impossible for him to say anything good to Yi Yun. All he could do was leave as quickly as possible.

The group of people left with their tails between their legs. Yi Yun naturally continued to stay in Sunken Moon Tower, and no one dared to ask him to move out again.

...

Fifteen minutes later, in a dark hall, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, with Yuan Qi lingering around it, stood tall in the middle of the hall like a burning black flame.

A red-dressed boy was standing in front of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron facing it. His back was to the door, and behind him was a gray-shirted elder who was none other than the Myriad God Ridge's sect master.

"Your Lordship, Feng Yunyang has been defeated by Yi Yun. Furthermore, he has had one arm chopped off. The severed arm has been sealed in frost Qi and burnt by black flames. It's not impossible to rejoin his arm, but it would require a great deal of time and natural herbs."

"I know about it," The red-dressed boy said in a deep tone. His voice remained as hoarse as ever. "What an incompetent fool. All he has is passable talent, and his present strength is only a result of the large number of resources I spent on him. Yet he prides himself on that and thinks too highly of himself. His foolishness is truly unparalleled!"

Upon mentioning Feng Yunyang, the red-dressed boy revealed a look of disgust. Were it not for the huge purpose that disciple of his had, even he would have smacked him to death.

"What do we do with that Yi Yun? He's truly arrogant. Previously, he killed Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen, two personal disciples. Now, he has severely injured Feng Yunyang,

completely disparaging our Myriad God Ridge's rules. If we do not deal with him, he will only go from bad to worse. But at the same time, his talent is the highest I've seen in my life. I'm at a loss for how to deal with him."

When Yi Yun was mentioned, the red-dressed boy showed a rare frown. From his point of view, Yi Yun was like an unfathomable body of water. He did not resemble a young man at all.

"Since this Yi Yun managed to trigger the dragon soul within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, his bloodline must be relatively pure. Leave him be for now. Monitor his every move carefully. I do not want any mishaps to happen at the last moment."

"I have already been monitoring him." The sect master received the order. "I will definitely do my best to ensure that everything goes smoothly."

Chapter 1266: Coming Storm

After Yi Yun lopped off Feng Yunyang's arm, his situation in Myriad God Ridge instantly became delicate. Many people began to fear even walking by Sunken Moon Tower. It was a place they wouldn't dare disturb. Against Yi Yun, many people only had bad endings.

However, with the passage of time, what people originally thought would happen did not happen. Yi Yun was not taken in by the Patriarch as a personal disciple. Instead, Yi Yun was forbidden from entering and exiting his tower. There were dedicated law enforcement teams that monitored him, limiting his freedom.

This decision baffled many people. What was the Patriarch doing? He did not punish Yi Yun nor did he promote him to be his last disciple. Instead, he grounded Yi Yun.

Feng Yunyang, meanwhile, who everyone thought was completely defeated by Yi Yun to the point of having his confidence destroyed, had his broken arm fixed after the Myriad God Ridge Sect Master spent large amounts of natural treasures. He was recuperating in bed.

Eventually, Feng Yunyang was mostly recovered after two months. He was still the Patriarch's disciple, with no change in his status.

As for Yi Yun, he remained an ordinary personal disciple, but he was never seen by the sect master. The Myriad God Sect Master's

attitude towards Yi Yun was obvious. Yi Yun had brutally beaten up Feng Yunyang and was later grounded. Not once did he meet with Yi Yun. It was as though Yi Yun was not his disciple at all.

"It looks like Yi Yun is not trusted..."

Elders discussed in private. In terms of talent, Yi Yun naturally overshadowed everyone in the Myriad God Ridge. However, he was not considered an important disciple. Instead, he was monitored. The only explanation was that Yi Yun was not trusted by the sect master and the Myriad God Patriarch.

"I wonder why Sect Master doesn't trust Yi Yun. Perhaps it has to do with his murderous rampage. Ignoring the fact he had killed Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen, he even brutally beat Feng Yunyang. It was a figurative smack in the Patriarch's face. The Patriarch would naturally be displeased."

"There's something odd about it, though. If he's not trusted, why don't they just expel him from the sect? Why confine Yi Yun in Sunken Moon Tower? What's going on?"

Some people had this thought but, the more they thought, the more perilous Yi Yun's situation appeared to be. Could it be that since the sect master and the patriarch did not trust him, they believed that they would offend Yi Yun if they expelled him? Offending a freak of nature would lead to negative repercussions, so they might as well ground Yi Yun forever?

No one could figure out the patriarch and sect master's thoughts

so they decided to give up. However, there was one thing that was true without a doubt. There was no way Yi Yun would rise to power in the Myriad God Ridge in the near future. Those that had offended Yi Yun heaved a sigh of relief. At the very least, they would not be targeted by Yi Yun for revenge.

Time passed with things being extremely calm.

Yi Yun did not mind being confined at all. He cultivated daily and solidified his fifth-storey Dao Palace's foundations.

The Dao Palace realm needed time above all else. Many peerless geniuses would spend centuries in the Dao Palace realm, with some even deliberately repressing their cultivation level so that they had time to work on their foundations.

However, from Yi Yun's point of view, those that repressed their cultivations did so more from lack of confidence in their nomological insight. They wanted more time to make up for it. Back in the Dao Manifestation realm, Yi Yun had condensed four nine-leaf Dao fruits. In terms of laws, he had perfected them. As long as his accumulations reached a threshold, he would automatically make a breakthrough.

"Yi Yun, I've no idea what the Myriad God Patriarch is doing recently. Even I'm unable to investigate him."

One day, Old Snake suddenly appeared. It was as though he had appeared out of thin air in Yi Yun's cultivation chamber.

"What's wrong?"

"That undying old fart has put up an array formation to screen his residence district. My perception is unable to penetrate it. If I were to forcefully infiltrate it, he would definitely sense it."

Old Snake revealed a rare solemn expression. Yi Yun did not respond. Since Old Snake was at a loss for a solution, it was natural that he didn't have a solution either.

Old Snake sat on Yi Yun's stone bed and took out an alcohol gourd. As he drank, he said, "I keep having the feeling that he's planning something but I can't guess it. By grounding you, it probably means that he will target you in the near future. If you continue staying in the Myriad God Ridge, there might be danger."

Old Snake spoke honestly. He was not completely certain that he could protect Yi Yun.

Yi Yun faltered slightly. "Senior, do you think you can match the Myriad God Patriarch in a head-on fight?"

Upon hearing Yi Yun's question, Old Snake shook the alcohol in his gourd. After a long while, he said with a long sigh, "My strength isn't as you imagine. You probably think my strength is so unfathomable that I have deliberately hidden. But in fact, you are wrong. There are limitations to what I can do."

"I was once seriously injured. The power in my body has been

sealed. If I want to take action, I will have to unseal my power first. The more I unseal, the stronger I become, but it will also damage my body more and more. If I unseal sixty to seventy percent of the power within me, there is no one who can match me in the Myriad God Ridge, or even the entire Calm Sea. However, the damage to my body would be extremely serious. It might even make me fall into a deep slumber. I try not to use so much of my strength or I won't have much left of my lifespan."

After Old Snake drank a mouthful of his spirit, he wiped his mouth. He had experienced a long life and been through things that no one knew. He described the past casually with the words 'once seriously injured.' It left Yi Yun taken aback. Who could have severely injured Old Snake?

This was the first time he was hearing Old Snake recount his past in such a serious manner.

He never expected that the reason Old Snake was the way that he was was that he had suffered heavy injuries. But even so, by unsealing a portion of his strength, he could easily dominate the Calm Sea. What sort of figure was he at his peak?

When he recalled carefully, Yi Yun remembered that he was curious about the old fellow's cultivation level when he first met him. He suspected that he was playing the sucker and thus, used the Purple Crystal Origins's energy vision to look at Old Snake's body.

What he found was that Old Snake's cultivation level was as bad as it could be. The only difference was that he had a gray energy

blob in his body. However, Yi Yun was unable to identify what the gray energy blob was.

From the looks of it, the gray energy blob was related to what Old Snake had previously experienced.

It seemed like his injuries were the main reason that Old Snake led a hermit life.

As he had sealed his own powers, he usually appeared like an ordinary and weak old scammer. No one would take him seriously. With Old Snake having experienced the many twists and turns of life, he was no longer affected by trivial matters. This resulted in him treating life as a game. He didn't even care about the small sect he lost in the past when its territory was snatched by others.

Yi Yun asked, "Senior, if you can defeat Myriad God Patriarch in a short amount of time, and the price you pay is within bearable limits, why don't you take action now, and directly kill the Myriad God Patriarch to obtain the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?"

Old Snake shook his head and said, "Don't forget, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron doesn't actually belong to the Myriad God Patriarch. Even if I kill the Myriad God Patriarch, I will not be able to bring the Ascending Dragon Cauldron away. Besides, that undying old fart has researched the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for a million years. He knows a lot more about it than I do. In addition, he has the entire Myriad God Ridge searching for the resources he needs. I believe that to truly awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, we will probably need that undying old fart to do it."

"I came here to warn you. If you do not want to be caught in this quagmire, I can send you away now. After all, I don't know what that old fool is currently plotting."

Old Snake was sincerely advising Yi Yun.

Yi Yun fell silent for a while before shaking his head.

It would be very easy to leave but he did not wish to. He had a nagging feeling that the matter of the twelve Dao Ancestor's divine artifacts was related to the secrets of the Heaven and Earth. If he were to leave today, he would probably miss a lot of it.

"Hehe! Kid, I figured that you would refuse to leave before I even asked," Old Snake suddenly laughed out as he drank his alcohol.

"Senior, since you guessed it, why did you still ask me?"

"I'm just getting you mentally prepared. Should things go wrong, don't you go blaming me for any harm that befalls you. Don't worry. You are someone that lass Chenxue entrusted me with. Even if I have to risk unsealing fifty percent of my strength, I'll protect you well. And if everything fails, I'll make sure that your body is intact for a burial."

As Old Snake continued, he turned flippant.

Yi Yun shook his head speechlessly. However, since Old Snake said he could defeat the Myriad God Patriarch in a frontal assault, it was unlikely that any serious problems would befall them.

"Kid, this mark is for you."

As Old Snake spoke, he raised his hand and produced a mark. He sent out a stream of light that sank straight into Yi Yun's body.

"If you encounter any danger, the mark will immediately shatter, and I'll sense it. And so you know, I am constantly locking on to this Sunken Moon Tower of yours with my perception. Leaving a mark in your body is only an extra measure."

As Old Snake spoke, his figure flashed, vanishing directly from the chamber.

Yi Yun looked at the stone bed where Old Snake had vanished from. He took a deep breath. The rising wind forebodes the coming storm!

He was waiting to see what the Myriad God Patriarch would do next.

Chapter 1267: Soul Seed

Three months later, in the 'God' room at the top floor of the Myriad God Restaurant, a table of sumptuous delicacies was laid out. The price of the table of dishes exceeded that of what Yi Yun ate back then.

Eight female attendants, dressed in revealing attire, surrounded the table, waiting on the patrons. Some were pouring alcohol, others were offering tea. A few were serving food, while the rest massaged the patrons.

Feng Yunyang was sitting among the eight female attendants while he embraced them, fully indulging himself in their services.

And sitting in front of him were other personal disciples. Although Feng Yunyang had been brutally beaten by Yi Yun to the point of losing an arm, he remained the patriarch's last disciple. As such, he was still someone that people fawned over and were obsequious to.

Feng Yunyang enjoyed days like this. He came all the way from a small sect to being the successor of a mighty power. It was an unimaginable leap in status. It gave him an immense sense of satisfaction.

"Young Sect Master, that Yi Yun has already been grounded for nearly half a year. From the looks of it, it will continue that way. This is clearly meant to be the patriarch's punishment for Yi Yun, but it's too light," Someone said.

Everyone knew that Yi Yun was a thorn in Feng Yunyang's side. If one wanted to be friendly with Feng Yunyang, speaking ill of Yi Yun was a must.

When he heard Yi Yun's name, Feng Yunyang knitted his brows together. He gnashed his teeth in anger towards Yi Yun. If not for his master paying a huge price to reattach his arm, he would have been a cripple for life.

"Hmph! Master has already been searching for a large amount of natural treasures for me. In a few months, these natural treasures will be refined into a medicinal fluid that will cleanse my body. When that time comes, I'll experience a meteoric rise in strength. That Yi Yun cleaved off my arm half a year ago but, once I attain formidable strength, I'll sever him of all of his limbs, cut off his nose and ears, and make him into a human pole!"

Feng Yunyang had downed about half a jug of Immortal Inebriation and was already somewhat tipsy. He had an unyielding and intractable personality, to begin with, so after drinking Immortal Inebriation, he no longer minced his words.

"Oh? Young Sect Master, are you implying that the list of items that the patriarch produced half a year ago has already been collected?"

Upon hearing Feng Yunyang's words, the people present could not help but recall the list that the patriarch had taken out back then. The ingredients listed sold for astronomical prices, so to find

them, one needed large amounts of wealth as well as a bit of luck.

Even the Myriad God Patriarch himself would find it extremely difficult to gather these ingredients. That was why he offered enticing rewards to motivate the Myriad God Ridge's hundred plus families to use their family connections.

With so many family clans, with many of them so entrenched in the Calm Sea that they had deep roots, it made the search for items a lot more efficient.

"More than half have been gathered. There are some that still haven't been found. I believe there's no chance of finding them anytime soon, so the patriarch has already planned on beginning to refine the medicinal fluid," Feng Yunyang said smugly.

So what if Yi Yun was formidable? Wasn't he still given the cold shoulder despite his strength? Wasn't he grounded? How could he compare to Feng Yunyang? Once his body was successfully cleansed, Yi Yun's days would be over.

Feng Yunyang was determined to kill Yi Yun. He could tell that the patriarch and sect master were not fond of Yi Yun either, in fact they even seemed to detest him.

He figured that the original intention behind grounding Yi Yun was that they were afraid that Yi Yun would one day develop his strength and seek revenge on the Myriad God Ridge. As such, even if he killed Yi Yun, he would not be blamed by the patriarch and sect master. Instead, he would resolve a worry in their hearts.

Upon thinking of this, Feng Yunyang turned even more spirited.

Killing Yi Yun could banish the mental demons that plagued him and redeem his public disgrace. What awaited him in the future were limitless prospects. The world would truly be at his command, allowing him to enjoy countless beauties and a lifespan of ten million years. Wasn't this the pinnacle of one's life!?

"Young Sect Master, you truly have good fortune to be thought so highly of by the patriarch. You make us extremely envious."

The people present said such things with pangs of sour grapes. They knew that Feng Yunyang's talent was not amazing, but it was enough to beat theirs. Compared to a freak of nature like Yi Yun, he was quite inferior. He did not seem to deserve the number of resources the patriarch was spending to nurture him. This sort of favorable treatment left others exploding with jealousy!

In fact, a few months ago, there were rumors that Feng Yunyang was the patriarch's illegitimate son!

Even with the patriarch being in charge of the Myriad God Ridge for so many years, there had been no news of him having a son. In fact, he did not even have any women by his side.

People speculated that it was due to the strange cultivation techniques that the patriarch practiced in. He had transformed his body into that of a boy and could not engage in sex, making it very difficult for him to have children. And it was possible that as he

neared the end of his life, he had used special methods to produce an illegitimate son, Feng Yunyang, with great difficulty. And this resulted in his favorable treatment. If not, there was no other adequate explanation.

If that was truly the case, no one could protest no matter what treatment Feng Yunyang received.

How could Feng Yunyang not know the thoughts of everyone? Their envious and jealous looks only made him smugger.

At that moment, Feng Yunyang's disciple token suddenly lit up. A voice transmission from the patriarch!

After learning the contents of the voice transmission, Feng Yunyang's expression changed. "I have something that requires my attention. I'll be leaving first. Continue eating!"

As he spoke, Feng Yunyang flashed and vanished from the Myriad God Restaurant.

Although Feng Yunyang enjoyed indulging in pleasure, he was still aware of what mattered most. The patriarch had given him everything, so whatever the patriarch instructed him to do, he had to finish it immediately.

Fifteen minutes later, Feng Yunyang had arrived at the seclusion grounds of the Myriad God Patriarch.

"Master!"

Feng Yunyang gave a disciple's bow. Towards the old man, Feng Yunyang showed extreme respect. But deep in his heart, he was not entirely comfortable with the fact that this person could determine his fate at any time.

"I summoned you here to plant the Soul Seed," the red-dressed boy said in his hoarse voice.

"Another planting? It's only been eighteen days."

A Soul Seed was a soul cultivation method that the Myriad God Patriarch had discovered. In the past, one planting was done every eighty-one days, followed by forty-nine days, then thirty-six. Now, it had only been eighteen days since the last planting of the Soul Seed.

As of now, Feng Yunyang had already had more than thirty Soul Seeds planted in him.

After experiencing the baptism of each Soul Seed, the strength of Feng Yunyang's soul would increase tremendously. This also gradually reduced the original doubts he had in his heart.

The planting of Soul Seeds required that Feng Yunyang not put up any resistance. It had to be completely consensual. In the beginning, Feng Yunyang had his doubts. But after thinking of his status as a junior, that there was no reason a patriarch would

scheme against him, he felt at ease. Following that, the patriarch spent a large number of resources on him and had declared him as the successor to the sect master. This made him increasingly believe in the patriarch.

As the red-dressed boy formed hand seals, a gray aura shot out from his fingertip and entered Feng Yunyang's glabella.

Feng Yunyang's body trembled suddenly as his face turned slightly pale. Following that, there was a pain in his soul sea that lasted for a full fifteen minutes before gradually receding.

Every planting of the Soul Seed brought pain to his soul, and each attempt was more intense than the other. According to the patriarch, this was a natural reaction as one's cultivation in the technique grew more profound.

Although Feng Yunyang had his hesitancies, he had already been cultivating in it for so long. There was no turning back, and so he had to continue down the path.

"It's almost done," said the red-dressed boy in a slow tone. His voice sounded like an old man that was getting nearer and nearer to a coffin.

"Tomorrow will probably be the day I cleanse your body."

Upon hearing the patriarch's words, Feng Yunyang was surprised and delighted. "That fast!?"

"Yes, I have the necessary ingredients needed for cleansing your body. There's no need to carry on waiting."

Chapter 1268: Ensuring Success

Overnight, the Myriad God Ridge's main peak suddenly turned cold. Large snowflakes the size of down feathers fluttered across the sky and continued to fall for about ten hours. Early the next morning, when the Myriad God Ridge disciples opened their doors, they saw meter-thick snow. The feet of those who stepped through it sunk to their kneecaps, producing grinding sounds.

"What a huge snowstorm!"

Duanmu Qingwen was fascinated by the silver-coated world outside.

One had to know that with the Myriad God Ridge being on a hundred thousand foot tall mountain, it should have been extremely cold. But array formations covered the Myriad God Ridge that kept the temperature at a comfortable level. Such heavy snow was truly rare.

The Myriad God Ridge was originally covered with all sorts of spirit vegetation. The palaces were also mostly constructed from gorgeous jade. Now, they were covered in crystalline white snowflakes, with a clear frost stream flowing across them. It was truly as though flowers were in full bloom amid the towering jade buildings. Everything took on an appearance that was crystalline and enchanting.

"It was a heavy one..."

Yi Yun also came to the yard's entrance. The morning air was at its freshest with the cool chill, and the air he inhaled truly left him feeling refreshed.

Duanmu Qingwen felt a lot happier after seeing the beautiful scenery. Although she had been grounded for the past half year because of Yi Yun, she was not bored, despite the days being filled with nothing but leisure.

"Young Master, about Zuoyan Xiaoyu..."

All this time, Duanmu Qingwen had no idea of Zuoyan Xiaoyu's whereabouts. Although she once considered Zuoyan Xiaoyu a rival, she also felt a kinship with her and so wondered where she was.

"She's very well. There's no need for you to worry."

Yi Yun had nowhere to hide Zuoyan Xiaoyu, so he could only stow her away in the God Advent Tower and give her some cultivation techniques to keep her busy. That was all he could do until he settled the situation with the Myriad God Ridge.

As Yi Yun spoke, the morning bell suddenly sounded from the Myriad God Ridge's main peak.

Gong! Gong! Gong! Gong...

The ringing bell could be heard from all over the Myriad God Ridge's grounds.

"Oh? This is the bell that summons all personal disciples and Elders."

Yi Yun was taken aback. The last time the patriarch returned, he had summoned for everybody, but he had not rung the bell.

"The bell has been rung. All personal disciples have been called the Jade Emperor Palace on the mountaintop. You have to go as well!"

A few black-clothed guardians came in front of Sunken Moon Tower and informed Yi Yun with a commanding tone.

For the past half year, Yi Yun had been grounded. These black-clothed guardians would patrol the area daily. They did not even rest when it snowed the entire night.

"I have to go?" Yi Yun's brows pricked up. Did he have to go while grounded...

He had a premonition that something was going to happen on his trip to Jade Emperor Palace. However, Old Snake had left a mark in him. If he were to encounter any danger, Old Snake would know of it immediately. Furthermore, Old Snake had mentioned that even the Myriad God Patriarch was not his match, so it did not seem like there was too much to worry about.

With this thought emboldening him, Yi Yun followed the black-

clothed guardians and headed for Jade Emperor Palace.

On the way, he saw numerous personal disciples and Elders traveling in groups. Stepping on the accumulated snow, they marred the beautiful scene with their haphazard footsteps across the flat and smooth snow.

Finally, the summoned elders and disciples came to a square in front of Jade Emperor Palace. However, Yi Yun was somewhat special. He was surrounded by a few black-clothed guardians, making him stand out.

In the middle of the Jade Emperor Palace, Yi Yun saw Feng Yunyang at a glance.

Feng Yunyang was dressed in special young sect master's attire today. It had been tailor-made and, judging by the workmanship on the materials, only the best fabrics were used. It aided both cultivation and defense and was worth eight million Spirit Jade. Many were envious of the extravagant piece of clothing.

As his status had never changed, Feng Yunyang remained the moon that was encircled by the stars. This formed a stark contrast with Yi Yun.

"Isn't that Yi Yun? Has he actually been released? Well, that's nice. He needs to get some air or he might suffocate in there."

Standing beside Feng Yunyang, someone saw Yi Yun and said this

in derision. It was Song Bowen's father, Song Zhanchen.

Over the past half year, it appeared that the Myriad God Ridge was making every effort to compensate the Song and Zhang family for the deaths of their heirs. It selected two young men from the respective families with outstanding talent and made them personal disciples. This made the Song and Zhang family a lot more confident. Furthermore, they learned from Cang Wu and Feng Yunyang that Yi Yun was not valued by the patriarch in any way. Instead, the patriarch seemed to have a silent agenda of finishing off Yi Yun. This made them show no more fear towards Yi Yun.

Feng Yunyang looked back at Yi Yun. His gaze had a derisive hint to it.

He knew very well that the patriarch called this meeting today to cleanse his body. After that happened, his cultivation level would enjoy a meteoric rise and Yi Yun would no longer be his match.

"Yi Yun, long time no see. How's it going? Are you out on probation? Why aren't you in a prison wagon? How pitiful. So what if you defeated me half a year ago? Today, I stand with Master on this Jade Emperor Platform, while you are but a lowly prisoner. The difference in our status will never change!"

"By the way, you must be curious why my master imprisoned you. Let me tell you now. Master was giving me time, time for me to develop my strength before I defeat you. You are only a grinding stone for me!"

Feng Yunyang was not quiet in his speech. He spoke delightedly with a deliberate sense of revenge. Many people heard him.

This information was in fact confirmed yesterday by the sect master. Even as Feng Yunyang intended to make Yi Yun a human pole, he still had his reservations. Therefore, he asked the sect master for the reason behind imprisoning Yi Yun. He never expected to receive an answer that gave him such a pleasant surprise.

"What? The patriarch and the sect master imprisoned Yi Yun in order to make him a grinding stone for Young Sect Master?"

People were astonished but, on careful thought, there was indeed such a possibility. If the patriarch wanted to punish Yi Yun, there was no need to go through all the trouble to imprison him. No matter how much of a genius Yi Yun was, he was only a junior. Crippling him directly would put an end to things. Why was there a need to imprison him? So that was the reason why!

Indeed, with Feng Yunyang receiving a setback from Yi Yun, his Dao heart had been damaged. The ridicule he faced in the future would become a mental demon that plagued him. Only by defeating Yi Yun would he be free of that mental demon.

By defeating Yi Yun after having his body cleansed, his mental demon would be removed, and Feng Yunyang's cultivation level would soar.

"So that's the reason. I was wondering why the patriarch imprisoned Yi Yun."

Zhang Tianxing laughed out loudly. The stone that weighed down his heart was finally lifted. As long as it was executed in such a manner, Yi Yun would definitely die.

"Patriarch sure goes to great lengths. It's really enviable that Young Sect Master has such a master."

"From what Young Sect Master said, wouldn't that make Yi Yun a beast reared for training purposes?" the newly promoted personal disciple from the Song family said with a laugh.

He was thin and had slanted eyebrows. As Yi Yun was too powerful, he did not dare to make any over-the-top statements in case Yi Yun remained able. At most, he would mock him behind his back. But now, knowing of Yi Yun's destined outcome, this kid who had only reached the first-storey Dao Palace began to assume the majesty of others.

Now, the Song and Zhang families had a clear goal. They would desperately cling on to the powerhouse known as Feng Yunyang.

When the slanted brow punk made the comment, people began roaring with laughter. "The kid from the Song family has made such a perfect analogy!"

Yi Yun remained indifferent towards the reprobation that Feng

Yunyang, as well as the many Myriad God Ridge Elders and personal disciples, gave him. He remained silent.

He was already accustomed to being in a perilous situation. He was only waiting for the Myriad God Patriarch and the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

At that moment, the atmosphere of the square suddenly changed. A powerful and cold energy descended from the sky.

Yi Yun looked up. Somehow, the red-dressed boy had appeared above the square without anyone noticing.

He rested his bare feet on a gigantic cauldron. Yi Yun had seen the cauldron once before. It was a replica of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. The last time the red-dressed boy appeared, he had appeared on the cauldron as well!

"Greetings, Patriarch!"

All the Elders and personal disciples immediately bowed to the patriarch.

Yi Yun couldn't be bothered with bowing. Since he was almost at the point of losing all decorum with the Myriad God Patriarch, he didn't care.

The red-dressed boy did not even give the upright Yi Yun a look. It was as though Yi Yun's very existence was of no importance to

him.

He looked up as dark clouds shrouded the sky. The heavy snow from the previous night had not let up.

"Clouds, disperse!"

The patriarch nonchalantly said the two words and they manifested into reality. Two golden words flew into the sky.

Demonic chants began to flash as the dark clouds in the sky were dispersed because of the patriarch's sentence. Sunlight scattered down and, in a blink of an eye, the sky was a lot brighter!

The red-dressed boy stood in a beam of golden sunlight with his eyes closed. As he basked in the sunlight, he took a deep breath and opened his eyes to look at everyone present.

"Let's begin!"

"Yes!" An elder appeared from behind the red-dressed boy. He was none other than the Myriad God Sect Master.

He took out seventy-two array flags from his interspatial ring and waved his hand, scattering the array flags around the square's periphery.

Following that, an old woman walked out of the crowd. Yi Yun

had seen her before. Back when the Myriad God Sect Master failed in his attempt to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, she had been there. She was the one that had brought Snake Girl along.

When he saw the old woman, Yi Yun had a thought. Was Snake Girl also here?

He looked around for her and indeed, he saw her among the crowd.

Upon noticing Yi Yun's gaze, Snake Girl forced a smile. Her situation was obviously not that great!

"Snake Girl is here. Old Snake probably also left a mark on her," Yi Yun thought. Although Old Snake appeared unreliable, he would still take care of his disciple while she was in the Myriad God Ridge.

The old woman began producing seals, and together with the Myriad God Sect Master, all the array flags were quickly set up in place. Black light shimmered from the array flags which surrounded the entire Jade Emperor Palace square.

"This array formation..."

Yi Yun's eyes twitched. Only then did he realize that Myriad God Patriarch was likely an array formation master!

One had to know that Feng Yunyang was also proud of his array

formations. Back at Sunken Moon Tower, Feng Yunyang had attacked Yi Yun with array formations. His so-called 'minute accomplishments' in array formations were, in fact, imparted to him by the Myriad God Patriarch. He was a reed that came from a tiny sect, to begin with, so how could he have attained much skill in array formations?

However, Myriad God Patriarch had nurtured Feng Yunyang into an array formation genius in a very short amount of time. That alone was evidence of the Myriad God Patriarch's mightiness in array formations!

When he came to this realization, Yi Yun knitted his brows tightly. He was unsure what the Myriad God Patriarch was doing.

At that moment, the Myriad God Patriarch threw a disk array out as the cauldron beneath him began to spin rapidly!

Following that, six drops of blood appeared in Myriad God Patriarch's palm!

Upon seeing the drops of blood, Yi Yun felt palpitations through his heart. He recognized the six drops of blood. Back when the Myriad God Sect Master attempted to trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, he had also used such drops of blood. However, it was heart-wrenching for him to even use a single drop.

But now, the Myriad God Patriarch had produced six drops in one go!

Yi Yun was unsure of the origins of the blood but he was certain that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron would have a great reaction to it.

"Go!"

Myriad God Patriarch flicked his finger as the six drops of blood shot into the Jade Emperor Palace!

The blood droplets were the size of peas but they had the strength of meteorites. They smashed into the Jade Emperor Palace, instantly collapsing the palace's main hall!

"Boom!"

The main hall's ceiling crashed down, and its columns shattered while rubble flew into the sky!

Upon seeing this scene, everyone present was confounded. That was the Jade Emperor Palace's main hall! It was a symbol of the Myriad God Ridge's supreme power. It had been standing there for millions of years and was treated as a sacred land by the Myriad God Ridge disciples. Why was no one doing anything as it was collapsing?

Why? Why did the patriarch destroy the Jade Emperor Palace?

Before they could think it through, a loud explosion sounded. While the Jade Emperor Palace's main hall was collapsing, the

ground beneath cracked apart. An ancient and unadorned bronze cauldron flew out from the cracks in the ground!

Boom! Boom! Boom! Boom!

Much of the palace collapsed because of the gigantic cauldron's emergence. The entire cauldron flickered with faint black light as though a black dragon was coiled within.

Upon seeing the cauldron, Yi Yun was alarmed. This was the true Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

The Myriad God Patriarch had used six drops of blood to awaken the true Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Yi Yun suddenly had an ominous foreboding! At that moment, the Myriad God Patriarch directly crushed the disk array in his hand.

"Ka-cha!"

The disk array shattered as immense Yuan Qi dispersed outwards. Simultaneously, the Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman flicked their sleeves, throwing out large amounts of Spirit Jade!

Spirit Jade was a common currency of the Sinkhole. But its original use was to provide Yuan Qi and energy needed for cultivation or array formations. And the Spirit Jade in the Myriad

God Sect Master and the old woman's hands were at least of superior grade. There was even some supreme-grade Spirit Jade there. None could say how much worth they were throwing away. The Spirit Jade spread among the array flags and, within moments, the entire square began to quake violently!

The earth quaked as space shattered. Yi Yun could see array runes that effused blood red beams of light suffusing from beneath his feet.

At that moment, the entire square had become a massive array formation. And this array formation was lifting up the crowd slowly into the sky!

Teleportation Array!?

Yi Yun was alarmed. His attainments in array formations were naturally inferior to the Myriad God Sect Master's, but he was extremely sensitive to spatial dimension laws. He immediately sensed that the array formation was trying to tear through the void!

Furthermore, he could tell it was a long-distance teleportation array because he could sense that the fluctuation of the spatial energies exceeded ordinary teleportation arrays by a hundred times. To require so much Spirit Jade and array flags, it was impossible that they would be teleported somewhere near!

"Oh no!"

Yi Yun's expression changed! If he was teleported away, it could lead to unimaginable consequences! However, at that moment, he was surrounded by a large number of Myriad God Elders, the Myriad God Sect Master, and the Patriarch. With Yi Yun's strength alone, it was impossible for him to destroy the teleportation array!

Chapter 1269: Nine Dragons Encircling Pearl

"Boom!"

Space was utterly torn apart as the crowd was struck with a strong bout of vertigo. They felt the world spin so fast that personal disciples with weaker cultivation levels, including Snake Girl, fell to the ground and nearly vomited.

"There's no need to panic." Myriad God Patriarch floated above everyone as he spoke slowly. "I am in the process of executing the most important ritual in the Myriad God Ridge's history. This ritual requires a massive array's support, and this massive array needs all of you to provide your powers. Once it succeeds, you will all become the greatest contributors to the Myriad God Ridge. I will hand my cultivation techniques and heritage to you for practice depending on your performance! Some will even be permitted to pass my techniques down to your family clan as part of your systematic heritage!"

When the red-dressed boy said that, everyone felt reverberations through their hearts. Their family clans could pass it down?

Didn't that mean that they could impart it to their children and grandchildren!?

Many family clans had already gotten rewards from amassing the ingredients on the list, but the number of people that truly benefited was small. Compared to the present opportunity of

enriching their descendants, and fortifying their family's heritage, the list's rewards were far inferior.

"Patriarch, that is brilliant! Are we heading to the ritual grounds now?" An elder asked eagerly.

The crowd's reaction was within the red-dressed boy's expectations. He revealed a deep and meaningful smile and said slowly, "That's right! Perhaps it's just me getting old, but I'm always terribly suspicious. I had a nagging feeling that someone would interfere with the ritual, so in order to ensure that failure is not an option, I planned on switching to a safer place. I will bring all of you into a hidden pocket world. The Yuan Qi in there is extremely rich but the world is naturally sealed by the powers of the heaven and earth, making it extremely hard to enter. I happened to chance upon a spatial node, which is how I was able to reach it in the past. However, that spatial node has been sealed shut by me through an array formation. No one but I can enter. It's absolutely safe."

"For this teleportation and the upcoming ritual, I have prepared a large amount of Spirit Jade. Even the Myriad God Ridge's Spirit Jade Repository has been emptied. Even the main peak's array formation has been halted. Why do you think the usually warm and springlike main peak would suddenly experience a snow storm last night?"

When the red-dressed boy said that with a laugh, Yi Yun felt as though he had plummeted into an ice cavern.

This smart tortoise! He was crafty and careful. Yi Yun never

imagined that he would choose a hidden pocket world as the final ritual's location.

And most importantly, he used the six drops of blood to make the Ascending Dragon Cauldron follow them through the teleportation array.

This was something Yi Yun had never thought of. Even Old Snake would most certainly be caught by surprise.

At that moment, an elder appeared in the ruins of the Jade Emperor Palace's main hall on Myriad God Ridge's main peak.

In front of him, the square was long gone. The teleportation array seemed rapacious. It had teleported both the square as well as the people!

"He actually managed to move the Ascending Dragon Cauldron away. How did he do it!?"

Old Snake muttered to himself. He always believed that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron did not belong to anyone. The Myriad God Patriarch had never managed to refine and bind it to himself, and being able to move it from the Myriad God Ridge's mountain peak to the foot of the mountain was the limit of his influence. How did he manage to bring it across the void?

And it was because the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was buried deep in the Myriad God Ridge's main peak that Old Snake never

considered the possibility of this happening.

And now, the Myriad God Patriarch's actions had completely thrown off Old Snake's schemes.

On careful thought, the old fellow had been guarding the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for at least several million years. With his attainments in array formations, it was not odd that he could deduce something from his research.

"I was careless! Too careless! I have to immediately find the teleportation destination!"

At that moment, Old Snake could not afford to hold back. The strength he had before he was injured far exceeded the Myriad God Patriarch's. Besides, Old Snake had lived a long life, so his comprehension of laws also far exceeded the Myriad God Patriarch's. Even his attainments in array formations did not lag behind the old man's.

The impossible could become the possible through his hands!

"Kid, you have to hold on. I'll try my best to follow the spatial trajectory of the teleportation and find the both of you!"

Old Snake was not just worried for Yi Yun, in fact, he was even more worried about Snake Girl. With a clear shout, he directly released the power that was sealed within him.

Instantly, his figure became a lot taller. His bent back also straightened. Although his aged appearance remained, his eyes were no longer turbid. Instead, they were like sparkling stars that exuded a profound glow.

Any spatial teleportation would leave behind traces. Just like a boat traveling through water left ripples, teleportation left similar rippling waves through space. As long as one followed these waves, one could find the direction and location of the teleportation's destination.

However, this needed extremely high accomplishments in spatial dimension laws. Furthermore, traveling through and searching various spatial storms expended a great deal of energy!

Old Snake did not know if he could accomplish the feat but he had no other choice. All he could do was risk it.

...

At that moment, the massive array the red-dressed boy presided over had crossed through several layers of space!

He sat cross-legged in midair and had a calm expression. Everyone present was feeling uneasy. On one hand, they placed their hopes on the patriarch's promises, and on the other hand, they did not know what the patriarch was up to.

What they thought to be an Elders' meeting ended up being

something of such great scale! Most critically, the Jade Emperor Palace had collapsed. Did the patriarch no longer care about Myriad God Ridge's main center, the symbol of its power and authority?

Fifteen minutes later, the entire array formation shook violently!

Moments later, the spatial storms that enveloped the array formation calmed down. The chaos from before also turned completely bright and clear.

What was presented in front of everybody was a pale red ocean. There was a gigantic island in the middle of the ocean that was pierced by several mountain ranges. These mountain ranges were filled with rift-valleys. They struck horror to one's mind and extended towards the land. And in the deep crevices of the rift-valleys was churning magma.

"This is a newly born world. The cracks you see are the product of the shifting continental plates. Lava flows out of them and there will come a day when the lava cools, forming new igneous rocks and land. They will crack again and solidify, with this process repeating over hundreds of millions of years. Then, this island will become a massive continent. And when the time comes, many lifeforms will appear, making this a flourishing world."

The patriarch used a casual tone to introduce the pocket world, but his words left Yi Yun shuddering.

This word was no different from a prison. He was completely

locked in.

"It's here."

The red-dressed boy controlled the massive array and landed in the center of the island.

Here, nine gigantic rifts enjoined. Lava spewed out of the rifts like nine inferno dragons that were holding onto a pearl.

The red-dressed boy said slowly, "This landform is known as the Nine Dragons Encircling Pearl. I have sought it for a long time, and finally, I have found it. The Heaven Earth Yuan Qi on this island gathers here through the nine gigantic rifts. This is a rich wonderland!"

Chapter 1270: Lost in Dreams

When the crowd landed on the sacred land, they immediately sensed an extremely rich fire-elemental Yuan Qi. It was where the Earth fire gathered, with flames spewing out as though they were alive!

Soon, people realized that there were array patterns engraved on the sacred land. The Patriarch had used a worldly array to isolate the land they were in.

A world that was already sealed, now further isolated by a massive array, truly made for an impermeable and unassailable realm.

This was also evidence that today's events were of the utmost importance to the Patriarch!

"It's finally beginning. I've been waiting so long for this," the red-dressed boy said in an excited tone.

As he spoke, he took out an interspatial ring and produced a hand seal. Large numbers of natural treasures began flying out of the interspatial ring!

They were all sealed in jade boxes.

"Open all of them."

On the patriarch's instruction, the Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman opened the jade boxes one after another.

Only then did people realize that the treasures that the Myriad God Patriarch had kept hidden far exceeded the ones from his earlier list. In fact, a lot of them were ten or even tens of times more valuable than the ones he tasked them with searching for!

The red-dressed boy carefully held up a small jar of milky white liquid. Yi Yun's eyelids twitched when he saw it.

"Dragon Bone Milk?"

Yi Yun knew it from the divine alchemist's notes. The milky liquid was the result of the melting of dragon bones over hundreds of millions of years. These dragon bones were obtained from the remains of a dragon's corpse, which was buried in a dark netherworld and corroded by the rich Yin gases present.

The liquid only took on this milky form through numerous fortuitous coincidences, so it was an extremely rare item. In addition, after obtaining the Dragon Bone Milk, one still had to be careful of the Yin poison it contained due to the long time spent in a dark netherworld that was rich with Yin gases. A typical warrior would instantly lose their vitality upon consuming the Dragon Bone Milk and would be reduced to a desiccated and cold corpse. There were special ways to remove the Yin poison but very few people knew of the method. Even the divine alchemist only knew of the method because he had chanced upon it in an ancient ruin.

Did the red-dressed boy actually know the method of handling Dragon Bone Milk?

Yi Yun was astonished. Since he had taken out the Dragon Bone Milk, he definitely had the means to refine it. It would be foolish to hope that an old monster like him would make such a stupid mistake and poison himself to death.

No one else recognized the Dragon Bone Milk. But one knowledgeable Elder did recognize the next worldly spiritual item the red-dressed boy took out.

It was an azure-colored fruit about the size of a fist. It was crystalline and looked like it was carved out of beautiful jade. It effused an alluring fragrance.

"This is... a fruit born from the Nine Revolutions Azure Tree? Legend has it that Nine Revolutions Azure Trees can live for billions of years. Such divine trees appear at the beginning of the universe and grow extremely slowly. In the beginning, they will only be tiny seeds that take root in ordinary soil, sprout, and initially grow an inch a year. However, they can live for an extremely long period of time and can grow to become towering divine trees after ten thousand years. At a million years old, the divine trees' crowns will resemble hundred-thousand-foot mountains. The tree trunk would be like a column that holds up the sky. After a billion years, their root networks would penetrate the planets they take root in, going deep into the planet's core where it would extract Earth fire. Eventually, they will span entire solar systems and, when the trees' crowns reach into the cosmos, they will even extract the essence of the celestial bodies!"

There were Elders that exclaimed such things. The azure-colored fruit was born from the Nine Revolutions Azure Tree. It was fascinating that such a gigantic tree would produce such small fruits. However, the fruit contained large amounts of highly compressed Nine Revolutions Azure Tree essence despite its small size.

In it was large amounts of vital Yuan Qi, and the greatest effect it had was to extend one's longevity!

After all, the Nine Revolutions Azure Tree could live for billions of years!

Rumor had it that they could provide immense vitality to the consumer, allowing them to regain their youth. Even Divine Lord experts who had their life potential repeatedly catalyzed would have their lives extended by ten to twenty thousand years after consuming the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit. Its value was even higher when refined into pills!

The Nine Revolutions Azure Tree fruit's single effect of extending one's lifespan was enough for people to vie for it violently.

No one expected the red-dressed boy to have obtained one. If he had the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit, he should have consumed it a long time ago. Why did he hold on to it all this time? After all, the effect of extending one's lifespan was something many old monsters dreamed of.

After the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit, the red-dressed boy took out another crystalline fruit. It was the same size as the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit and was similar in shape. However, its color was different. The Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit was, naturally, azure-colored but this fruit was red. The two fruits appeared to be a pair.

"The fruit of the Dragon Blood Tree!"

Another Elder recognized it. Dragon Blood Trees had slightly shorter lifespans than Nine Revolutions Azure Trees but they could also exist for more than a hundred million years. The Dragon Blood Tree's original name was the Fey Blood Tree because it ate people and Fey beasts. They would bind Fey beasts with their veins and melt them into a pool of blood, absorbing them with their roots!

Although Fey Blood Trees were valuable, it wasn't difficult for most Elders of the Myriad God Ridge to obtain one. Due to their long lifespans, Fey Blood Trees were powerful and could hunt wyrms. They would consume the wyrm's blood and bear the fruit known as the Dragon Blood Fruit!

There was no need to elaborate on the price of the fruit. Since it could extend one's lifespan and aid in marrow cleansing, it was priceless!

Following that —

Heaven Devouring Wyrm Horn! Dragonbone Whale Oil! Crimson

Blood Heavenly Silkworm Silk! Nine-winged Golden Dragon Claw!

Although these were also valuable, they were of relatively lower value compared to the first three worldly divine items.

Yi Yun looked at the divine items with a heavy expression. He realized that they could all basically be categorized into two types.

One category was related to dragons!

The other category extended one's lifespan as well as ignited one's vital forces!

The first category was easily explained. The Myriad God Patriarch wanted to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, so he needed dragon bloodlines.

No person present had a bloodline that was sufficient in awakening the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, including Yi Yun. Although he had the Purple Crystal sealed within him, he did not believe he was able to awaken the dragon soul that slept within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Therefore, the Myriad God Patriarch needed the divine items to uplift the purity of the dragon bloodline!

As for the second category, the extension of one's lifespan and igniting of one's vital forces was definitely not a priority for young people. It could only be for the Myriad God Patriarch himself!

Myriad God Patriarch had lived excessively long but he did not wish to meet his end. He wanted to ignite his vital potential and make another breakthrough!

Once he broke through, he would be able to live a few million years more at the very least.

Upon realizing this, Yi Yun gradually turned disheartened. There was no doubt that he was stuck in a perilous situation today.

The Myriad God Patriarch took out all the treasures he had, about forty items in total, and left them flying in midair.

Following that, he produced hand seals that resulted in loud rumbles.

The massive Ascending Dragon Cauldron crashed down, right into the center of the intersection of the nine gigantic rifts.

Wu Wu Wu Wu!

Lava boiled as Earth fire whistled!

All of the fire in the land had been gathered in the same spot. With the Ascending Dragon Cauldron suppressing it, fire columns that reached hundreds of thousands of feet high spewed out!

The fire columns burned for a long time before they gradually became shorter. However, Yi Yun could tell the fire columns shortening wasn't a sign of them weakening, but of the flames' essence focusing and coagulating.

When the fire columns were ten feet tall, the flames reached an inconceivable purity. The overwhelming heatwave left everyone appalled!

"It's ready."

The Myriad God Patriarch nodded. He had spent tens of thousands of years to prepare the massive array. Now, everything was going according to his plans.

He beckoned once again and the Ascending Dragon Cauldron replica flew out. It floated above the real Ascending Dragon Cauldron and was consumed by the world's fire!

"M... Master...all of this... this isn't being prepared for me, is it?"

Feng Yunyang was shocked. Even though he thought highly of himself, the scale at which everything was happening left his confidence shaken.

Could all these divine treasures really be for him? Why did it feel like that was impossible?

Upon hearing Feng Yunyang's question, the red-dressed boy

revealed a genial smile. "Of course they are for you. I chose these treasures especially for you."

"R...really?"

Feng Yunyang found it hard to believe, but the patriarch had said so. There was no need for his master to deceive him, right?

Upon coming to this conclusion, Feng Yunyang turned excited.

With all these divine treasures cleansing his body, wouldn't his cultivation level soar to incomprehensible heights? When that time came, what was one Yi Yun worth? Even ten or a hundred of him would be easily crushed!

"Thank you, Master! Master, your love for me is something I'll never be able to repay!"

Feng Yunyang knelt down and kowtowed to the Myriad God Patriarch.

However, this scene left people with mixed thoughts.

Some were envious and jealous of Feng Yunyang. They had already believed that Feng Yunyang was the illegitimate son of the Myriad God Patriarch. With the patriarch's life coming to an end, and him not being able to produce offspring, he naturally had to nurture his only begotten son.

However, there were others that were stuck on the idea that the Myriad God Patriarch had spent tens of thousands of years preparing all of this. The amount of resources, time, and effort spent was unimaginable. Even if the Myriad God Patriarch did think so highly of his descendants, was there a need to pay such an incredible price?

Just as Feng Yunyang was giving his thanks, a cold voice suddenly sounded out. "It's truly hard on you, to continue dreaming such an unpragmatic dream. I don't know if you are truly, hopelessly dumb or if you are still lost in your beautiful dreams. Even though you realize that it's a dream, you refuse to awaken from it."

The voice was filled with rich sarcasm. It made Feng Yunyang agitated.

"Who's the one speaking nonsense!?"

Feng Yunyang leaped up like a cat that had its tail stepped on. His swept his gaze across the crowd before slowly landing it on Yi Yun!

He could tell that the voice from before was Yi Yun's.

Yi Yun only sneered when Feng Yunyang looked at him. With the situation having unfolded this far, life and death depended on one's bets. Since he could no longer evade things getting intense, he stopped caring about having a delicate approach.

"So it's you, the grinding stone!" Feng Yunyang glanced hatefully at Yi Yun. "Do you think you are worthy to speak to me? After being a prisoner for half a year, haven't you come to terms with your present situation? You are only still alive because Master wants you as a sparring beast for me. You are no different from Fey beasts that are reared so that young geniuses can slaughter them during their experiential training. When I finish cleansing my body, it will be the time for your death. I'll chop off your head and use your blood to pave the road to becoming a Godly Monarch!"

"Godly Monarch?" Yi Yun laughed. "How pathetic! I thought you were simply lost in your dreams and unwilling to awaken. Who knew that you are truly just a plain fool? Why don't you piss a pool of water to look at yourself in the mirror? What sort of importance do you think you have to enjoy the myriad of resources that old undying fart has provided? To think that trash like you dares to talk about becoming a Godly Monarch. I may be facing adversity right now, but to be in the situation with a fool like you is the truest disgrace!"

"You!" Feng Yunyang had been struck where it hurt. He was incensed, but what Yi Yun pointed out was something even he did not believe in. "Master..."

At that moment, all of Feng Yunyang's hopes were placed on the red-dressed boy. Only his master's encouragement would put him at ease. "Master, these divine treasures..."

The red-dressed boy gave a faint smile and said with a nod, "They are all prepared for you."

Feng Yunyang heaved a sigh of relief. He had confirmed the statement twice. Only with that could he feel slightly at ease.

"However, why are there herbs that extend one's longevity? I don't seem... to need my longevity extended, right?" Feng Yunyang asked worriedly.

The red-dressed boy said, "The Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit is one of the four main herbs. It is indeed not being prepared for you. The Heaven Devouring Wurm Horn, the Dragonbone Whale Oil, the Crimson Blood Heavenly Silkworm Silk, and the Nine-winged Golden Dragon Claw are for you. When the time comes, I will pour the herbs into the Concealed Dragon Cauldron and the astral fire will brew it. Then, you can enter the cauldron to cleanse your body."

"I will... enter the cauldron to cleanse my body?" Feng Yunyang was dumbfounded. He took a glance at the burning astral flames in the core of the Nine Dragons Encircling Pearl array and barely managed a smile. "Master, will I be able to withstand that fire?"

"Of course you can." The red-dressed boy continued smiling. "Without such intense flames, it will not be able to brew away the useless flesh from your body. Your bones and blood are needed to mix with the essences of the Heaven Devouring Wurm Horn, the Dragonbone Whale Oil, the Crimson Blood Heavenly Silkworm Silk, and the Nine-winged Golden Dragon Claw. Together with the three main ingredients, the Nine Revolution Azure Fruit, the Dragon Bone Milk, and the Dragon Blood Fruit, they will ultimately be refined into the perfect Dragon Emperor Relic."

The red-dressed boy had spoken at an adequate pace but Feng Yunyang felt like he had plummeted into an ice cavern when he heard that.

Instantly, the smile that was hanging across the red-dressed boy's face turned unfamiliar and extremely creepy.

The Myriad God Patriarch was using... him... for the refinement of a pill!?

The so-called cleansing of his body was actually the ritual of him being brewed and refined with other herbal ingredients! This so-called "preparation" for him was because he was one of the four main ingredients!

"No... No... Master, stop joking. How can I be one of the herbs? I... I..."

Feng Yunyang's face turned pale as his voice quivered. Although he was trying his best to calm himself down, he only became more and more terrified. In his eyes, the boy-like old monster in front of him seemingly transformed into the most terrifying devil in the world that was about to swallow him up!

"My dear disciple, don't think so lowly of yourself. I have traveled to so many places across the Sinkhole and have seen innumerable people. But you, you have the purest dragon race bloodline following through your veins."

The red-dressed boy floated over and gently patted Feng Yunyang on the shoulder. From the beginning, the Myriad God Patriarch only thought of using the blood from his disciple's dragon bloodline to trigger the Ascending Dragon Cauldron so that he could obtain the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

But later on, as his preparations became more and more complete, especially after he found a ruin left behind by the ancient dragon race and learned of the existence of a Dragon Emperor Relic, he was no longer satisfied with simply obtaining the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

He wanted to refine the Dragon Emperor Relic and consume it, so that it would cleanse his marrow and swap his blood with that of a dragon's bloodline. He could then use his own bloodline to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and become its true owner!

Chapter 1271: Catalyst Herb

"My dear disciple, there's no need to be afraid." The red-dressed boy beckoned gently, causing Feng Yunyang to float in midair. He was no longer in control of his own body.

"You probably do not know that this Ascending Dragon Cauldron is a divine artifact that was born at the beginning of the universe. By feeding it your blood and bones, I'll awaken this slumbering divine artifact. That is an honor reserved for you and you alone."

As the red-dressed boy spoke, he flicked his finger gently.

"Clang!"

With a metallic resonance, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron replica above the Ascending Dragon Cauldron had its lid opened by the heat of the Earth fire.

The replica had been refined by the Myriad God Patriarch for five hundred thousand years and was named the Concealed Dragon Cauldron. The Myriad God Patriarch would have liked to use the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for alchemy, as it would lead to excellent results. However, since the Myriad God Patriarch had no control over the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, it was little more than a dream for him to use it for the refinement of relics.

"My dear disciple, you will be entering the cauldron in a while. You might suffer some physical pain but that cannot be helped. The refinement of the Dragon Emperor Relic requires your soul to

be conscious for long periods of time. Only then can it ensure the vibrancy of your bloodline. I will control the fire's heat, preventing it from exceeding what your body can bear. Also, rest assured, for I have been tempering your body all these years, feeding you all sorts of heavenly treasures. Many of them have allowed your body to undergo a complete renewal and metamorphosis. As such, you should be capable of enduring the burning flames for long periods of time. It shouldn't be a problem for you to last three days and three nights."

Three days and three nights!?

What sort of torture would it be to feel all-consuming flames scorching your body for three days and three nights? The flames were astral fire!

"No! No!" Feng Yunyang's face turned ashen from fright. He never imagined that his master's true nature would be that of a grotesque and terrifying old devil.

All this time, the devil had fed him numerous natural treasures, tempering his body all day and night, increasing his physique severalfold. And it was all for one goal—to ensure that he could last longer within the flames!

"Don't you force me to act desperately! If you really are going to treat me like this, I'll end my own life. And if I die, you can forget about your alchemical refinement!"

Feng Yunyang's voice was trembling as his eyes turned red.

Having been forced into a dire situation, this was the only way he could put up a form of resistance.

However, his resistance failed to bear fruit in front of the Myriad God Patriarch. "End your own life? No, you won't. You are my disciple. How can you do something that's unfavorable to me, your master? I have planted dozens of Soul Seeds in your body. You accepted these Soul Seeds through your own free will. I don't want to waste these Soul Seeds but, if I use them, I will be able to influence your soul sea to a certain extent. With that, you will absolutely not be able to end your life."

The Myriad God Patriarch smiled. In Feng Yunyang's eyes, the smile appeared sinister and extremely horrifying! He was on the verge of a mental breakdown.

Soul Seeds!

Under the excuse of cultivating his soul, his master convinced him to accept the Soul Seeds planted in him. In truth, he had completely sealed off the possibility of him resisting!

He knew that he was at the end of his rope and there was no chance for him to get out alive.

"My dear disciple, I have prepared so much for you. So experience it obediently. Tell me if you have any last wishes. I will grant them for you," said Myriad God Patriarch amiably. His voice sent shudders through the hearts of Feng Yunyang, as well as the rest of the Myriad God Ridge disciples.

They had been lied to. Other than the Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman, no one knew why he had taken Feng Yunyang in as a disciple!

At that moment, a clear voice resounded throughout the pocket world—

"Can't you see? This old bastard has never placed any importance on the Myriad God Ridge! All of you pride yourselves on being Myriad God Ridge disciples and have been working hard to establish the Myriad God Ridge as a mighty sect, but in that old bastard's eyes, it is all a joke!"

"He doesn't mind exposing his gruesome side to all of you. In order to make Feng Yunyang into the catalyst herb he needs, he has fooled all of you. He doesn't care about losing the faith of his disciples because to him, the Myriad God Ridge is nothing but a tool!"

"Do you think any one of you will be able to escape after coming to this sealed world? All of you might be used as blood sacrifices or even be silenced. What are you standing there in a daze for? Let's work together and kill that old bastard!"

When these words were suddenly shouted, everyone was stunned. They turned to look at the person who had spoken. It was none other than Yi Yun!

Yi Yun stood tall, sword in hand and Yuan Qi bursting from his

body.

"This... This..."

Many people were taken aback. Never in their dreams would they think that the Elder and personal disciple meet would develop into this present situation.

The Myriad God Patriarch looked at Yi Yun as well. His gaze revealed a few hints of surprise as well as mockery.

"Pa! Pa! Pa!"

The Myriad God Patriarch suddenly applauded. "Very well. Is this your last ditch effort to survive? By stirring up the masses, making everyone here attack me? I never imagined that you would think of such means. It's somewhat interesting."

"Blood sacrifice? Silencing? You sure have a vivid imagination. These people do not even have a modicum of dragon race bloodlines. What would be the point of a blood sacrifice? As for silencing them...the Myriad God Ridge is indeed a tool to me. I'll admit that. But I have honed this tool for millions of years, so why would I so casually throw it away?"

When the red-dressed boy said those words, the thoughts of an uprising among the various Elders and personal disciples lessened slightly. Yi Yun's words had indeed stirred their fears but even now, they did not dare to take up arms against the Myriad God

Patriarch. The old fellow was just too terrifying.

The red-dressed walked slowly towards Yi Yun. "There's no need for you to resist. You will definitely be dying today. But you sure can see through things. It seems that you had managed to guess my plans half a year ago. You guessed the general goal behind me taking in a disciple. You are a lot smarter than that dumb disciple of mine."

As the red-dressed boy spoke, he unleashed his aura and proceeded forward, locking onto Yi Yun!

Since there was no way to evade doom, Yi Yun went for broke. He said with a chuckle, "Are you really going to just let them walk away? The Ascending Dragon Cauldron is a divine artifact formed from Dragon Emperor that ranks fourth out of the twelve Dao Ancestors. Sealed within it is the Dragon Emperor's soul! For such an important secret, not silencing others doesn't seem like your style!"

When Yi Yun said those words, everyone present was confounded.

Twelve Dao Ancestors!?

All of them knew of the twelve Dao Ancestors for they were ancient legends. This Ascending Dragon Cauldron was related to the twelve Dao Ancestors!?

If Yi Yun had not said so, they wouldn't have known of the matter!

Instantly, the mood heightened. All the disciples and Elders of the Myriad God Ridge began to panic. They knew that Yi Yun had deliberately announced the secret to force the red-dressed boy to silence them.

Now that they knew the patriarch's secret, they had no choice but to fight or die.

This punk was fucking cunning!

Although they hated Yi Yun to the death, they were more afraid of the Myriad God Patriarch. At that moment, survival was of the utmost importance.

The red-dressed boy knitted his brows as killing intent shimmered in his eyes.

He never expected Yi Yun to know of those secrets.

"Good! Well done! As a mere Dao Palace realm warrior, it's not easy for you to cause me trouble, especially in your dire situation. Unfortunately for you, I have absolute power over this world. I have spent ten thousand years setting up an array formation in this place. Here, I'm the absolute overlord. No one can resist me!"

As the red-dressed boy spoke, his clothes fluttered despite the

lack of wind. Countless Dao patterns gathered from every direction, surging into the red-dressed boy's body. At that instant, his body seemed to be hidden within the void as though he had fused with the world.

He was like a god, with his body being the laws of nature. The powerful aura within him radiated outwards, leaving people overcome with a sense of fear and awe. It was impossible for them to muster the courage to resist him!

At that moment, someone in the crowd knelt down straight away.

The person who knelt down was none other than Cang Wu!

"Patriarch, your celestial might is invincible. You will share the same age as the Heavens and Earth, and be as lustrous as the sun and moon! Regardless if the Myriad God Ridge exists or not, I, Cang Wu, am willing to loyally follow the Patriarch to the death!"

As the sect master's eldest disciple, he was good at judging the situation. Back when he saw Yi Yun lose favor, his attitude towards Yi Yun made an obvious shift.

Although Cang Wu knew that following the Patriarch was no different from following a carnivorous beast, why would he listen to Yi Yun instead of the Patriarch?

It was impossible for him to resist the Myriad God Patriarch. On

the contrary, by wholeheartedly being the Myriad God Patriarch's loyal dog, there was a chance of him surviving and maybe even be bestowed benefits by the patriarch. If all else failed, he was even willing to sign a soul contract.

People are like sheep that can be easily influenced. The surrender of a huge army in war simply needs one person to put their weapons down first. With Cang Wu being that person, many others began to pledge their allegiance towards the Myriad God Patriarch.

"Patriarch, your celestial might is invincible. You will share the same age as the Heavens and Earth, and be as lustrous as the sun and moon!"

More and more people submitted. The Myriad God Patriarch had been running the Myriad God Ridge for years so his authority was not easily questioned. No one dared to challenge him.

Upon seeing this scene, the red-dressed boy nodded in satisfaction. "Cang Wu, well done! After the alchemical process is finished, I will reward you!"

"Thank you, Patriarch for your kind generosity!" Cang Wu said humbly.

The red-dressed boy smiled and looked back at Yi Yun again. His eyes suffused a teasing look.

"You are only a mere catalyst herb but you actually schemed to incite my subordinates to rebel. I have really underestimated you. In fact, I once debated whether or not to kill you half a year ago. In the end, I placed too much emphasis on your bloodline and let you live. I kept having the feeling that your bloodline is far from normal! Since I have already brought you here, there is no escape for you at all. Just submit and be a good principal herb!"

When the red-dressed boy said that, he licked his lips in a rapacious manner. He looked at Yi Yun and then at Snake Girl.

Snake Girl's face drained of its color. She knew that she was one of the catalyst herbs. It was the reason why she had been brought here as well.

"Take them all out," said the red-dressed boy. Following that, the Myriad God Sect Master waved his hand and a spatial abode flew out of it. From the spatial abode, he grabbed a few people out!

These people were dressed in Myriad God Ridge disciple attires but all of them had their eyes tightly closed. They were pale and their vibrancy had been sealed completely.

"They... They are..."

An Elder recognized those people. They were disciples that the Myriad God Ridge had taken in after they met the standard of a 'wisdom root!'

Chapter 1272: Life on the Line

These disciples had been recruited into the Myriad God Ridge over centuries, if not more than a thousand years. Due to the long period of time, they had gone from being disciples to stewards or guardians. Then, as more time went on, they were sent away to complete missions or lead secluded lives. As they were lacking in talent and so few in numbers, the other Myriad God Ridge disciples barely paid them any attention.

No one expected that these disciples had actually had their vitality sealed in preparation to be used as ingredients for today's alchemy!

"They're just a few catalyst herbs with impure bloodlines. It will just increase the chance of success." The red-dressed boy said nonchalantly. He did not seem to care too much about these new catalyst herbs.

In fact, he was more interested in Yi Yun and Snake Girl. Especially Yi Yun, a person who had once stirred the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. The red-dressed boy looked forward to how Yi Yun could give him a pleasant surprise in the modifications to the Dragon Emperor Relic.

"Do you want to enter by yourself, or do you want me to escort you in?"

The red-dressed boy looked at Yi Yun as the corners of his mouth curled.

"Fuck off, you bastard!" Yi Yun roared and suddenly attacked.

He had already been accumulating power this whole time. Even though he knew he was not the undying old fart's match, it did not mean that he would sit idle and die. Even in death, he wanted to rip off some flesh.

"Wu Wu Wu!"

A black wheel appeared out of thin air behind Yi Yun. It spun crazily. The wheel had demonic and divine phantoms carved into it. It was none other than Yi Yun's 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence!

The Major Destruction laws were the strongest laws Yi Yun knew. Likewise, the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence was Yi Yun's strongest move.

"Boom!"

The Destruction laws blasted out, forming a Destruction Dao Domain that enveloped everything. The red-dressed boy was at the center of the domain, his aged but prepubescent face revealing a look of surprise.

"Such a move..."

The intriguing Destruction laws exceeded the red-dressed boy's expectations but the gap in cultivation levels was impossible to bridge!

Yi Yun was only at the fifth-storey Dao Palace realm. Above the Dao Palace realm was Supremacy, and above Supremacy was Divine Lord. Most Divine Lords did not fuse with a divine seal. Those that fused with a divine seal, like Azure Yang Lord or Felicitous Rain Lord, were even stronger. As for the Myriad God Patriarch, he was even stronger than Felicitous Rain Lord.

Ignoring the Myriad God Patriarch, Yi Yun wasn't even the match of experts above the mid-stage Supremacy realm. The gap was just too huge.

The red-dressed boy attacked, pushing his palm forward. It was not an eye-catching strike but after it was produced, his palm seemed to gather a surging blood-colored ocean!

Infinite energy seemed to blast out, as all the laws in the world were guided by the Myriad God Patriarch's strike.

"Boom!"

The blood-red sea waves roared, directly engulfing Yi Yun's Destruction Dao Domain!

Yi Yun's Destruction Dao Domain was extremely robust and managed to hold against the blood sea. But due to the huge

difference in strength, the Destruction Dao Domain was completely inundated, making it look like a lone boat in the middle of a massive ocean.

All Yi Yun could feel was a terrifying power that made it seem like the world was crashing down on him. It took all he had to barely resist.

This was the strongest opponent Yi Yun had faced in his entire life!

"You have truly surprised me. A junior at the fifth-storey Dao Palace can have such strength?" The red-dressed boy's voice sounded in Yi Yun's ears. The next moment, he ripped apart the void itself and appeared in front of Yi Yun!

"But as I already said, you have to die today!"

As the red-dressed boy spoke, he pressed down his palm towards Yi Yun's chest.

"Bam!"

With a loud explosion, Yi Yun felt as though he was struck by a million pound sledgehammer in the chest. His sternum shattered as his organs were damaged. Large amounts of blood spewed out of his mouth!

Yi Yun flew backwards as blood splattered and trailed in his

wake!

Upon seeing the blood, the red-dressed boy shook his head disapprovingly, "What a pity! This is all essential blood that can be used as a catalyst herb. Yet it's wasted just like this."

"You are the one I think the most highly of among the catalyst herbs, second only to my disciple. Why do you resist so?"

As the red-dressed spoke, he took a step forward and directly grabbed Yi Yun. His energy surged into Yi Yun's body, sealing every one of Yi Yun's meridians!

His energy was much stronger than Yi Yun's and now, with the energy forming an array pattern, there was no way of breaking through it.

With that, Yi Yun could no longer use any of his Yuan Qi. He was left with no strength to resist and could not even commit suicide by terminating his meridians.

Of course, Yi Yun would absolutely not commit suicide. He would not give up his fight for survival until the very last moment.

"Could it be that the premonition I had all this while, that someone has been secretly spying on me in a bid to destroy my plans, is related to you?"

The red-dressed boy looked at Yi Yun from a high spot. What he

said made Yi Yun's heart sink. Old Snake's soul was immensely powerful, higher than the Myriad God Patriarch. In fact, the Myriad God Patriarch could not directly discover Old Snake's spying, but he did have means of sensing it!

This old bastard had lived for so long that his eyes could even see the back of his head. Trying to backstab him was too difficult.

"It's fine even if you don't tell me. Only I can enter this pocket world. Even gods will not be able to save you."

The red-dressed boy sneered. Even if a mighty figure truly was backing Yi Yun, and had left a mark on him, he was unafraid. He had done Void Transference in order to prevent anything from going wrong.

"You will be entering the cauldron very soon. Are there any wishes you have yet to be fulfilled?" The red-dressed boy asked in a teasing manner.

"Old bastard, there will come a day when you will be crippled of your cultivation, as well as that old bastard of a Myriad God Sect Master. Both of you will be stewed in bastard turtle soup!" Yi Yun spat a mouthful of blood-stained spit. At that moment, he no longer put his hopes in Old Snake. Even if he could come, it was unknown how long in the future that would be. Furthermore, him even making it there was still a question.

He had to rely on himself.

"Hahaha!" The red-dressed boy guffawed. "Your personality actually suits me very well. Were it not for the importance you have to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, and our relationship deteriorating to this stage, I actually would have liked to take you in as a disciple. You are a lot stronger than that stupid disciple of mine."

As the red-dressed boy spoke, he beckoned his hand and the divine treasures flew towards him and landed in his palm.

"Do you see this? Dragon Bone Milk. I used an immeasurable amount of time to search the Sinkhole before finding a netherworld deep in the Sinkhole. I found a dragon corpse that had been decaying for hundreds of millions of years, and obtained this bit of Bone Milk. In my eyes, it's the perfect divine item. Among all the divine items, I like the Dragon Bone Milk the most. This time, I will put the Dragon Bone Milk into the cauldron first. You will have the honor of entering the cauldron with it."

The red-dressed boy paused, suddenly thinking of something, and said, "Might you be thinking of eating all these divine treasures to get rid of them, risking the chance of you blasting apart to your death, so that the refinement of my Dragon Emperor Relic will fail?"

All the catalyst herbs, including Feng Yunyang, needed to be thrown into the cauldron alive. Living beings could naturally cause wanton destruction while inside the cauldron.

The red-dressed boy shook his head and said, "Do you think these divine treasures can be so easily digested? Even if you were to

swallow them, they will still be refined into the Dragon Emperor Relic. But even so, I will not give you that chance."

As the red-dressed boy spoke, his palm came pressing down on Yi Yun's head!

Chapter 1273: Slumber

"Boom!"

The red-dressed boy's palm came bearing down, striking Yi Yun like a bolt of lightning. His soul sea was raptured by excruciating pain as his body quivered.

The red-dressed boy's strike was directed at his soul sea!

"You are only a catalyst herb. Although I do need you to be alive, there's no need for you to remain conscious. I will seal off and sever your perception! You will be thrown into an eternal slumber and be refined within the astral fire. Although I would like to see you struggle in the inferno, I do not want to risk you messing things up, for you are too impish."

The red-dressed boy had already sealed Yi Yun's Yuan Qi but that was not safe enough. Only sealing off his consciousness, thereby making Yi Yun a vegetable, would he be safest.

At the same time, the red-dressed boy took Yi Yun's interspatial ring. Even the Mirage Snow sword was taken away.

"Your weapons, treasures, and pills are too dangerous. I'll keep them safe for you. I'm very interested in what you hide within your interspatial ring. I will check it thoroughly after refining the Dragon Emperor Relic. Perhaps I'll be pleasantly delighted."

The red-dressed boy held Yi Yun's interspatial ring and slowly played with it. He casually wiped away Yi Yun's mental mark on it and put his own mental mark on the ring to seal it. At the moment, he was focused on the alchemical refinement and did not have the time or effort to spare to investigate it.

He had the interspatial ring in hand, Yi Yun lost consciousness, and his Yuan Qi had been sealed off. How was he to cause any more trouble?

"And this sword."

The red-dressed boy held Mirage Snow in his hand. It had an extraordinary background but it had already changed so much and no longer looked as impressive as it did in its heyday. As such, the Myriad God Patriarch failed to recognize it for the divine artifact that it was.

"Hehe, this frost Qi is oppressive. Just one look at it makes me feel like I'm getting cut. What a good sword!"

As the red-dressed boy spoke, he put away Mirage Snow.

At that moment, Yi Yun's soul sea was constantly being inundated by the red-dressed boy's energy. He suffered from excruciating pain but he still could sense what the red-dressed boy was doing.

His interspatial ring! And Mirage Snow as well!

An interspatial ring was a warrior's second life. Now, it had been taken away.

As for Mirage Snow, it had been entrusted to him by Huan Chenxue. It was an important weapon that was tightly bound to Huan Chenxue's fate and had extraordinary meaning behind it. Yet, it had landed in the red-dressed boy's hands!

Without weapons or treasures, the chance of him escaping from the Concealed Dragon Cauldron was even lower.

As for Old Snake...

The pocket world was separated from the Myriad God Ridge by multiple layers of space and a great distance that spanned billions of miles. Ignoring the fact that the pocket world was completely sealed shut, preventing any entry or exit, simply trying to use one's physical body to break through the layers of space to cross into an unsealed world would take several days without question.

One had to know that traversing tens of millions of miles on the flat continents of the Calm Sea would still take time.

Although Old Snake was powerful, he was still injured. Under such circumstances, searching through space in all its vastness for the sealed spatial node was like searching for a needle in a haystack. And if he failed to find the correct position, that could possibly delay him for a month. By then, Yi Yun would have been dead several hundred times over!

Yi Yun was truly reeling in despair. In that moment, he could not think of any solutions. What made things worse was that Yi Yun was feeling exhaustion creep into his soul sea. With his consciousness being sealed, he was on the verge of falling into a deep slumber.

Yi Yun tried to bite the tip of his tongue, hoping to use the pain to keep himself conscious. But he did not even have the strength to bite his tongue.

The red-dressed boy's soul was too powerful, far exceeding what Yi Yun could compare with. Just like how his strength was completely crushed, the power of his soul was equally being crushed!

Yi Yun's consciousness was already separated from his body and completely sealed up.

At the final moment, Yi Yun attempted to interface his spiritual energy with the Purple Crystal but he was beyond his soul sea. The red-dressed boy's seal had formed a metallic wall that insulated everything.

Was he really going to die here...

Yi Yun knew very well that the moment he fell into a slumber, death would be on the other side. However, he could not think of any other solution.

Over the hundred plus years he had lived, this was the greatest danger he had ever faced.

As his consciousness turned hazy and slow, Yi Yun felt as though the world was departing away from him. Nothing was left around him.

He felt his soul seem to float in an endless spatial maze, with him never to escape from it.

"It's ready."

The Myriad God Patriarch revealed a satisfied smile when he saw Yi Yun fall into a slumber.

Using living people as herbs had its tiny risks. Among these people, the Myriad God Patriarch worried the most about Yi Yun. The worry stemmed completely from his sixth sense, an intuition for danger that he could not explain.

Now, Yi Yun's perception had been completely sealed off. He didn't even possess any consciousness, and was basically in a vegetative state. What danger could he pose?

"You are Yi Yun's female partner? I'll show you mercy and let the two of you be refined together."

The red-dressed boy looked at Snake Girl. Although she was weak and therefore unlikely to pose a threat, he did not show any carelessness. Similarly, he sealed Snake Girl's body with his Yuan Qi.

Snake Girl only grunted before her body was completely restrained. She realized that she could not even move her fingers, much less speak of saving Yi Yun.

"Master... What should I do..."

In recent days, Snake Girl had roughly understood the matters regarding Old Snake. She knew that Old Snake was not as simple as he looked. But against the Myriad God Patriarch, she did not hold much hope in Old Snake.

"And all of you!"

The red-dressed boy looked at the other catalyst herbs. He flicked his fingers and sealed all of their Yuan Qi, including Feng Yunyang.

"My dear disciple, you must endure it. They can be unconscious and die before you, but you have to last for three days and three nights. The more in pain your soul is, the more your bloodline's potential will be stimulated."

The red-dressed boy guffawed. And at that moment, Feng Yunyang was completely dumbfounded from shock.

The red-dressed boy naturally ignored his fear. He beckoned his hand and threw Feng Yunyang directly into the Concealed Dragon Cauldron.

The black Concealed Dragon Cauldron seemed like the entrance to hell that devoured everything. Feng Yunyang was scared out of his wits, but this tragedy was determined the moment he became the Myriad God Patriarch's disciple!

"Bam!"

Feng Yunyang was the first to be thrown into the Concealed Dragon Cauldron!

"It's time to begin! I have waited for this moment for too long. I will make further breakthroughs and become the ruler of the world!"

As the red-dressed boy spoke, the Dragon Milk Bone, the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit, the Dragon Blood Fruit, the Heaven Devouring Wurm Horn, and the rest of the treasures flew into the Concealed Dragon Cauldron.

Following that was the unconscious Yi Yun, Snake Girl, and the other six catalyst herbs. All of them flew into the Concealed Dragon Cauldron!

The refinement of the Dragon Emperor Relic was different from

that of typical pills or relics. The refinement of typical pills required the alchemist to place the items one by one, extracting the medicinal essences within bit by bit.

That was because a portion of the herbs would be burnt to ash when the fire was stronger. Therefore, alchemists had no choice but to be careful.

However, the divine treasures that the Dragon Emperor Relic needed were related to the Dragon Emperor. They could withstand the burning of astral flames.

Besides, the question of whether these divine treasures could be destroyed by the flames was unimportant. What mattered was if the flames were strong enough to extract the dragon blood that they contained. Therefore, there was no order required. They could be extracted together and burned in the flames for eighty-one days, before producing the Dragon Emperor Relic!

Chapter 1274: Warmth in the Nightmare

"Ding-Dang!"

The cauldron's lid slammed down, completely sealing the Concealed Dragon Cauldron.

It spun with a rumble as the astral fire flared!

"Patriarch, mighty you are. Success of the divine relic is certain, invincible you will be!"

Cang Wu knelt down and proclaimed loudly.

With that, many of the Myriad God Ridge disciples and Elder echoed loudly—

"Patriarch, mighty you are. Success of the divine relic is certain, invincible you will be!"

The red-dressed boy laughed loudly. "Good! Very good! Once the refinement is a success, all of you will be handsomely rewarded!"

"Cang Wu, help preside over the grand array. The Dragon Emperor Relic needs eighty-one days of refinement. Just this world's astral fire is insufficient. It needs the support of all your powers!"

As the red-dressed boy spoke, array patterns began lighting up beneath his feet. The array formation he had spent years setting up in the pocket world finally revealed itself.

"Each one of you should stand on a particular array pattern. Inject your energy into the grand array and, together with me, refine the Dragon Emperor Relic!"

"Yes! Patriarch!"

All the Myriad God Ridge disciples had mixed feelings, but they had no choice but to obey the Myriad God Patriarch's orders. Forget the possibility of them being able to put up a resistance. Even if they succeeded in a rebellion, they had no means of leaving the sealed pocket world.

Everyone took their positions and acted according to the Myriad God Patriarch's instructions. They each injected their energies into the grand array.

Instantly, the numerous Myriad God Ridge disciples' energies fused with the might of the Nine Dragons Surround Pearl force that surged out of the gigantic rifts. The astral fire began to spew crazily!

The actual Ascending Dragon Cauldron that stood in the eye of the array showed no reaction. However, the Concealed Dragon Cauldron that floated above it began to glow red from the flames.

One could imagine how high the temperatures were within the Concealed Dragon Cauldron!

The legendary infernos of hell could not even compare with it.

The extreme temperatures enveloped the nine people within the Concealed Dragon Cauldron!

The interior of the Concealed Dragon Cauldron formed an independent space of its own. It did not look big on the outside but inside it appeared as though they were in the middle of a mountain's belly. The nine people were scattered rather far from each other, with Feng Yunyang in the middle. The remaining eight people were cast off in eight different directions.

The terrifying astral fire permeated the gigantic space. It felt like they had fallen into the mouth of a volcano.

"It's so hot... To think this is my grave. And my fate is to become a relic that will be consumed by others... Master... you taught me some 'Old Snake Divine Skill,' and bragged about how powerful it is. Yet, it's of no use at this moment."

Snake Girl was so upset that she felt like crying, but the tears evaporated before they could even leave her eyes.

"Oh? Someone has already... died?"

Snake Girl discovered that the vital signs of one of the other

catalyst herbs that had entered with them were growing increasingly weaker, to the point of completely extinguishing.

His cultivation level was even higher than Snake Girl's but he had died before her.

Why was this happening?

Snake Girl was puzzled. She carefully sensed the area around her and realized that, although she was experiencing extreme heat, her bloodline was being stimulated by the scorching of the astral fire. Her blood seemed to be boiling within her body!

The boiling blood even effused from her pores, forming a red layer of mist that covered her body. It was as if the astral fire hit a wall when it encountered the blood mist. It could not penetrate it and because of that, she managed to barely stay alive.

Although it was excruciatingly painful, her skin had not been burnt to a crisp. Even her clothes were not ignited. That was odd because, despite being fire-resistant, it was absolutely impossible for the Myriad God Ridge disciple attire to withstand astral fire!

Was this the so-called Dragon Emperor bloodline?

Snake Girl suddenly understood that the Myriad God Patriarch was using such a method because it would steam the Dragon Emperor's blood right out of them!

When the Dragon Emperor blood was drained from her body, that would be her death!

Upon realizing this, Snake Girl felt despair.

No wonder someone with a higher cultivation level than her had died before her. As his Yuan Qi was sealed, he could not form a Yuan Qi barrier to withstand the flames. The amount of time one could survive amid the flames had nothing to do with one's cultivation level. Instead, it depended on one's bloodline!

The purer and richer the Dragon Emperor's bloodline was, the longer they could last. Feng Yunyang, who had the highest purity, was expected to last three days and three nights according to the Myriad God Patriarch.

"Thirty minutes, and a second person has died!"

Snake Girl witnessed another person die. If this went on, all of them would quickly perish.

"Yi Yun! Wake up! Quick wake up!"

Snake Girl called out to Yi Yun in her heart but she was unable to verbalize it as there was no way for her to produce any sound.

At that moment, Snake Girl could barely identify Yi Yun through the warped air and flickering astral flames.

Yi Yun was more than a hundred feet away from her and his body was floating amid the flames. His skin was flushed red but he too was not being burnt.

But something was different with Yi Yun. Snake Girl had a red layer of blood mist lingering around her that fended off the flames, but Yi Yun had no blood mist around him.

Instead, the energy from the flames was unobstructed and seemed to flow into his body, but whatever happened next left Snake Girl confused.

"This is..."

Snake Girl was taken aback. She did not know what was going on.

However, if Yi Yun were awake, the scene he would have witnessed would definitely have made him turn extremely anxious.

If he could have looked with his energy vision, he would see that his body was covered in indistinct purple light. The thing protecting his life was the Purple Crystal!

His consciousness had sunken into a deep slumber. The Purple Crystal's instinct was to protect his body, and so it absorbed any energy that entered his body to destroy his meridians.

However, as Yi Yun was not consciously controlling it, everything the Purple Crystal did was out of instinct. It would not produce a gigantic energy vortex but it also wouldn't stop its absorbing process. That wouldn't matter if Yi Yun wasn't refined for several hours, but if he lasted more than three days or even weeks, the Myriad God Patriarch would definitely discover the oddity. And when he noticed that something about Yi Yun was amiss, he would dice him up bit by bit and the secret of the Purple Crystal would be discovered!

The Purple Crystal was a divine item but it did not have a soul or sentient thought. It could not save Yi Yun because all it ever did was act out of instinct.

Time passed in a blink of an eye, and soon it was two hours later.

Out of the nine, only four people were left alive.

At that moment, Snake Girl was suffering from extreme pain. Yi Yun, on the other hand, remained unaffected.

Yi Yun's consciousness had entered a dream that had no end.

A series of horrific things happened in Yi Yun's dream.

First, he was in the Cloud Wilderness. He suffered from hunger and the torment of diseases. Thanks to some fortuitous opportunity, he managed to learn some martial arts but ended up

being brutally murdered by Lian Chengyu. Even his sister succumbed to his vileness.

Following that, it was the Tai Ah Divine City, where he was tortured by Shentu Nantian. Not only was he maimed of his dantian, but his limbs were severed and he died from the severity of his injuries.

Then, it was the Luo clan. He was caught by You Feihua from the Fey Phantasm Sect who hated him to the bone. His soul was ripped out and sealed in a ghost summoning banner. His body was turned into a vessel for possession and sold.

Finally, the secret of the Purple Crystal was exposed. He was pursued by people to the ends of the world as he attempted to hide. Through great difficulty, he managed to reunite with Lin Xintong in the Sinkhole but, in order to fend off his pursuers, she eventually died protecting him...

Yi Yun remained clear-minded to the last moment from every single nightmare. But soon, he would enter the next nightmare as it continued ad infinitum!

Yi Yun did not know how long he was immersed in such terrifying experiences. He seemed to experience endless pain and sadness to the point of him losing the will to live.

Eventually, he came to feel that possessing consciousness itself was a form of torture. He would be ultimately saved once his consciousness fell completely silent.

Yet once his consciousness fell completely silent, it would be the eternal slumber that the red-dressed boy had mentioned!

And once he entered an eternal slumber, there would be no way of waking up again. Yi Yun managed to last this long because of his powerful soul but even so, against the Myriad God Patriarch's powers, he had quickly reached his limits.

Just as Yi Yun's soul sea was about to collapse from the pain, he suddenly heard a soft call in his ear—

"Brother Yi Yun! Quick wake up!"

"Who? Who is calling out to me?"

Yi Yun had fallen into a long silence while experiencing the many painful life cycles. It nearly made him forget a lot of things.

"I'm Xie'er. Don't you remember? Your soul sea is sealed and the seal is extremely powerful. It took two hours for me to break into your soul sea. Brother Yi Yun, open your eyes and look at me. I'm Xie'er."

"Xie'er, Xie'er... It's you... Why are you here?" Yi Yun felt an excruciating headache. He tried his best to recall. "Soul sea? Seal... What happened to me..."

"Brother Yi Yun, an old child placed a seal on you. You are now sealed within a cauldron with burning flames. Have you forgotten?"

Ling Xie'er's anxious voice sounded, taking Yi Yun aback.

Old child?

This oxymoronic term immediately made Yi Yun recall the terrifying red-dressed boy. Cold sweat broke out from fright.

"Soul seal! Refinement! Myriad God Patriarch!"

Yi Yun's heart stopped beating. The red-dressed boy had lived for innumerable years, making his soul extremely powerful!

After he sealed Yi Yun's soul sea, he left behind a soul runic seal, sending Yi Yun into an endless dream world that he could not extricate himself from.

"Dream world... Yes, it's a dream!"

Yi Yun recalled that Feng Yunyang had once used an illusion array on him. The illusion array was no doubt something he learned from the Myriad God Patriarch.

The Myriad God Patriarch was invincible when it came to illusionary arts. The soul mark he left in his soul sea was

immensely powerful. Although Yi Yun's soul was powerful, it could not withstand it.

"Brother Yi Yun, you finally remember," Ling Xie'er said happily.

Yi Yun tried hard to open his eyes. His soul's vision gradually turned clear. He discovered that he was standing in the middle of an endless maze.

The soul maze only had monotone lines. Ling Xie'er, dressed in red, was the only color in it. Her bare feet were adorned with jade bangles and her rosy face was filled with a joyous smile.

She had forced her way into the soul maze and behind her was a passage that emitted a faint light. The passage led to the horizon where there was a warm light at the exit.

"Xie'er, you woke me up? You penetrated the multitude of restrictions the Myriad God Patriarch left behind?"

Yi Yun was still reeling in shock. He had nearly perished!

If not for Xie'er, there was no doubt that he would have been long dead.

"Yes, but it took me a great deal of effort just to enter your soul sea. Brother Yi Yun, quickly think of a way out of this," Xie'er said anxiously.

Upon seeing Xie'er's anxious face, Yi Yun suddenly felt moved. He gently hugged her. Meeting Ling Xie'er in the Sun Burial Sandsea was truly his good fortune.

He recalled that when it came to the strength of the soul, Xie'er was at the level of a monster!

Previously, Yi Yun wanted to take the Great Traversal Spirit Ship for his own, but he was helpless against the soul mark that Song Guangyan left behind. Ling Xie'er, however, wiped the soul mark away in less than a minute.

The Myriad God Patriarch had lived for tens of millions of years but Ling Xie'er had existed in the worldly array for half a billion years!

What did half a billion years result in? With Ling Xie'er being a soul body, her soul was extremely robust. And this was without her ever having practiced cultivation. With it, she would truly be like a tiger with wings.

The Myriad God Patriarch had sealed his soul to ensure that he could do nothing. However, he never imagined that there was Ling Xie'er with him, whose soul was powerful enough to break through his seals.

When he looked at the path that Ling Xie'er had split open through the soul maze, it reflected her immense power.

"Myriad God Patriarch, you took my Mirage Snow and interspatial ring away but I still have the God Advent Tower."

Due to the Song family, Yi Yun took the God Advent Tower out of his interspatial ring.

Back then, Song Zhanchen had wanted to check his interspatial ring. Since Yi Yun had put the stolen Great Traversal Spirit Ship in there, his interspatial ring had evidence that could incriminate him.

Although Yi Yun did not give his interspatial ring to the Song family, he had hidden the Great Traversal Spirit Ship in the God Advent Tower to prevent himself from being incriminated. Then, he hid the God Advent Tower inside his body.

As for Ling Xie'er, she was sleeping within the God Advent Tower. Thus, she was able to realize that Yi Yun was enduring a harrowing experience. She wasted no time going deep into Yi Yun's soul sea to awaken him.

"Xie'er, where's Snake Girl!?"

Yi Yun suddenly recalled Snake Girl when Ling Xie'er mentioned that two hours had passed. The lass might appear a little dim-witted, but she was still Old Snake's disciple. If she were burnt to ashes, it would truly be a heart-wrenching moment.

"That sister who followed you? She's fine, but she won't be able to last too much longer," Ling Xie'er said.

Yi Yun heaved a sigh of relief. However, the worry that weighed down his heart was not alleviated. Time was critical. He needed to think of a solution.

Outside the cauldron, there were the Myriad God Ridge's experts, as well as the most powerful Myriad God Patriarch! Ignoring the Myriad God Patriarch, even the Myriad God Sect Master was not someone Yi Yun could match!

In his present state, even if he underwent a random exponential increase in strength, making a breakthrough to become a Supremacy in one fell swoop, he would still not be able to handle the situation outside.

Furthermore, he was only at the fifth-storey Dao Palace realm. There were four storeys and the half-step Supremacy that separated him from becoming a Supremacy. It was impossible to make such a huge breakthrough.

If he just barged his way out, death was certain!

But if he stayed in the cauldron, death was also guaranteed!

Although he would not be burnt to his death because of the astral fire, even Feng Yunyang, who had the purest bloodline, would only last three days and three nights according to the Myriad God

Patriarch. If Yi Yun lived past that, the Myriad God Patriarch would definitely notice the oddity.

Dealing with the Myriad God Patriarch, a figure whose eyes could even see the back of his head, was just too difficult.

But Yi Yun had too little time left to fear him.

Now in his dire predicament, Yi Yun had no other choice. He had to take a risk!

Chapter 1275: Releasing the Seal

"Xie'er, protect Snake Girl. But keep it on the lowdown. Just reduce the damage she suffers from the heat toxins."

"Alright!" Xie'er nodded immediately. "Brother Yi Yun, what about you? Are you going to blast through the Yuan Qi seal?"

Although Yi Yun had awoken, he still could not move at all. His meridians and dantian were completely sealed by the red-dressed boy's Yuan Qi seal.

It would not be an easy task to remove the seal. Even if he had the means to do so, he still needed Yuan Qi and energy. However, with his Yuan Qi sealed, and him being cut off from the energy within his dantian, it resulted in a vicious cycle.

Yi Yun had limited time. If he could not move his body, he could not do a thing.

"Xie'er, do you see a red fruit floating outside in the large cauldron? That is a Dragon Blood Fruit. I can't move now. Bring it to me and feed me!"

He first needed to gain control of his body, then he could use the powers of the Purple Crystal!

The Purple Crystal and Ling Xie'er were existences that the Myriad God Patriarch would never have anticipated.

"Alright, Brother Yi Yun. Wait a moment."

Ling Xie'er took a look and saw the Dragon Blood Fruit. It looked like a tiny red sun as it blazed in flames. However, no matter how intense the flames were, they were unable to burn through the fruit's skin.

"That's it!"

Ling Xie'er was also enamored by such a beautiful fruit. She split off a wisp of the Heretical God Fire Seed to pull the fruit over.

Following that, Ling Xie'er glanced at Snake Girl who was struggling in pain. With a flick of her fingers, Ling Xie'er sent a black wisp of fire out that flew into Snake Girl's dantian.

Snake Girl cried out in alarm. She felt that something had flown into her body but she had no idea what.

What just happened?

Snake Girl opened her eyes in pain as she looked around in a daze.

What she saw left her stunned. There was a young girl floating above Yi Yun's body. She had beautiful facial features and did not look a year past the age of twelve. She was extremely adorable.

She was barefooted and her feet shone like lustrous pearls. However, these delicate feet were nimbly walking through the horrifying inferno without being burnt at all.

Was... she seeing things?

Snake Girl was completely dumbfounded. What was going on? Where did this young girl come from? Why did she appear like a fire pixie who completely ignored the burning astral fire?

"Little Big Sis, don't be alarmed. My name is Ling Xie'er. I have been following Brother Yi Yun all this while. You and I just haven't met yet. I planted a tiny wisp of fire in your body. Don't panic. This fire wisp will make you feel a lot more comfortable," Ling Xie'er said gleefully.

At the same time, the Heretical God Fire Seed wisp in Snake Girl's body expanded. A comforting, warm energy coursed through Snake Girl's meridians to her entire body.

But the most fascinating thing was that the astral fire that once boiled Snake Girl's blood was now being consumed upon encountering the unspectacular fire wisp!

"What..."

Snake Girl was taken aback. What kind of fire was this?

It could make the burning heat that reached into her marrow vanish, so that she felt like she was sitting beside a stove to enjoy its warmth.

It felt like heaven when compared to the inferno hell she was suffering just moments ago.

This young girl was that powerful?

She mentioned that she had been following Yi Yun and had addressed him as brother. Yi Yun... actually... had such a heaven-defying sister?

"Little Big Sis, do you feel a lot better now?" Ling Xie'er smiled happily. When she noticed Snake Girl's astonished look, together with her pangs of disbelief, she gave a bashful smile and said, "I've been playing with fire since I was young, so I'm a little skilled in it."

To Ling Xie'er, playing with fire was second nature!

However, when the words 'playing with fire' entered Snake Girl's ears, it rendered her completely speechless. This was far from playing with fire!

"Sorry, Little Big Sis, but I have to cut this conversation short. I still have other things to do."

Ling Xie'er held the Dragon Blood Fruit with both hands. At that

moment, Yi Yun appeared to be unconscious with his eyes tightly shut. Even though he was already awake, he was unable to control his body, so his eyes could not open.

Ling Xie'er opened Yi Yun's mouth. The red fruit was the size of a man's fist. Holding it in both hands, Ling Xie'er realized that the fruit could not be stuffed down Yi Yun's throat at all.

Ling Xie'er was somewhat stumped. After some thought, she used her teeth to bite through the Dragon Blood Fruit before sending it into Yi Yun's mouth.

The Dragon Blood Fruit was quite fascinating. Refining its essence by burning it with astral fire was an extremely slow process, but it could be torn through easily with teeth. Furthermore, the Dragon Blood Fruit's flesh was filled with aromatic juices that melted upon reaching the mouth.

Ling Xie'er could not help but eat a tiny bit of it. It was the world's most delicious fruit and it left a fabulous aroma in her mouth.

Of course, this was because she was Ling Xie'er. She herself was a divine item with a corporeal body condensed from the Heretical God Fire Seed. The Heretical God Fire Seed was many times more powerful than the astral fire so it was naturally no trouble for her to refine the Dragon Blood Fruit.

If a normal person were to consume the Dragon Blood Fruit, it would be no different from a poison that would make them

explode to death.

The red juices of the Dragon Blood Fruit flowed into Yi Yun's mouth, through his throat, and into his stomach.

Noticing that the juice didn't flow that freely, Ling Xie'er decisively placed it by her mouth and took another nibble, feeding it to Yi Yun again.

Pouting her lips, Ling Xie'er licked her tongue. The fruit's juices were truly sweet!

She could not help herself from taking tiny bites before feeding large amounts of juice to Yi Yun. The juice constantly entered Yi Yun's body and soon, the fist-sized Dragon Blood Fruit was finished.

After feeding the last bit of fruit to Yi Yun, Ling Xie'er even sucked at her fingers wistfully.

Unfortunately, Yi Yun's body was not able to digest the Dragon Blood Fruit. Fortunately, he had the Purple Crystal Origins within him.

Previously, the Purple Crystal Origins could only instinctively protect Yi Yun's body passively. Now that Yi Yun had a wisp of his soul controlling it, the Purple Crystal Origins began to work its magic.

The vibrant essence of the Dragon Blood Fruit was slowly being absorbed by Yi Yun!

However, the Dragon Blood Fruit was just too extraordinary. Even with the Myriad God Patriarch's astral fire, complemented by all the mighty figures of the Myriad God Ridge presiding over a grand array, it would still take eighty-one days for the refinement to succeed.

Since Yi Yun was short on time, he had to complete the refinement much faster than that!

Just the Purple Crystal alone was not fast enough.

Ling Xie'er noticed this and, with a thought, sent a wisp of the Heretical God Fire Seed into Yi Yun's body, helping him refine the Dragon Blood Fruit.

The quality of the Heretical God Fire Seed far exceeded the astral fire!

It worked with the Purple Crystal, allowing the Dragon Blood Fruit in Yi Yun's body to be rapidly digested.

And when this energy was infused into Yi Yun's dantian, the towering azure tree that had been sleeping within Yi Yun's dantian gradually awakened!

The divine tree stood erect, and deep beneath it was its infinite

root network that enveloped the Dragon Blood Fruit's juices and began absorbing them.

With the three entities working together, the Dragon Blood Fruit slowly melted.

The massive vibrant essence force within it fused completely into Yi Yun's meridians.

"Peng Peng Peng!"

Many of the seals in Yi Yun's meridians was blasted apart by the massive force!

However, the seal left behind by the Myriad God Patriarch was just too powerful. The vibrant essence forces of the Dragon Blood Fruit was eventually halted due to a lack of nomological support.

However, a few meridians were cleared of the seals, and that was sufficient for Yi Yun. He finally could grasp at a tiny bit of his power!

It was not easy to break through the seals, so Yi Yun had to use all his Yuan Qi, together with the Dragon Blood Fruit's aid, to immediately begin producing Destruction runes!

Wo! Wo! Wo!

Tiny 10000 Demon Wheels of Existence began spinning one after another as they set off towards the depths of Yi Yun's meridians!

Major Destruction laws could destroy everything. Yi Yun was using the Destruction laws to physically vanquish the seals in his meridians!

Hurry! Faster!

Yi Yun roared frantically in his heart!

It was completely unbelievable that a warrior at the fifth-storey Dao Palace realm could blast through the Myriad God Patriarch's energy seals.

However, with the Dragon Blood Fruit and the Major Destruction laws, Yi Yun succeeded in doing so.

Once the last seal was broken through, Yi Yun's joints began to emit an explosive crackling!

Finally, he had recovered to his peak state! He was actually in better shape than ever because his body's bloodline had fused with all the essence of the Dragon Blood Fruit.

However, he would still need time to completely absorb the essence and convert it into strength for himself.

Not only did Yi Yun lack that time, even if he had the time to convert it, he was absolutely no match for the old monsters outside.

Regardless, he had finally recovered his strength!

Yi Yun looked around, his gaze like lightning. At that moment, the only one still alive other than him and Snake Girl was Feng Yunyang.

Feng Yunyang was situated in the middle of the cauldron, experiencing the brunt of the astral flames. He looked to be in excruciating pain and completely disheartened.

He was an extremely arrogant person, so for him die from being refined into a pill, one could imagine the pain and insult he felt!

Unfortunately, the Myriad God Patriarch was not someone he could stand against. All he could do was die in disgruntlement.

However, just as he had given up all hopes of living, he saw a scene that left him reeling in disbelief.

He saw Yi Yun flying towards him with an adorable young girl accompanying him.

"Uh...Uh..."

Feng Yunyang widened his eyes and attempted to speak. Unfortunately, all his meridians were sealed shut. He was unable to formulate a single word.

What!? Why can Yi Yun move!? How did he escape the restraints?

Feng Yunyang was dumbfounded.

"Brother Feng, are you having a barbecue? Please, take your time. I'll be leaving soon, so I'll need to tidy up some things. I won't disturb you any longer."

As Yi Yun spoke, a tiny spinning pagoda appeared in his palm.

Yi Yun's interspatial ring had been taken away, so the only interspatial treasure he had was the God Advent Tower. There were many herbs within the cauldron but he had taken fifteen minutes just to absorb one Dragon Blood Fruit. Furthermore, herbal essence took time to be converted to strength.

It was impossible for him to absorb all the herbs.

Of course, it was also impossible for him to abandon all these rare treasures.

Without standing on courtesy, he beckoned with his hand. Everything, be it the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit, the Dragon Bone Milk, the Crimson Blood Heavenly Silkworm Silk, Nine-

winged Golden Dragon Claw, all of it was stolen away into his God Advent Tower!

Feng Yunyang's eyes turned red with envy as he watched Yi Yun put away the treasures.

He knew very well the price of these treasures! And most importantly, the patriarch was just outside. What was the point in taking all the treasures? Did Yi Yun find a way to escape?

"Uh... Uh... Uh..."

Feng Yunyang managed to produce hoarse sounds from his throat after giving his all. He wanted to ask if Yi Yun had any means of escaping but he failed to form the question.

In fact, he wanted to say that they were in the same boat. If they joined forces, the chances of survival would be higher. He could see that Yi Yun knew of a way to release the Yuan Qi seals and hoped that Yi Yun could help him recover his mobility. As long as succeeded in escaping, he would repay Yi Yun properly.

Despite having all that formulated in his mind, he was unable to verbalize it.

Seeing how Yi Yun was about to leave after packing away all the things, Feng Yunyang felt extremely anxious! As the only living person in the cauldron, he knew that if Yi Yun left, he would no longer have any other hope for survival. He needed to beg Yi Yun!

As he was so desperate to speak, Feng Yunyang's eyeballs widened so much that they protruded out. He garbled with his tongue out, his saliva flowing down.

"Oh?" Yi Yun seemed to notice that Feng Yunyang was trying to speak. "Do you have something you want to say to me?"

"Hng! Hng! Hng!" Feng Yunyang widened his eyes greatly. As he grappled with anxiety, his rush to speak made his voice sound funny.

"Hng? Hung...ry? Are you hungry? Oh, I get it! The barbecue must be taking too long for you. You won't be able to have your meal anytime soon. Should I strengthen the fire for you?"

As Yi Yun spoke, he beckoned to Ling Xie'er. "Xie'er, did you hear that? Strengthen the fire for him."

Ling Xie'er wasn't a fool either. With a wave of her hand, like she was beckoning chicks, she gathered all the astral fire in the vicinity.

Ling Xie'er could tell that the fellow had not been nice to her Brother Yi Yun. She naturally didn't care for what he had done. In short, Brother Yi Yun was a good person, and anyone with a grudge against him was a baddy!

Therefore, the astral fire crackled as it surged towards Feng

Yunyang!

Feng Yunyang almost felt like laughing, so outrageous was this turn of events. He desperately tried to open his mouth, but failed to even emit a tragic cry. The blood mist around him was quickly evaporated clean and he was forced to suffer in hellish silence.

"Uh... Uh... Uh..."

Feng Yunyang wailed frantically as he suffered immense pain. He finally understood that Yi Yun was screwing with him!

"Have fun with your barbecue. I'm sorry I won't be joining you."

Yi Yun did not have the time to tease Feng Yunyang any longer. He was preparing himself to charge out of the perilous land!

At that moment, he had put away all the herbs and began revving his Yuan Qi. At that moment, Yi Yun's heart sank, for he felt an ice-cold perception penetrate the Concealed Dragon Cauldron!

This perception left him tingling!

Myriad God Patriarch!

...

At that moment, outside the Concealed Dragon Cauldron, the numerous Myriad God Ridge Elders and personal disciples were injecting all their powers into the grand array to maintain the astral fire's burning.

Located in the middle of the grand array, the Myriad God Patriarch would occasionally probe the interior of the Concealed Dragon Cauldron despite having ensured success.

In fact, it was draining on the Myriad God Patriarch as he had to preside over the grand array. He was already at his limit sending his perception into the raging astral fire to do a cursory probe.

All he could probe was the life and death of the catalyst herbs, as well as the herb refinement's degree of success. But just a while ago, he felt a baffling sense of unease.

He immediately sent his perception into the Concealed Dragon Cauldron!

Chapter 1276: Storming out the Cauldron!

Upon seeing the situation within the Concealed Dragon Cauldron, Myriad God Patriarch's heart pounded!

Where were the divine treasures!?

The cauldron was empty. Only Feng Yunyang was still there, being consumed by the flames in the middle of the cauldron, soon to be burnt to a crisp. As for the priceless divine treasures that he went to great trouble to amass, they had all vanished.

Was it Yi Yun!?

Myriad God Patriarch immediately thought of Yi Yun. However, he couldn't figure out how Yi Yun could have possibly managed to escape despite having his Yuan Qi and even soul sealed off!

"Little bastard, I'll kill you!"

Myriad God Patriarch was incensed. Although Yi Yun had escaped, there was nowhere for him to go. The patriarch was a deity in this pocket world. No one could escape from him!

Although the treasures had been taken away, they were extraordinary. They couldn't be refined so easily. Even if Yi Yun had eaten them, it was fine. There was no way he could have digested them all. He would just have to refine Yi Yun's body instead!

And at that moment, the astral fire within the Concealed Dragon Cauldron erupted. Just like a volcano, it shot out a column of black flame that surged like a black python.

The Heretical God Fire Seed was the source of all fires. Its stirring instigated a strong reaction from the astral fire. At that moment, the cauldron almost blew up!

For alchemists, blowing up a cauldron was not a terribly rare occurrence. It occasionally happened.

One had to know that the energy within a cauldron would be extremely tempestuous. Any tiny deviation would cause the energy to undergo a chain reaction.

Furthermore, Ling Xie'er was taking action, and she was doing her best to imbue chaos into the flames within the Concealed Dragon Cauldron.

The entire cauldron's astral fire was provided by the gathering of the nine fire dragon rifts. So just like how a large amount of snow accumulated on a mountaintop can become an avalanche with a gentle kick, so too could the astral fire easily become dangerous.

Causing an avalanche was easy but preventing one was hard!

The extremely powerful Myriad God Patriarch was only an array formation grandmaster. When it came to alchemy, he wasn't quite

as genius.

"Ah!"

Outside the Concealed Dragon Cauldron, many Myriad God Ridge Elders were mentally connected to the Concealed Dragon Cauldron. The rousing of the cauldron immediately caused backlash on their souls. They felt great pain, and some of the personal disciples with weaker cultivation levels spewed large mouthfuls of blood. They had suffered internal injuries due to the sudden changes the Concealed Dragon Cauldron was undergoing.

And at that moment, because he was presiding over the core of the grand array, and because of the momentary shock he received from the disappearance of the divine treasures, the Myriad God Patriarch suffered backlash on his soul.

"Little bastard, you are courting death!"

Myriad God Patriarch bellowed as he flew up. Instantly, he produced hundreds of hand seals that rapidly flew into the Concealed Dragon Cauldron, stabilizing the erupting energies!

Myriad God Patriarch's cultivation level was profound, after all. Despite facing such a chaotic scenario, he was still able to forcibly withstand the energetic backlash and stem the raging tide!

However, at that instant, the Concealed Dragon Cauldron produced a loud boom!

A tiny pagoda was rapidly expanding!

It went from the size of a palm to a towering divine column in a blink of an eye!

"Boom!"

The rapidly expanding God Advent Tower struck the Concealed Dragon Cauldron's lid with immense force!

The Concealed Dragon Cauldron's interior turned into a violent blob of energy that was on the verge of exploding. Upon receiving the slam from the God Advent Tower, its entire body trembled suddenly as the lid tipped open slightly!

Hu! Hu! Hu!

The fiery astral flames seeped out from the crack, like columns of fire that reached towards the sky for tens of thousands of feet!

Now was the time!

With reddened eyes, Yi Yun, accompanied by Ling Xie'er and Snake Girl, hid inside the God Advent Tower. The God Advent Tower was an abode-type treasure that had the ability to tunnel through the void. When it struck the Concealed Dragon Cauldron with all its might, it left a tiny space behind. That was all the God

Advent Tower needed.

In that split second, the God Advent Tower transformed into a stream of light and rushed out through the crack amid the flames!

And at the same time, Yi Yun flew out of the God Advent Tower. His entire body was enveloped in black Heretic God flames, giving him the appearance of a celestial!

"Little bastard! You actually dared to come out!"

Myriad God Patriarch roared. At that moment, he could clearly see that Yi Yun had recovered to his peak condition. Furthermore, Yi Yun was spitting a large mouthful of blood essence while rushing at him.

Burning his blood essence!?

Myriad God Patriarch gave a sinister scoff. He did not know how Yi Yun had managed to break through the soul and Yuan Qi double seals, but he knew that even if Yi Yun burned his blood essence, and even if Yi Yun's strength increased tenfold, he was still not his match!

"Little bastard, I'll tear you to pieces, burn you for eighty-one days, and extract all the divine treasures you have eaten again!"

The Myriad God Patriarch roared loudly. At that moment, he was using all his strength to stabilize the Concealed Dragon Cauldron

that was about to explode. But even so, he could split off a tenth of his strength and still have enough to pulverize Yi Yun. But at that moment, Yi Yun suddenly changed directions and plummeted downwards!

His body was like a black meteor that rapidly shuttled through space to the point where the nine fiery dragons gathered!

And beneath the Concealed Dragon Cauldron was the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Yi Yun had forced out a mouthful of blood essence that contained all the quintessential aspects of his bloodline. The Myriad God Patriarch believed that Yi Yun was going to burn his blood essence to fight, but the blood essence did not really burn at all. It had been spat at the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Back at the Myriad God Ridge's recruitment test, Yi Yun had used an ordinary drop of blood to stir the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's dragon soul!

And now, it was a large mouthful of blood essence that contained the powers of the Purple Crystal. It thoroughly smeared the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Not only that, Yi Yun had even just eaten a Dragon Blood Fruit.

The strongest remnants of the Dragon Blood Fruit's dragon blood were also contained within Yi Yun's mouthful of blood essence!

Yi Yun placed all his hopes on the power of the Purple Crystal Dao Ancestor, as well as the Dragon Blood Fruit. He had entrusted everything to that mouthful of blood essence.

What!?

Myriad God Patriarch was alarmed. He had planned on vanquishing Yi Yun in a single strike but he never expected the sudden change of circumstances.

This punk wants to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron? He must be dreaming!

Myriad God Patriarch could tell at a glance what Yi Yun was planning. Ignoring Yi Yun, even a mouthful of Feng Yunyang's blood essence would not be able to truly awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. At best, it would pull out a few treasures from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

In order to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, one needed Feng Yunyang's blood, supplemented by all those precious divine items, so that a Dragon Emperor Relic could be refined. Only then would success be possible.

Even if Yi Yun could summon the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' out, so what!? Wouldn't it end up in his possession?

Just as the Myriad God Patriarch was pondering over the matter

—

Roar—!

A might dragon's roar suddenly sounded as the Ascending Dragon Cauldron began to vibrate vigorously!

"Buzz!!"

The land quaked as cracks began to appear. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron expanded incessantly as the runes engraved on it began lighting up. The black dragon seemed to come completely alive.

Wu Wu Wu Wu!

The pocket world's Heaven Earth Yuan Qi surged in from all directions to concentrate on it. Lightning flashed as storms began to stir. The black dragon was swirling in the air!

As for Yi Yun, it seemed as though the black dragon was encircling him!

Heretical God Fire Seed!

Black Dragon Lightning!

The lightning and fire mingled with one another with Yi Yun floating in its core like a celestial!

At that moment, Yi Yun deeply sensed that, due to his mouthful of blood essence, he had established an intricate bloodline connection with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Open! Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Yi Yun collected his thoughts and produced such a bellow.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron jolted suddenly as it gradually flew up from the ground. The space within the cauldron that had been sealed opened a tiny outlet!

Yi Yun's eyes flashed.

"Enter!"

Yi Yun, together with the God Advent Tower, followed the space trajectory that opened and flew into the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Sou!

In just a split second, Yi Yun and the God Advent Tower were completely hidden within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Yi Yun naturally wanted to kill the Myriad God Patriarch but with his present strength, even if he had obtained the recognition of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and was able to use a portion of its strength, he did not believe that it was possible for him to kill the patriarch.

After all, no matter how powerful the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was, it was only an artifact. An artifact's strength was greatly determined by its wielder.

The black dragon continued swirling in the sky. When the patriarch saw this, his aged but adolescent face flushed red with lividity.

Im...Impossible!

Myriad God Patriarch yelled in his heart. Yi Yun had managed to enter the Ascending Dragon Cauldron? He was acutely aware of what that meant.

He had researched the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for millions of years but had never seen its interior. As for Yi Yun, he had gained entry just like that. That had to mean that Yi Yun obtained the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's recognition!

How was it possible? How did he gain the approval of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

The Myriad God Patriarch was completely confounded. He could

not accept this outcome. He had expended so much effort, spent millions of years on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Yet, Yi Yun had taken one giant step ahead of him. Not only did Yi Yun attain the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's recognition, he had also brought all the divine treasures he stole into the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"Ah!"

Myriad God Patriarch let out an angry roar of despair. His tiny body seemed to possess the power of a god.

Simultaneously, the core of the grand array that Myriad God Patriarch had set up lost his support. The astral fire that was being carefully concentrated from the nine fiery rifts became unbridled and began to erupt completely!

Boom!

The terrifying astral fire enveloped the vicinity!

The Myriad God Ridge disciples were scattered in all directions by the terrifying energy blast!

"Ah, ah, ah!"

Screams sounded as their bodies flew into the sky while they spewed large mouthfuls of blood. Some even had their meridians shattered, with others' dantians getting seriously cracked.

The heavily injured were everywhere!

"Bam!"

A person came crashing down heavily from a high altitude. His face was already unrecognizable, with blood flowing from all his orifices. All his meridians and bones were broken and his legs were gone. His organs had been ground to a paste.

This person was Feng Yunyang.

The purest Dragon Emperor bloodline was impressive after all. The moment the cauldron exploded, Feng Yunyang's body spewed out layers of blood mist, blocking a large portion of the astral fire's blast. It gave Feng Yunyang a chance for a final breath, but of course, that breath did not last long.

In his present state, even a god could not save him.

"It's Feng Yunyang..."

Some people managed to recognize Feng Yunyang from his ragged clothes.

Despite once being the final disciple of the patriarch and the successor to the Myriad God Ridge Sect Master, he ended up in such a terrible state.

Chapter 1277: Escaping to Survival

"P... Patriarch..."

Song Zhanchen spewed a large mouthful of blood. The youth behind him was the Song family junior that had been recently promoted to Myriad God Ridge personal disciple.

Previously he had been highly-spirited, but now his meridians were severed and his dantian cracked. But worst of all, he was crippled of his cultivation level.

"I...I..."

The moment the youth opened his mouth, a mouthful of black blood spewed out. He had the weakest cultivation level among the people present, so naturally, his condition was the worst!

His fellow companion was the junior from the Zhang family that had just been promoted as well. Similarly, he was one of the weakest among the personal disciples.

His situation was definitely not much better.

"Was... was that Yi Yun just now!?"

They had seen very clearly that the Concealed Dragon Cauldron had suddenly run amok, and was completely uncontrollable.

Following that, Yi Yun rushed out of the Concealed Dragon Cauldron and transformed into a stream of light before spitting his blood essence on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and awakening it, thus, gaining entry into the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Then, there was a massive explosion.

While the Concealed Dragon Cauldron exploded to pieces, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron beneath it remained unperturbed and motionless.

What the hell... happened?

Why was Yi Yun able to escape from certain death?

Yi Yun's relationship with nearly all the Myriad God Ridge personal disciples and Elders was bad. When Yi Yun was thrown into the cauldron, these people felt a sense of gleeful schadenfreude as they watched Yi Yun being refined into a pill.

These people were certain that Yi Yun had been utterly subdued by the patriarch and was just meat waiting on the cutting board.

What sort of figure was the Myriad God Patriarch? Just a nonchalant glance from him was enough to ensure that no one from the Myriad God Patriarch would dare resist. No matter how powerful an Elder was, or how arrogant a personal disciple was, they would submit obediently when facing the Myriad God Patriarch, not even daring to breathe too loudly. For the patriarch

to kill Yi Yun was no different from killing a chicken, an action that barely required thought.

Yet, under such circumstances, Yi Yun had managed to escape. Furthermore, he had caused the Concealed Dragon Cauldron to explode!

If one talked about those that dealt with Yi Yun previously, they were only juniors like Song Bowen or Feng Yunyang. It was understandable for them to suffer under his hand. But now, the Myriad God Patriarch had taken action personally, confiscating his interspatial ring and performing a double seal on both his soul and Yuan Qi, yet he had still managed to escape to safety? Was he still human?

The Song family and the Zhang family Elders were feeling trepid. Yi Yun was like a curse on their family clans. With both their family clans offending a person that even the patriarch could not deal with, was there any way out for them?

"Yi Yun, I'm going to skin you alive. Not only will I refine your blood and flesh for eighty-one days to refine the Dragon Emperor Relic, I will also seal your soul and torture it for thousands of years!"

The Myriad God Patriarch's face was gruesome. Although he still looked like a child, his face was filled with protruding blood vessels. They were like thick earthworms that covered his adolescent face, making him look hideous.

"Do you think I can't do a thing to you just because you've entered the Ascending Dragon Cauldron? Alright! I'll use the Ascending Dragon Cauldron as the cauldron to refine you!"

...

And at that moment, Yi Yun was situated within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior.

The interior of the cauldron was also a gigantic space, hundreds of times bigger than the Concealed Dragon Cauldron. It was no doubt a pocket world.

"Boom!"

The God Advent Tower crashed heavily onto the ground. Yi Yun landed on the top of the God Advent Tower. His hair was disheveled as it flailed wildly. He touched the God Advent Tower and heaved a sigh of relief.

His life had been on the line!

He had overcome all odds and found the only path to survival against what seemed like certain doom.

It was exhilarating!

"Xie'er!" Yi Yun called out.

A fair girl flew out of the God Advent Tower and looked at Yi Yun with a face full of joy.

"It was all thanks to you."

Yi Yun could not help but hug Xie'er tightly. Xie'er had played a great role in his escape.

"Hey, you should come out too!"

Yi Yun patted the God Advent Tower. A sixteen or seventeen-year-old girl was sent out. She was none other than Snake Girl.

After being consumed by the astral fire for so long, Snake Girl was also feeling extremely weak. She believed she was doomed but, after a series of quick developments, she was now safe but unsure of what had just happened.

She had been thrown into the tiny pagoda without any explanation from Yi Yun. Following that, she felt her world turn topsy-turvy. The God Advent Tower trembled violently repeatedly and after what seemed like a long while, but also like the time it took to blink, she was sent out of the pagoda. When she opened her eyes to look at her surroundings, she realized she was in an unknown place.

"Where... Where are we? What happened?"

If not for the aqueous eyes of the young girl that was still looking at her, and if not for her sensing that her nearly-burnt meridians were gradually healing, she might have believed that the experiences she had were just hallucinations caused by the intense pain of being burned.

"This is... the interior of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron," said Yi Yun slowly. His tone was filled with wistfulness.

It had been quite a while since he first came to the Myriad God Ridge. Everything he had done, he had done for a chance to probe the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Now, he had finally succeeded.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron was different from Yi Yun's Mirage Snow sword. Although Mirage Snow was also one of the divine artifacts of the twelve Dao Ancestors, the Extreme Yin Nether Glow soul within it had already completely disappeared. Although it was unknown why it still possessed a tiny bit of the Extreme Yang Illumination's soul, it didn't matter as that bit of soul was completely sealed up. To Yi Yun, the Mirage Snow sword was only an extremely sharp and redoubtable sword. It was far inferior to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron which had a portion of the Dragon Emperor's soul sealed within it.

"What... What did you say? This is the interior of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!?"

Snake Girl was dumbfounded by shock. Previously, when she was outside, she had heard Yi Yun mention that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron might be related to the fourth Dao Ancestor, Dragon Emperor. It was a supreme divine artifact.

How did they enter the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior?

"Yi Yun, you... you awoke the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?" Snake Girl asked in disbelief.

She now understood what had just happened. Yi Yun had managed to break through the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in an instant and brought her inside it. As the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was a divine artifact itself, they were temporarily safe!

Yi Yun nodded. "Yes, but I don't have the time to explain it all to you. Stay here. I still need to cultivate. Although we are in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, we are still not out of the woods. Only the heavens know what that old fellow will do next. Besides, we can't stay here forever. I need to seize every second to cultivate!"

As Yi Yun spoke, he gently waved his hand, causing the God Advent Tower to light up. It sent divine treasures flying out, one after another.

Dragon Bone Milk!

Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit!

Heaven Devouring Wyrms Horn!

Crimson Blood Heavenly Silkworm Silk!

Dragonbone Whale Oil!

...

A total of thirty plus divine treasures were placed in front of Yi Yun!

Yi Yun was especially pleased with the Dragon Bone Milk and the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit. It was a tremendous opportunity to obtain just one of these treasures, even for a figure at the Myriad God Patriarch's level. Its price was completely unimaginable!

The Myriad God Patriarch had spent millions of years to gather these items, but they were now all Yi Yun's.

In the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, he had sufficient time to refine them all for himself!

Chapter 1278: Dragon Emperor Technique

(Part 1/2)

In fact, Yi Yun was not happy at all. After all, his interspatial ring had been taken away by Myriad God Patriarch.

But on careful thought, he realized that his most precious item was the Purple Crystal. Next was the Azure Wood Divine Tree, God Advent Tower, the Heretical God Fire Seed, the pure Yang broken sword, and the Mirage Snow sword.

The Azure Wood Divine Tree, God Advent Tower, and Heretical God Fire Seed were still with Yi Yun, and he had left the pure Yang broken sword with Huan Chenxue for safe keeping. Although the Myriad God Patriarch currently possessed Mirage Snow, he could not do a thing with the sword.

Of the remaining items in his interspatial ring, the most precious were the remnant pages of the 'Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon' that Felicitous Rain Lord had left him. But their importance was more due to being a memento. As for the rest of the items, Yi Yun did not care if Myriad God Patriarch did anything to them. How could the pills and elixirs he had stored away be comparable to the divine treasures he had in front of him?

"There is no hurry with these divine treasures. Old Snake mentioned before, that inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, there is a manual known as the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' It is a supreme cultivation technique at the level of the Dao Ancestors."

In fact, from the very beginning, Old Snake's interest in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron stemmed from the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

And Yi Yun just happened to be in desperate need of a cultivation technique right now.

Other than the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence, the techniques Yi Yun cultivated in were sourced from Felicitous Rain Lord or Azure Yang Lord. It wasn't that these cultivation techniques were bad, but they were only at the level of a Divine Lord. At Yi Yun's present level of nomological insight, they were rather pedestrian.

Yi Yun possessed four nine-leaf Dao fruits, and he had formed a supreme Nine-treasured Dao Palace. Without the right cultivation technique, the might of his laws could hardly be expressed. Yi Yun knew that his current combat style was simple and crude. All he did was inject the power of his laws into a sword. He could not fully express his strength.

Now, Yi Yun had a faint spiritual connection with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. He knew that he had yet to completely refine the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for himself, but gaining its approval was sufficient enough.

With a sweep of his perception, Yi Yun discovered that treasures were floating in a corner of the vast space that was the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior.

Back when Yi Yun took the recruitment test, he had heard the

Myriad God Ridge personal disciples mention that the Myriad God Ridge was in search of people with 'wisdom roots.' One of the indicators was the ability to pull out treasures sealed within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. It was said that the Myriad God Patriarch placed great emphasis on these treasures.

But in fact, be it Myriad God Patriarch or Old Snake, Yi Yun had observed that their ultimate goal was not the treasures. All Old Snake wanted was the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' As for the Myriad God Patriarch, he was more ambitious. He wanted to refine the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and claim it as his own.

Yi Yun began inspecting the treasures that were scattered in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior. There was only a total of five items.

There weren't many treasures in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, to begin with. Compounded by the fact that those with wisdom roots had taken away some of them over the years, five was all that was left. If Yi Yun had not joined the fray, all of the treasures within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron would have been doled out in a few more centuries.

"Oh? The auras of these treasures are very different from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron itself."

Yi Yun beckoned with his hand as the five treasures flew towards him.

They were a spear, a soft armor, a talisman charm, a disk array,

and a set of seven flying sabers.

Not only did these five items have a different aura from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, all of them were completely different from one another. They did not stem from the same source.

"These treasures probably have no relationship with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron at all. They only entered the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for some unrelated, unknown reason."

Perhaps, in ancient times, someone wielded the Ascending Dragon Cauldron as a weapon. If they did that, the cauldron would probably operate by sucking enemies into the cauldron and refining them directly.

As a result, the people who were sucked into the cauldron would have their artifacts remain in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

That peerless mighty figure, having the ability to wield the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, must've not thought much of these items and so left them inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron as spoils of their victory.

Later on, that peerless figure might have perished or passed away. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron became ownerless once again and appeared in the Myriad God Ridge. Myriad God Patriarch sought people with wisdom roots by getting them to stimulate the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, hoping that the dragon soul within would be awakened, causing energy to spew out of the cauldron. It wasn't too shocking, then, that the treasures that were once inside

would be thrown out with the energy fluxes.

Upon figuring this out, Yi Yun inspected the five treasures. The spear and armor had some battle damage, and all of the treasures were worn by the ravages of time. Yi Yun believed that these were the first steps to confirming his guess.

As such, he finally understood the puzzle of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"This set of seven flying sabers isn't bad. I can use it. Since there are seven sabers, I'll call them Seven Kills."

When Yi Yun first began his martial career, he started with sabers. Yi Yun had a deep understanding of the saber Dao as well.

Yi Yun put the five treasures into his God Advent Tower but he did not find the remnant pages of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' It left him frowning slightly.

He spread his perception into the space within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron but failed to find it.

Could Old Snake's information be wrong?

Yi Yun felt disappointed. If he could not find the legendary cultivation technique, his strength would be stuck in its current awkward position. His laws might be powerful, but he could not effectively convert them into offensive strength.

Yi Yun searched bit by bit, constantly combing the Ascending Dragon Cauldron but to no avail.

Just as Yi Yun guessed that Old Snake might have made a mistake, a corner of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron caught Yi Yun's eye.

His figure flashed as he traversed the wide void in the cauldron and came to the side of the cauldron. In front of him was the same thick bronze cauldron wall but above it, Yi Yun saw blurry engravings.

Yi Yun fell into a ruminative state as he looked at the engravings. He scanned it with his perception and moments later, he stretched out his arm to touch it gently. Following that, a scene that left Yi Yun surprised happened.

Layers of gold dust fell from the engravings as though it had been weathered. As the gold dust trickled down, there were more and more engravings that become clearer and clearer.

A few seconds later, the gold dust stopped falling. The many engravings connected as one, allowing Yi Yun to see the complete picture.

The engravings depicted a group of five-clawed golden dragons on the bronze cauldron's walls.

There were a total of nine five-clawed golden dragons of different shape and sizes. They were twirling in midair as though they were alive.

These golden dragon carvings were completely different from the black dragon outside. The black dragon's aura was ample and majestic, making one envisage the terrifying power it possessed.

As for the nine five-clawed golden dragons, they appeared propitious and mild. Celestial bodies seemed to circle the golden dragons with infinite light augmenting them.

This is...

Yi Yun looked at the golden dragons. Their eyes appeared lifelike and every scale was extremely clear. The patterns of their scales were of different shapes and sizes that somehow kept him mesmerized even when he only took a cursory look at them.

"The patterns these scales form... are words!?"

Yi Yun took a careful look and was astounded. The scales of the five-clawed golden dragons were formed out of countless small text.

Chapter 1279: Dragon Emperor Technique

(Part 2/2)

The words appeared as small as sesame seeds but when Yi Yun immersed his soul perception into the engraving, he felt as though he was standing in a vast empty world. The tiny text transformed into massive bodies of text, with every stroke reminiscent of a billowing dragon that contained a boundless aura. The text seemed to be formed naturally from the world's derived creation.

Yi Yun could not help but touch the text again. When his fingers made contact with the text, Yi Yun felt an overwhelming might. It resembled the Chaos aura that flowed at the beginning of the universe when it was still in its primordial state.

"The content of these words..." Yi Yun read carefully and discovered that it was a cultivation technique. "Could this be the Dragon Emperor Technique?"

Yi Yun continued reading it, and confirmed that the text comprised of the nine golden dragon scales was the 'Dragon Emperor Technique!'

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron did have the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' within it, but it was not a book or remnant pages as Old Snake imagined. It was paragon mantras that were engraved into the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior.

These mantras, as well as the nine five-clawed golden dragons, were parts of the Dragon Emperor Technique.

The golden dragon carvings contained the nomological charms of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

"I have finally found it."

Yi Yun was pleasantly surprised, but then he had a thought that made him sigh. The 'Dragon Emperor Technique' had been engraved in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior, so even descendants of the dragon race with an extremely pure bloodline would not have been able to pull the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' out. The only way was for one to establish a mental connection with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, allowing them to truly enter the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior.

After finding the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' Yi Yun was in no hurry. Despite suddenly finding this supreme cultivation technique, he was not anxious.

He had just experienced a perilous encounter and was still reeling from an upheaval of emotions. Such a state of mind was not suitable for reading the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

When important figures conducted matters of great importance, they had a ritual—burning of incense, bathing, eating vegetarian, making offerings. These were not just superstition. These actions could allow them to empty their minds, paving the way for the most effective outcomes in whatever they did.

Yi Yun sat cross-legged in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and

closed his eyes to focus before he began meditating.

On one hand, he was still digesting the vital essence within the Dragon Blood Fruit, and on the other hand, he calmed his mind, allowing his concentration to reach an optimal state.

This continued for two hours before he came out from his meditation. He opened his eyes, and they appeared like a deep body of water that flickered with a light that struck the minds and hearts of people.

Now that he was prepared, Yi Yun began to seriously read the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

The first volume of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' was also the first figure. Yi Yun spent an hour just reading it.

If Yi Yun read a book with his perception, he could finish that book in an instant. However, each text in the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' contained conceptual truths that he needed to read carefully and ponder over the meaning within.

After he finished reading the first volume of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' Yi Yun was somewhat astonished. He never expected the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' to be like this. It was completely different from any cultivation technique he had ever encountered.

Typical cultivation techniques would introduce the laws and the

energy flow trajectories in the body. If not that, then they would be sword arts or saber techniques.

As for the 'Dragon Emperor Technique', it explained how one could develop one's vital potential.

According to the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' when its technique was cultivated to the limit, pushing one's vital potential to the extreme, one's body could produce a dragon.

It made a warrior's life force match that of a True Dragon!

The first volume that Yi Yun had finished reading allowed one to adjust one's vital potential at any time after mastering it. It allowed his combat strength to increase severalfold, providing an effect similar to the burning of blood essence.

However, the burning of blood essence posed a huge danger. The amount of blood essence decreased with every burning. To recover lost blood essence was just too difficult.

As for the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' it did not have such a negative effect. By stimulating one's vital potential with the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' one could use it at any time. At most, it expended Yuan Qi at a greater rate. As such, the only thing one needed to do was rest to replenish themselves.

Of course, reaching that stage was not easy. One had to cultivate a powerful body first.

In one of the sections of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' it described how one could cultivate one's body.

After Yi Yun read it, he found that the technique even mentioned the 'Dragon Emperor Relic' that the Myriad God Patriarch wanted so desperately to refine.

In fact, the Dragon Emperor Relic was the first divine medicine that was recorded in the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' Furthermore, the information it had was a lot more detailed than the Myriad God Patriarch's refinement recipe.

"So that's what it is. Who knows how Myriad God Patriarch obtained the Dragon Emperor Relic's recipe? And to think that the Dragon Emperor Relic actually originates from the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' If the Myriad God Patriarch refines the Dragon Emperor Relic and consumes it, it would be equivalent to him reaching a rudimentary stage of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

Just the rudimentary stage of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' would increase the Myriad God Patriarch's strength greatly. Furthermore, he will have a chance of opening the Ascending Dragon Cauldron," Yi Yun muttered to himself.

Just the body-tempering divine relic recorded in the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' would produce such miraculous effects. If one were to truly finish cultivating the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' it was unknown to what level his strength would increase.

However, cultivating in the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' required an astronomical amount of resources. The medicinal pills recorded in the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' were all divine medicine. This information left Yi Yun troubled.

In fact, the cultivation of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' did not need that many resources. The reason was that the true 'Dragon Emperor Technique' was meant for people with pure Dragon Emperor bloodlines. As for Yi Yun, he only had a mortal body. For him, the process of cultivating in the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' would be one of completely reconstructing his body.

As Yi Yun was thinking over the matter, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron began to vibrate suddenly.

"Oh?"

Yi Yun had a thought as he released his perception and looked out of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior formed a sealed space that prevented others from probing the interior. However, Yi Yun was linked to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron by blood, allowing him to observe the ongoings of the world outside.

When he took a look, Yi Yun discovered that the Myriad God Patriarch had surrounded the Ascending Dragon Cauldron with layers of array formations.

A supermassive array had been set up, with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron trapped at its heart.

Dozens of array flags were embedded around the massive array. In addition, the Myriad God Ridge's Elders and disciples surrounded the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in rank formation.

"Yi Yun!?"

Myriad God Patriarch had extremely sharp senses. Despite Yi Yun observing him from within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, he was still able to detect it.

"Little bastard, don't let me catch you, or I'll use the most vicious and painful means to torture you. I'll make you wish you were dead!" Myriad God Patriarch said angrily. He had never suffered so badly his entire life, yet today he had been conned and humiliated by Yi Yun, a junior.

"Old bastard, don't just keep up the empty talk. I'm right here waiting. Come get me."

Yi Yun deliberately mocked him from inside the cauldron. He was not afraid of infuriating the Myriad God Patriarch anymore. Since he had already handed him the worst possible offense, with them reaching an irreconcilable point, he might as well make snide remarks to entertain himself.

Upon hearing Yi Yun's words, the Myriad God Patriarch blew his top. "Continue with your sharp tongue. The more you enjoy yourself now, the worse you will die later."

"Old bastard, what you said really makes me a little afraid... Speaking of which, that Dragon Blood Fruit I ate just now was really not bad. It's juicy, and it melted upon reaching my mouth. It was so sweet and fragrant. Old bastard, where did you pluck the fruit from? Tell me, pretty please? I would like to visit it and try my luck. I think I need to get a few more. That Dragon Blood Fruit just now was too small. I didn't fully enjoy myself."

Yi Yun's words were meant to repulse as much as possible. Myriad God Patriarch's expression was so ugly it was like he had eaten a kilogram of dead flies. He was so angry that he felt like blowing a gasket.

That was a Dragon Blood Fruit! Over the past million years, he was unseen or unheard off in the Myriad God Ridge. Not only did the Myriad God Ridge disciples never see him, they had not even heard tales about him. Why? It was because he needed to travel the world in search of divine treasures! He was constantly away from the sect seeking these impossible-to-find items.

He had spent an immense amount of effort to gather the three main ingredients—the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit, the Dragon Blood Fruit, the Dragon Bone Milk. Now, the Dragon Blood Fruit that he paid a huge price for was eaten by Yi Yun as though it as an ordinary piece of fruit!

Chapter 1280: Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array

"Old bastard, are you not going to tell me? Forget it then, I wouldn't force myself on you. Hey, this Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit looks pretty good too. Let me give it a try."

Yi Yun got a kick from his taunting. If only he could infuriate the old undying fart to death.

"Keep refining! Refine him alive!" Myriad God Patriarch roared maniacally. His teeth were clenched so tightly that they nearly shattered!

At that moment, the Myriad God Ridge disciples and Elders were shuddering in fear around him. They found it hard to imagine that the mysterious and unfathomable Myriad God Patriarch would become that infuriated. Then again, it was inevitable given the situation. No matter how composed one could be, they would break down when they realized that all their painstaking efforts and final hopes for their future were being robbed by someone right in front of them. It was actually impressive that the Myriad God Patriarch did not vomit out blood in his rage.

And most critically, Yi Yun remained vibrant as he mocked the Myriad God Patriarch after he angered him. Such a situation was completely unimaginable.

In fact, whatever Yi Yun said at that moment, no matter how much it sounded like he was digging his own grave, tugged at the

Myriad God Ridge disciples' nerves. They were afraid that the Myriad God Patriarch would target them when he had nowhere to vent his anger.

"Let's augment the patriarch's array formation. That little bastard, Yi Yun doesn't have a God Spirit body. We will definitely end up refining him clean!"

Cang Wu spoke up. He loathed Yi Yun, but not because he had offended the Myriad God Patriarch. He hated that Yi Yun had taken away so many great treasures. It made him extremely envious.

"Hu! Hu! Hu!"

With the array formation augmented, the astral fire ignited once again!

The Nine Dragon Encircling Pearl that formed the worldly array was activated once again.

Myriad God Patriarch knew that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was as heavy as mountains and its walls were indestructible. It was nearly impossible to damage the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

However, that did not mean that Yi Yun was impervious while inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Although he had entered the cauldron, he had not completely refined it to be his. That meant that he was not the true owner of the Ascending Dragon

Cauldron.

Attacking the Ascending Dragon Cauldron would not hurt Yi Yun at all.

They could, however, refine the cauldron with fire.

One had to know that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron could be used as an alchemical cauldron. The bronze alchemical cauldron would naturally conduct heat, so if the astral fire continued burning, the cauldron's interior would quickly reach unimaginable temperatures.

In fact, the Myriad God Patriarch did not know how Yi Yun had escaped the Concealed Dragon Cauldron. Regardless how rich his imagination could be, he would never have thought that Yi Yun had the Purple Crystal, which could absorb any energy around him. He also couldn't account for Ling Xie'er, who could control all sorts of fires.

Although he was clueless as to the method Yi Yun had employed to escape the Concealed Dragon Cauldron, Myriad God Patriarch had witnessed the way Yi Yun rushed out of the Concealed Dragon Cauldron. He guessed that Yi Yun probably had a tolerance for fire that far exceeded his realm.

However, Myriad God Patriarch still had one hope, and that was the Dragon Bone Milk.

The Dragon Bone Milk was poisonous. If directly consumed, even a Divine Lord would be poisoned to death, much less Yi Yun.

As for the method to rid the Dragon Bone Milk of its poisonous elements, Myriad God Patriarch was confident that only he knew it. Such a mysterious and rare divine herb was something even the old freaks in the deepest depths of the Sinkhole would not know of. How could Yi Yun know about it?

Once he drank the Dragon Bone Milk, Yi Yun would definitely die of poison. Once he died, all problems were solved. A dead person could not withstand the astral fire after all.

When the time came, he could use the Ascending Dragon Cauldron to refine Yi Yun, along with the herbs, into the Dragon Emperor Relic. Then, he would use Feng Yunyang's blood to stimulate the dragon soul within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, causing the Dragon Emperor Relic to be thrown out. That would be the ultimate success.

That was the solution the Myriad God Patriarch put his hopes in.

In order to carry out the plan successfully, he had stored away Feng Yunyang's alive but wretched body. Feng Yunyang was in as terrible shape as could be. He could not die even if he wanted to. He could no longer hold on for his body was completely wrecked, yet he was forced to live on with a pill that forcefully stimulated his vital potential. However, the pill did not provide any pain relief, so he wallowed in despair from the pain. Days felt like years and all he wished for was a quick death, but who would bother to show him mercy?

"Little bastard, you seem to be quite resistant to fire. I would like to see how long you can last with this Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array set up. It has ten times the energy of the astral fire and, if eighty-one days isn't sufficient, I'll refine you for eight hundred and ten days! I refuse to believe you can last that long!"

The grand array from before was meant to refine the herbs after all. It was purposefully set at a certain intensity to maintain a stable amount of energy in the Concealed Dragon Cauldron, and also to ensure that Feng Yunyang could survive for three days and three nights. Therefore, Myriad God Patriarch did not push the strength of the array formation's fire to its limit.

But this time, the astral fire array was meant to kill.

Myriad God Patriarch's strongest fire refinement array was the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array. Under its full power, the Concealed Dragon Cauldron might explode due to the unstable energies in its interior. On the other hand, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron would not explode at all. But secretly, Myriad God Patriarch wished it could explode, blasting Yi Yun to pieces.

"Old bastard, you are sure dumb. You know I'm fire resistant and yet you still continue using fire? Oh, I understand. You can't think of any other way. All you can employ is this same dumb idea. Then, keep up the good work. Make the fire a little stronger, I'll treat it as though I'm soaking in a hot spring."

Hidden in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, the ends of his mouth

curved upwards. In fact, he was afraid that the Myriad God Patriarch would think of another, deadlier way to deal with him. But the employment of the refinement array proved that the Myriad God Patriarch had no other means to deal with him being in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"Let's see how long you can remain stubborn."

As the Myriad God Patriarch spoke, he flicked his sleeve and threw out a large amount of Spirit Jade!

These Spirit Jade were mostly superior or supreme-grade Spirit Jade.

They were the cherished collection of the Myriad God Patriarch. The Spirit Jade that was expended when he activated the long-distance teleportation array was far from comparable to these.

Hundreds of thousands of kilograms worth of Spirit Jade flew towards the various spots on the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array.

When the Spirit Jade entered the array, it experienced a burst of energy. The intensity of the astral fire immediately increased more than tenfold. As the flames billowed, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron remained motionless within the inferno. However, the black cauldron seemed to reach temperatures higher than that of the sun!

From Myriad God Patriarch's point of view, even if Yi Yun was resistant to fire, there had to be a limit. As long as he kept increasing the intensity of the fire array, it would eventually exceed Yi Yun's limits.

This method might not be the most efficient way to finish Yi Yun, but he wanted to give it a try for he had no other choice. With the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's unique characteristic of being an alchemical cauldron, fire refinement was the only way to damage a person hidden inside the cauldron.

The intense inferno continued for two hours, causing the pocket world's sky to turn red. By that point, the land beneath the Myriad God Ridge disciples had already turned to flowing lava.

And this was just the beginning. The fire refinement would continue for a very long time.

As an alchemical cauldron, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron had great conductance. All the astral fire was absorbed by it. It might appear black and calm but due to the extreme temperatures, it caused the laws of physics around it to bend.

Such temperatures could cause a burn just from looking at it!

And at that moment, the astral fire had turned into a mist inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron's quality far exceeded the Concealed Dragon Cauldron, so its ability to contain the astral fire was not something a replica like the Concealed Dragon Cauldron could match.

Chapter 1281: Very Dissatisfied

The flames coalesced so tightly that they could even burn through Yuan Qi. Snake Girl shuddered but beside her, Yi Yun was feeling comfortable. It was truly as though he was relaxing in a hot spring.

"Xie'er, have some of these flames. Don't let them go to waste."

Although Yi Yun had the Purple Crystal, he had no use for such a large amount of energy. The main difference between astral flames and divine treasures like the Dragon Blood Fruit was that the flames were only energy and the fruit actually contained vitality. Although the Purple Crystal could absorb the flames' energy, they did little for Yi Yun's dantian.

In that case, it was better to let Ling Xie'er absorb them. As the corporeal body of the Heretical God Fire Seed, which was the source of all fires, the astral fire was great nourishment for her.

"Alright, Brother Yi Yun!"

Ling Xie'er said crisply and felt overjoyed when she saw all the astral fire. She was like a greedy kitten seeing a table of delicacies in front of her.

She immediately flew to the middle of the space within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. She extended her fair hands as two black fire plumes gradually expanded from her palms. They absorbed the surrounding astral fire voraciously and soon, two

vortices were formed.

The vortices expanded and became more violent. From afar, Ling Xie'er's body looked like she was being enveloped by two black tornadoes!

Upon seeing this scene, and how the astral fire that blotted out the sky was being constantly devoured, the corner of Snake Girl's mouth twitched. The young fair-skinned girl may have looked dainty and adorable, but whenever she acted it was astounding and breathtaking. She was no different from a monster.

Snake Girl knew that if not for the fire plume that the girl had left in her body, she would probably have turned to ash long ago.

"Xie'er, split off some of the Fire Seed and send it over here. I'll refine the herbs in this Ascending Dragon Cauldron!" Yi Yun instructed.

At that moment, he was feeling exceedingly gratified. The refinement method of the Dragon Emperor Relic was recorded in the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' It was a lot more brilliant than the Myriad God Patriarch's method.

Although he was lacking the Dragon Blood Fruit, it did not matter. Since he had eaten the Dragon Blood Fruit, he could extract a few drops of his blood essence and get away with using them as a replacement of the Dragon Blood Fruit.

As such, Yi Yun happily took over the work of refining the Dragon Emperor Relic that the Myriad God Patriarch had failed to refine.

Furthermore, Yi Yun would refine one that was even better.

The difficulty of refining the Dragon Emperor Relic was actually not that high. And in terms of alchemical skill, Yi Yun was better than the Myriad God Patriarch. Besides, the vessel Yi Yun was using to refine the relic was the legendary Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

"Alright."

Ling Xie'er waved her tiny hand as the Heretical God Fire Seed surged toward Yi Yun.

Ever since Ling Xie'er had awoken, the Heretical God Fire Seed became easier to control. Controlling it was now as easy as lifting a finger.

Yi Yun lifted the Heaven Devouring Wyrms Horn, the Crimson Blood Heavenly Silkworm Silk, the Dragonbone Whale Oil, and the other divine items and threw them into the black flame!

The Heretical God Fire Seed was not something the astral fire could compare with. With Yi Yun's alchemical skills, the Dragon Blood essence in those divine treasures was rapidly extracted.

If Myriad God Patriarch saw this scene, he would probably vomit out blood. His life's work he had spent a million years on was not only benefiting Yi Yun, it was also being completed in a way that completely surpassed what he could accomplish.

Time passed.

In a blink of an eye, three days and three nights had passed.

In three days, the world outside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron had been burnt into a molten ocean.

However, the nine fire dragon rifts were preserved. One could clearly see that the nine rifts were redder amid the molten ocean. The dragon rifts that were of higher temperature converged around the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

At that moment, all the Myriad God Ridge disciples were drained. They only managed to maintain the constant expenditure of energy through the consumption of pills and Spirit Jade. At the same time, they had to face the billowing heat waves that baked them.

Those with weaker cultivation levels could not even bear the temperatures from the molten ocean. They found it hard to imagine what the situation was like in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"What terrifying temperatures. The Ascending Dragon

Cauldron's interior must be a hellish inferno. Even I would probably be reduced to ash after staying in it for so long," A Myriad God Ridge elder said.

"That's right. I have some understanding of alchemy, you know. Usually, the refinement of pills needs one to carefully control the flames. Who would dare let it burn in such an unbridled fashion!? I believe that even if that little bastard Yi Yun is as extremely resistant to fire as Patriarch mentioned, he wouldn't be able to last this long. The amount of Spirit Jade expended by this grand array every second is tremendous. But Patriarch does not seem to have any intentions of stopping. I wonder how long this will go on. It feels like using a sledgehammer on a gnat."

The Myriad God Ridge Elders and disciples discussed in private. They were truly suffering in the heat.

Finally, Cang Wu spoke up four hours later. He could not help but say, "Patriarch, at such temperatures, that little bastard has probably been burnt to ashes, right?"

Myriad God Patriarch remained silent, but he was aware of the terrifying intensity the astral fires had reached. Even Divine Lords could not withstand it, much less a Dao Palace realm junior.

However, Myriad God Patriarch had a nagging feeling that Yi Yun had not been burnt to death.

He was still pinning his hopes on the Dragon Bone Milk.

"I wonder if the little bastard has drunk that tiny jug of Dragon Bone Milk or not. Given his greed, he will definitely not waste one of the main ingredients. If he has consumed it, all I need to do is wait for the poison to take effect."

"Perhaps I am being overly careful. There is no way the little bastard knows of the Dragon Bone Milk's toxicity or the methods to handle it. Under these flames that can even consume a Divine Lord, he should already be dead."

Myriad God Patriarch muttered to himself and weakened the intensity of the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array.

After all, he was also beginning to feel the pinch of the constant burning of so much Spirit Jade.

Hu! Hu! Hu!

The flames halved in strength, as the oppressive heat turned milder. Although the molten ocean beneath their feet remained, many of the Myriad God Ridge disciples felt a lot better.

"As expected, Senior Brother Cang Wu's words hold some weight."

"Only he can do it. No one else dares to strike up a conversation with Patriarch."

The personal disciples discussed privately. They were somewhat

envious of him. As Cang Wu had taken the lead to pledge allegiance to the Myriad God Patriarch, he was thought highly of by the Myriad God Patriarch.

This made many personal disciples envious and jealous. Why didn't they think to be the first to kneel down and pledge allegiance? Now with Feng Yunyang doomed, wouldn't the successor to the sect master be Cang Wu?

The Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array constantly weakened and finally gave the Myriad God Ridge disciples a breather.

And at that moment, within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, Yi Yun was in the final stages of refining the Dragon Emperor Relic!

The Myriad God Patriarch would have taken at least eighty-one days to refine it, and with no guarantee of success.

However, Yi Yun's refinement was done with the Heretical God Fire Seed and the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Aided by the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array, he was more than half-done after three days.

"Oh? The array has weakened?"

Yi Yun sensed that the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array had weakened tremendously.

Although Ling Xie'er looked adorable, she had a voracious appetite. The moment the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array weakened, the temperature within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron dropped by a lot. A lot of the astral fire was already absorbed by Ling Xie'er.

"Brother Yi Yun, the fire has weakened," Ling Xie'er said.

In truth, even without the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array, Yi Yun could successfully refine the Dragon Emperor Relic with just Ling Xie'er alone. However, it would take him at least half a month.

Now that he was almost finished, with the end very much in sight, Yi Yun was naturally dissatisfied that the process would be prolonged.

He sent his perception out of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and saw that the Myriad God Ridge disciples were wiping off their sweat and resting. As for the Myriad God Patriarch, he had taken out a compass. While chanting, he held the compass in one hand and produced runic seals with the other. He appeared to be divining something.

Oh? This old fellow also knows divination techniques?

Yi Yun guessed the purpose of the compass. It was similar to the mother-child Heaven Secrets Compass he had seen in the Sun Burial Sandsea, but clearly, the quality was a lot better.

The martial path had side branches such as Feng Shui or divination. Legends said that if one mastered divination to the limit, one could predict the future. But of course, that was only a legend.

It was unknown how advanced the Myriad God Patriarch was in divination. He was likely divining Yi Yun's situation inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Upon realizing this, Yi Yun laughed.

"Hey! Old bastard, why are you chanting that garbled stuff!? I was having a nice bath when the heated water disappeared. I was wondering why the water turned cold. And it's all because you are chanting. Old bastard, continue burning!"

"Do you need to chant if you are concerned about me? Wouldn't verbally asking me do the trick? I'm telling you now, the water is too cold. I'm very dissatisfied with your service!"

Yi Yun imbued his Yuan Qi into his voice. His voice thundered throughout the pocket world.

The Myriad God Patriarch had been divining the situation with his eyes closed and, just as he reached a critical point, he suddenly heard Yi Yun's shout. He nearly spewed a mouthful of blood.

"Ka-cha!"

The perfectly-good compass was crushed to pieces by the Myriad God Patriarch.

He opened his eyes abruptly and stared at the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. His face turned dark purple. Why was this happening?

Was the punk still human? Despite spending hundreds of thousands of kilograms of Spirit Jade, the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array failed to do anything to him?

Also, what about that jug of Dragon Bone Milk? Didn't he consume it? Why was he still alive?

Myriad God Patriarch felt his intestines twisting. He felt his liver, gall and even stomach ache. He wished he could bite off Yi Yun's flesh piece by piece, but he could not even see Yi Yun's face.

As for the Myriad God Ridge Elders and personal disciples, they were pushed to the brink of a complete meltdown.

Yi Yun was like an unmovable force. After using so much manpower and wasting so much Spirit Jade, to the point of them, the fire bearers, being baked dry, the person being consumed by the flames was still fine. Who could accept that?

"Refine! Continue refining! Refine the little bastard! It's only an act!"

Standing beside the Myriad God Sect Master, an old woman

jumped forward and shouted. She was the one that had led Snake Girl around previously.

The other Myriad God Ridge disciples were out of options. They hurriedly took their respective positions and continued the activation of the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array.

Boom! Boom! Boom!

The Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array stirred once again as the astral fire continued spewing.

"Why is the fire weaker than before? Have you guys eaten? Use more strength!"

Chapter 1282: I'll appreciate your act of filial piety

Yi Yun was one who never minced his words when it came to infuriating others. However, he was speaking the complete truth. The reignited Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array was indeed weaker. Perhaps it had to do with the fact that most of the Myriad God Ridge disciples were on the brink of a mental collapse. It was natural that the grand array was no longer as strong as it used to be.

"This little bastard is going too far!"

"Little bastard, don't be so arrogant!"

How could the Elders tolerate Yi Yun's scolding? They were always high and mighty figures but over the past few days, they had been verbally abused by Yi Yun hundreds, if not thousands, of times.

Due to their rage, the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array's strength reached a new peak.

Yi Yun was finally satisfied. "That's more like it. You bunch of old slaves are like cart-hauling donkeys. You refuse to be obedient unless you are lashed by a whip."

Every sentence said by Yi Yun was enough to disgust the Elders for three days. Yet, despite being infuriated by his scoldings, they

were out of options.

They only way they had to get back at him was to strengthen the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array, but was that even effective?

"Enough! Stop the refinement!"

Myriad God Patriarch spoke. His expression was terrifying sullen.

"Patriarch, we have already burned him for so long. Perhaps the little bastard is bluffing, and he actually cannot last any longer. Just a few more days of refinement and he will no doubt die."

The old woman spoke. She still refused to believe that a young junior like Yi Yun could withstand the scorching flames.

"Enough!" Myriad God Patriarch said coldly. He shared the same thoughts as her originally, but now his intuition told him that Yi Yun was truly unafraid of the fire.

He was even deliberately instigating them to continue burning the cauldron. Although Myriad God Patriarch was unsure of why Yi Yun was doing that, he refused to abide by Yi Yun's wishes.

"Little bastard. Very nice of you, but don't you celebrate prematurely. The three main ingredients I found are not that easily refined. Be careful, you might explode to your death if you eat too much."

Myriad God Patriarch did not know what Yi Yun was doing in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, so he deliberately taunted Yi Yun back.

Yi Yun laughed. "Old bastard, you still haven't ended your conniving ways. By saying that, are you trying to goad me into eating the three main ingredients? Oh... the real goal is for me to drink the Dragon Bone Milk, right?"

Yi Yun continued: "That's right. A dragon corpse that is buried in a dark netherworld would have its flesh corroded by the Yin gases, leaving behind only the bones. Over the hundreds of millions of years, the bones melt to form this milk. It's truly rare. You must have spent hundreds of thousands of years to find this tiny jar's worth. You are probably afraid that I do not know how great an item this Dragon Bone Milk is. You hope for me to drink it, right? For that, I'll appreciate your act of filial piety."

"What did you say!?"

Myriad God Patriarch felt reverberations through his heart. He was so incensed that his mouth twisted. Yi Yun had correctly described the formation process of the Dragon Bone Milk.

Yi Yun had even made a good estimate of how long it took for him to find the Dragon Bone Milk.

How!? Why was the Dragon Bone Milk something he knew as well!?

Myriad God Patriarch was baffled. Since Yi Yun knew the formation process of the Dragon Bone Milk, he definitely knew that the Dragon Bone Milk was poisonous. He naturally would not drink such a poisonous item.

"Old slave, as your young lord, I know how filial you are. You wish for me to eat this divine treasure but you are also afraid I will be poisoned. On that point, you can rest assured. I actually do know of a few ways to treat the poison in the Dragon Bone Milk. And more coincidentally, I also know a thing or two about the refinement of the Dragon Emperor Relic. So not only will I never be poisoned, I won't waste even a minuscule amount of the Dragon Bone Milk's medicinal essence. I guarantee you I will bring it out to its fullest and make sure it serves its proper purpose. So don't be worried!"

"Now, my Dragon Emperor Relic is almost done. It's just lacking a bit of fire. Old slave, it's time to express your loyalty to its fullest. Let the burning begin!"

The kick Yi Yun got increased as he continued. However, hearing that made the Myriad God Patriarch blow his top!

Refining the Dragon Emperor Relic!?

Just lacking a bit of fire!?

It was no wonder he had a nagging feeling that Yi Yun was deliberately goading them on to activate the Nine Cosmic Grand

Astral Incinerating Array. So that was the reason!

Myriad God Patriarch could no longer withstand the flames of fury burning within him. His heart was burning to the extreme. His Yuan Qi blasted out as he let out a furious bellow!

"Boom!"

The molten ocean beneath them exploded. Myriad God Patriarch's hair was disheveled and his eyes were blood red. There was blood seeping from the corners of his mouth. He truly looked like the devil!

"Little bastard, you are my sworn enemy!"

Myriad God Patriarch's killing intent manifested into something corporeal. All the Myriad God Ridge disciples held their breaths as their hearts and minds trembled. The completely mad Myriad God Patriarch was truly terrifying.

Although Myriad God Patriarch was extremely terrifying, the Myriad God Ridge disciples felt some amount of pity for him. What sort of comportment did he have to be infuriated time and time again? Any ordinary person would have long blown a gasket and vomited blood to their deaths.

"The old bastard is raging."

Inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, the corners of Yi Yun's

lips curved. This time, the anger he gave the Myriad God Patriarch had probably cut his life short by a hundred thousand years.

He was already nearing the latter half of his life. After missing this opportunity, he might lose his last chance to make a breakthrough.

"Since the array has stopped, we must make do. There is still some remnant astral fire left in this Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Xie'er, it should be enough for you to absorb them all and use it to complete the Dragon Emperor Relic," Yi Yun instructed.

"Alright, Brother Yi Yun!"

Xie'er agreed in a straightforward manner.

At that moment, Yi Yun ignored all distractions and focused on completing the Dragon Emperor Relic.

The 'Dragon Emperor Technique' had two unique features. First, the herbs needed for refinement were very expensive but the refining process was simple.

Second, the cultivation of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' was very demanding but the cultivation speed was extremely fast.

Yi Yun estimated that if everything went according to plan, he would gain a rudimentary understanding of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' in a few days time.

At that moment, the Heaven Devouring Wyrms Horn, Four-track Snake Fang, Dragonbone Whale Oil, Crimson Blood Heavenly Silkworm Silk, and Nine-winged Golden Dragon Claw were all done refining. The Dragon Blood essence within had long been extracted.

It suffused a dark golden luster. It was a blob of golden liquid that was the size of a pigeon's egg, but it was as heavy as a large metallic grinder.

After this, Yi Yun extended his hand and beckoned. The Dragon Bone Milk that was floating amid the flames flew over. The reason the Dragon Bone Milk was poisonous was that it had existed for a long time in the dark netherworld. The toxins produced when the dragon corpse decomposed fused with the large amounts of Yin gases before pooling into the Dragon Bone Milk.

In order to expel the poison, one had to burn off the Yin gases. Although it sounded simple, it was quite a complicated process. It required special hand seals that could accomplish the task without damaging the medicinal properties of the Dragon Bone Milk.

Yi Yun was adept at pure Yang laws and had the aid of the Heretic God fire, so whatever he did posed no difficulty.

The Dragon Bone Milk essence was therefore easily extracted by Yi Yun.

Yi Yun carefully controlled the Dragon Bone Milk's essence and

fused it into the golden liquid.

At that moment the worldly laws seemed to be drawn to the mixture, forming a dark gold vortex that gathered into the Dragon Blood essence!

Now, the pigeon-egg-sized Dragon Blood essence in Yi Yun's hand might not be comparable to the true Dragon Emperor's blood, but it was quite close.

The Dragon Emperor was one of the twelve Dao Ancestors that formed naturally from laws during the Universe's birth. It was itself a manifestation of the laws.

And this bit of Dragon Blood essence also possessed this special quality. Yi Yun could clearly sense that the drop of Dragon Blood essence was gathering the surrounding nomological powers and, if it could fuse with them, the benefits would be obvious.

In fact, at that moment, the Dragon Emperor Relic was already close to completion. The only thing left to fuse with the relic was the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit.

The Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit's main effect was prolonging one's life. Myriad God Patriarch had sought it out to remold his aging body so that he could make another breakthrough.

Although Yi Yun did not need his lifespan extended, a guiding principle he always followed was to use resources as early as

possible. Using them early allowed for an early breakthrough. It was better than lacking strength when he encountered danger. If he perished as a result of hoarding his treasures, it would be quite a shame.

The Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit's vital essence was beneficial in stimulating Yi Yun's vital potential. Yi Yun had planned on extracting the vital essence of the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit to fuse it into the Dragon Emperor Relic.

But just as he was about to do so, he hesitated and stopped.

The Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit was still something he was in no hurry to use. The Dragon Emperor Relic had all sorts of other herbs that made it sufficient.

After putting away the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit, Yi Yun produced hand seals with both his hands again and again. The dark golden liquid began to harden and gradually formed the Dragon Emperor Relic.

With Yi Yun's status as the divine alchemist's successor, the final relic formation happened without trouble.

An hour later, with a dazzling golden flash, all the golden liquid vanished. Replacing it was a lotus seed sized crystal that suffused golden light.

This was the final Dragon Emperor Relic.

Yi Yun grabbed the Dragon Emperor Relic.

It was finally formed.

At that moment, it had only been a few days since Yi Yun came to the pocket world.

Yi Yun decided to do everything in one go by cultivating the first volume of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

Although the Dragon Emperor Relic was completed, Yi Yun at his present state was not suitable to immediately swallow the Dragon Emperor Relic. He meditated for half a day, allowing his mind to turn completely tranquil. Following that, Yi Yun did not hesitate any further and threw the Dragon Emperor Relic into his mouth.

The Dragon Emperor Relic was heavy and hot. When Yi Yun swallowed it, he felt as though he was swallowing a glowing red metal ingot.

The pain-inducing heat went from his throat to his gullet to his stomach. Finally, the Dragon Emperor Relic sank to his dantian and entered the tiny world within.

Yi Yun immediately felt a heat stream flow out of his dantian and permeate every part of his body through his meridians. It felt as though his dantian had turned into a fiery cauldron that constantly emanated terrifying heat.

At that moment, the Dragon Emperor Relic began melting and flowed as a golden liquid. Every strand of dragon blood fused into Yi Yun's flesh and meridians. The dragon blood was molten hot and wherever it flowed to, Yi Yun felt an excruciating burning pain in his skin.

Phew! Phew! Phew!

Yi Yun began to sweat as his pores enlarged, sending streams of hot air spewing out.

Soon, Yi Yun felt that his blood was close to boiling. Pain bombarded Yi Yun's body. Even though he remained mentally tenacious, his body could not help but tremble.

It was too painful. It had been a long while since Yi Yun had experienced the pain of tempering his body with divine medicine. From the moment he began practicing martial arts, his dantian had been honed and extremely powerful. His nomological insights and his Nine-treasured Dao Palace were the best in the world, but Yi Yun's body was only normal.

Chapter 1283: Black Hole

Back in the Luo clan, Yi Yun had attempted to temper his body. He had even consumed a Heaven Devouring Wyrms tailbone, but the Luo clan's body-tempering techniques were ultimately limited. Using their techniques to temper his body would require large amounts of time and effort. He decided it wasn't worth it.

However, Yi Yun now had the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' It was completely different.

Gradually, his sweat began to mix with strands of blood. Drops of bloody sweat began evaporating on his skin, forming a blurry blood mist.

The blood mist seemed similar to, but was completely different in nature than, the blood mist that appeared over Snake Girl, Feng Yunyang, and the others back when they were being baked in the Concealed Dragon Cauldron.

The blood mist that boiled out from Yi Yun was ordinary blood. There were even impurities contained within. After being burned by the scorching dragon blood, it effused an unpleasant smell.

This was a true instance of cleansing the marrow for a blood transfusion. The dragon blood essence within the Dragon Emperor Relic was replacing Yi Yun's ordinary blood.

"This Dragon Emperor Relic is indeed impressive."

At that moment, Yi Yun felt his body itching and hurting. It felt like thousands of ants were crawling around his body, but this extreme discomfort did not reduce the joy Yi Yun was experiencing at all.

The 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' coupled with the Dragon Emperor Relic that was prepared by Myriad God Patriarch for him, caused his strength to undergo a tremendous improvement.

The Dragon Emperor Relic was too overwhelming. The pain continued for a full four hours, boiling off more than half of Yi Yun's blood.

His skin was red like a steamed crab; however, his lips were dark purple in color. It made him look sickly.

"Is he really fine?" Snake Girl asked worriedly when she saw Yi Yun's condition.

"Brother Yi Yun is fine. Our souls are connected and I can sense that his flames of vitality are surging. He's more than ten times stronger than before," Ling Xie'er said with a glint in her eyes.

Yi Yun was proficient when it came to laws, but his flames of vitality and lifeblood could be considered average. The Dragon Emperor Relic had fixed all his shortcomings in one go.

Just as Ling Xie'er's voice faded, they heard snapping and

popping sounds coming from Yi Yun's body. It sounded like the rustling of frying beans. Immense amounts of energy gathered within Yi Yun's body, causing Yi Yun's cultivation level to rise dramatically!

The sixth-storey Dao Palace was broken at once!

Following that, the seventh-storey and the eighth-storey!

He jumped three subrealms in one go, and this was Yi Yun deliberately repressing his foundation. Had he not, he could have reached the ninth-storey Dao Palace at once.

The excess energy continued gathering in Yi Yun's dantian. The vital potential that just had been unlocked seemed like a divine beast that was released after being prisoned for a prolonged period of time. It moved restlessly in Yi Yun's body before roaring!

"Ha!"

Yi Yun opened his eyes. Stars appeared to be burning in his eyes and with nowhere to vent this powerful energy, he could not help but produce a long cry.

The cry sounded like a dragon's roar that reached to the ninth heavens!

Yi Yun's lifeblood and soul was infused in the dragon's roar. It sounded like thunder that could penetrate the world and shake the

cosmos!

Boom!

Outside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, the molten ocean exploded as a result of the sound. Lava spewed as dark red shockwaves radiated outwards!

"What's that sound!? It's terrifying!"

"It's completely deafening!"

The Myriad God Ridge disciples also heard the cry. The personal disciple with weaker cultivation levels immediately felt their eardrums burst, causing blood to flow out of their ears.

They were already in bad condition, to begin with. So the shockwave from the sound caused them to plummet from the sky one by one. If not for the seniors beside them grabbing them, they would have fallen into the molten ocean.

"What's going on? Has the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's dragon soul been awakened?"

People speculated, having hardly collected their scattered wits. Many people looked at Myriad God Patriarch. They saw a dark cloud over his face. The aura he exuded was so gloomy that it was terrifying.

At that moment, no one dared to hit the Myriad God Patriarch's ashen nerves. If the dragon's cry truly was an awakening of the dragon soul, that would be bad news as it was most likely a result of Yi Yun.

"What happened?" The Myriad God Sect Master asked the red-dressed boy. Although the cry was monstrous, no dragon soul phantom appeared from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"I do not know!" Myriad God Patriarch said in a deep voice.

Although he had found the refinement recipe to the Dragon Emperor Relic in an ancient dragon race ruin, the records were incomplete. It did not describe the after-effects of the successful refinement of the Dragon Emperor Relic or the consumption of the Dragon Emperor Relic.

"Could that little bastard really have refined the Dragon Emperor Relic? It has only been about five days. How can he be that fast!?"

If Yi Yun had really succeeded in refining the Dragon Emperor Relic, Myriad God Patriarch felt that he could slam his head into the Ascending Dragon Cauldron to kill himself. He felt like a retard. He had spent immense effort and a million years for one goal. And yet, all the benefits were taken away by a mere catalyst herb. If time could rewind, he would have diced up Yi Yun and not even bothered trying to use him as a catalyst herb.

Myriad God Patriarch had never been so enraged before. With Yi

Yun's cultivation level and strength, he could squeeze him to death with one hand. Still, Yi Yun had managed to take everything he had right out from under him. And all he could do was watch helplessly with no way to stop it.

"What are we to do? This little bastard still isn't coming out," The Myriad God Ridge's old woman asked. The way things had developed far exceeded their expectations.

"There's no choice," Myriad God Patriarch sighed. His prepubescent face sported wrinkles that betrayed his age. He seemed to have instantly grown older.

This failure was a huge setback for him. It was equivalent to having his life's pillar of support destroyed.

He knew very well that if Yi Yun really did refine the Dragon Emperor Relic and consumed it, he would digest the medicinal essence within, infusing the dragon blood into his own.

When that happened, even if he captured Yi Yun and refined him as a medicine, there would be no way for him to refine a second Dragon Emperor Relic. The extent to which it could improve his body would probably be insufficient for him to reach the goal of awakening the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"Little bastard, you destroyed all my hard work. Don't you think you'll be living much longer! Do you think I can't do a thing to you? All I wanted was to refine you into a divine herb. But it's not difficult to completely destroy you!"

Myriad God Patriarch was feeling disheartened at that moment. All he wanted was revenge.

As he spoke, he suddenly waved his hand. The space surrounding the Ascending Dragon Cauldron began to distort, forming a spatial cage that restrained the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"Master, what are you doing?" asked Myriad God Sect Master.

"Since the Dragon Emperor Relic cannot be refined, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron is of no value anymore. If all my hard work has been in vain, I'd rather go for broke! I'll throw the little bastard, as well as the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, into a black hole. I'll let him be completely obliterated in a black hole!"

"A Black hole?"

Myriad God Sect Master was slightly taken aback. In the universe, the chaotic collapse of space-time could form mysterious celestial bodies called black holes. They were the bottomless pits of the universe. Even light could not escape them.

Rumors said that most black holes were formed out of Chaos during the beginning of the universe. Although warriors could roam the world, their strength ultimately stemmed from their insights into the worldly laws. Warriors were not a manifestation of laws but black holes were the ultimate manifestation of the worldly laws. Even mighty figures of the Sinkhole could hardly withstand them.

At that moment, Yi Yun naturally heard Myriad God Patriarch's words from inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"Black hole!? That old bastard!"

Yi Yun's heart sank. Back when he came to the 12 Empyrean Heavens from the Tian Yuan world, he had followed a path forged by his predecessors. After traveling through the spatial turbulences for a long time, Yi Yun encountered a black hole just as he was about to arrive in the 12 Empyrean Heavens.

It was because of a black hole that Yi Yun and Lin Xintong were separated from one another.

And that was with Yi Yun detecting it ahead of time. He narrowly avoided being truly sucked into the black hole; if he had passed the black hole's event horizon, he would never have escaped it.

Back then, Yi Yun had struck with all his strength, shattering the void just before he was sucked into the black hole. He entered the spatial turbulence and, after he exited it, he had arrived in the Luo clan.

Now, although Yi Yun was thousands of times stronger, once he passed the black hole's event horizon, he knew that there was no way he could exit it. With his current strength, he was far from withstanding the extreme worldly laws.

"Little bastard, you must know of the horrors of a black hole. You have destroyed a million years of my hard work. But if I can finally exchange it for your horrible death, that's the only way I can console myself."

"Weren't you being insolent a while ago? I'll let you choose now. Come out of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and be killed by me or enter the black hole and be doomed for all eternity!"

Myriad God Patriarch roared with laughter. His laughter sounded tragic and bitter. There was no grief worse than despair, and at that moment, Myriad God Patriarch was completely reeling in despair!

Billions of miles away from the pocket world, there was a black hole. Although there was no teleportation array, Myriad God Patriarch could, through his own sheer strength, tear through the void and reach it in about two weeks.

Myriad God Patriarch felt ridden with sadness when he made the decision. It felt like he was being sliced by a knife but he had no other choice. Since it was fated not to be his, he was definitely not going to let Yi Yun get off easy.

After using a spatial cage to restrain Yi Yun, he lifted his hand to tear the space in front of him.

"Splash!"

Under Myriad God Patriarch's hand, large swaths of space were no different from a canvas. Space was torn apart immediately.

"Hu! Hu! Hu!"

Spatial tornadoes swirled as massive amounts of spatial turbulence surged out from the spatial rift.

Myriad God Patriarch had been researching the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for years. And before Yi Yun completely refined the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for himself, he still had the capability to use spatial transference to send the Ascending Dragon Cauldron away.

...

At that moment, in the turbulent void outside the pocket world, a gray-colored figure was rapidly traveling through the tornadoes.

Every tornado was extremely terrifying, each with the capability to destroy a star. However, the gray figure was extremely agile. He shuttled through space like an extra-large mouse, easily dodging all the tornadoes.

He was none other than Old Snake.

His face was covered in wrinkles and his clothes were shabby. An alcohol gourd hung by his waist. His disheveled hair looked like a bird's nest and he looked as wretched as could be.

Chapter 1284: Combat Sacred Body

"Fuck, that old undying fuck actually chose a place like this. I've gone around this area so much that I'm getting dizzy. If I still had the strength from my past, it wouldn't even matter that there's no spatial node. I'd be able to tear through all the world barriers!"

Now, Old Snake was wrestling with anxiety. His disciple and Yi Yun were in the hands of the Myriad God Patriarch. Yet, he was still wandering around in the spatial turbulence and had yet to find the spatial node.

Old Snake had already determined that Yi Yun and Snake Girl were likely somewhere nearby. However, the area he was in was a gigantic natural spatial maze. Old Snake was unable to identify Yi Yun's exact location.

The only thing that was worth celebrating was that he was certain that the both of them were alive, thanks to the mental mark he put on them.

In fact, Old Snake was baffled as to how Yi Yun and Snake Girl managed to remain alive. He was also puzzled by what the undying Myriad God Patriarch was up to.

The only way Old Snake could find Yi Yun was by spending time. He would have to search for the right spatial node by process of elimination.

This was a very time-consuming process. Old Snake guessed that

he would take at least half a month before he could succeed.

But by then, it would be too late. Those that were alive now would have long been dead.

"Good people die young, but disasters leave a mark for a thousand years. That punk Yi Yun doesn't seem like a good person. He shouldn't die so easily, then..." Old Snake muttered to himself.

What depressed him was that while traversing the spatial turbulence, even with the most stamina-conserving method, he still had to use the energy sealed within him. It drained him of a little of his lifespan.

Old Snake treasured his lifespan greatly. Although it was unknown how long the old fellow had lived, he did not find his time so far sufficient in any way. An additional day lived was one more chance. In his own words, he was a person that was extremely passionate about life.

"Fuck, that undying son of a turtle. When I capture him, I'll definitely dice him up!"

Old Snake cursed and grumbled. He kept using the word 'undying' but he seemed to have forgotten how long he had lived. It was several times longer than Myriad God Patriarch. If one had to say who was the oldest undying fart, Old Snake could claim first place in the Calm Sea and Myriad God Patriarch would not even dare claim second.

Just as Old Snake was spewing out invectives and searching for the spatial node—

Old Snake felt a spatial storm spew out a distance away.

"Oh? What happened?"

Old Snake's heart stirred as he radiated his perception out. He was dumbfounded when he saw what greeted him.

He saw a pale-looking red-dressed boy dragging a bronze cauldron as he tunneled out of a spatial rift. The boy was proceeding forward through the spatial turbulence.

Old Snake was stunned when he took a closer look at the red-dressed boy. Isn't that... Myriad God Patriarch!? And that huge cauldron, isn't that the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

Upon sensing Old Snake's perception, Myriad God Patriarch was alerted and turned his head abruptly. He locked eyes with Old Snake through the vast space in between them.

They stared at each other!

Old Snake's eyes lit up. Isn't this what they fucking call wearing out an iron pair shoes in a fruitless search, only to find what you're looking for by luck? That undying old fart actually crawled out himself?

"Roar!"

Old Snake bellowed loudly, "Old Turtle, let's see if you can run away from grandpa!"

As Old Snake shouted, he charged toward Myriad God Patriarch.

Voice could not be transmitted in the spatial turbulence but Old Snake specially broadcast his voice through a Yuan Qi transmission, straight into Myriad God Patriarch's ears.

"Old Turtle, you are finally willing to poke your turtle head out. Watch me slaughter you to make turtle soup!"

Old Snake charged with a dominating might. Chaotic spatial flows gathered around his body. He no longer looked wretched in any way. Instead, he looked highly spirited like a god of war reborn!

"Who are you!?"

Myriad God Patriarch was alarmed. He could sense a terrifying might from the elder in front of him. The elder's strength was even higher than his!

Previously, Myriad God Patriarch had a premonition that a mighty figure had been secretly watching him. Back then, it was a

fleeting feeling and was not something he could confirm. He had spent large amounts of Spirit Jade to transport the Ascending Dragon Cauldron across the void, mainly for the pocket's world's massive array and the astral fire. Preventing other experts from disrupting him was only a precautionary side effect...

However, Myriad God Patriarch never expected that there was really an old monster that had been watching him all this while!

If he had not moved to the pocket world or hidden the spatial node a long time ago, that old monster would have probably come attacking. When that time came, his alchemical ritual would have been reduced to a mere joke.

"Curse the Heavens! Why are you doing this to me!?"

Myriad God Patriarch roared inwardly. The little bastard Yi Yun had already caused so much trouble and next came some old beast. It was as though the heavens did not want him to be happy!

"Ha!"

When he saw Old Snake charging at him, Myriad God Patriarch roared and struck out with his palm!

At the instant the palm struck out, it was as though a blood-colored ocean surged from Myriad God Patriarch's palm. Even though they were amid violent spatial turbulence, the red-colored ocean moved unobstructed. It actually became thicker and more

coagulated!

Against the sudden appearance of Old Snake, Myriad God Patriarch did not dare hold back. His attack could rend the world asunder!

"Nice one there. This Old Turtle sure has some skill!"

Old Snake gave a clear cry as energy blasted outwards from him. His ragged shirt also tore apart!

"Combat Sacred Body!"

Golden light fell from the heavens and enveloped Old Snake's body. The golden light condensed and replaced his torn clothes, taking the form of dazzling golden battle armor!

The golden battle armor was not Old Snake's treasured artifact but a manifestation of Old Snake's Yuan Qi.

In fact, Old Snake's Yuan Qi could not be called Yuan Qi but Battle Qi. In what Old Snake cultivated in, there was no defense or dodging. In battles with his enemies, he relied on an overwhelming offensive that could destroy everything!

"Crack!"

Old Snake roared as he swung his fist!

The winds that stirred from the punch alone could shatter the void. Like a battalion of calvary rushing forward with formidable might, the spatial turbulence shattered!

At that moment, Old Snake was truly the portrait of a golden-armored battle god. His back was no longer hunched and his eyes were no longer turbid. Even his once white and disheveled hair turned ink black. It flailed freely in the spatial turbulence.

The punch that matched a battalion collided with the Myriad God Patriarch's blood ocean palm!

"Boom!"

The spatial maze shattered while the roaring blood ocean was split into two by Old Snake's punch.

The punch did not lose a bit of its momentum as it came bearing down on Myriad God Patriarch's chest!

"Peng!"

With a loud explosion, Myriad God Patriarch's body shrank rapidly. After being struck by Old Snake's punch, he flew backward like a portrait that was pinned in the void.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron that he was guiding also fell

straight back into the pocket world, crashing heavily onto the ground.

Myriad God Patriarch felt reverberations through his heart. That offensive strength was too terrifying. It was impossible for him to directly clash with the golden stranger.

"Who are you!?"

It was unknown how long it had been since he encountered such an opponent. In the Calm Sea, there was almost no one that threatened him.

"Why do you care who I am? Just know that I'll be the one killing you."

Old Snake strode towards Myriad God Patriarch. With a wave of his hand, a golden spear appeared in his palm.

The spear was ancient and unadorned. Its tip suffused a faint blood-red color as though it had experienced countless battles in a primordial battlefield where it feasted on the blood of countless experts.

Myriad God Patriarch wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. A gravely serious look appeared in his eyes. He understood that the old fellow in front of him could really rob him of his life.

Not only did his attempt at refining the Dragon Emperor Relic

fail, he was also facing a life-and-death crisis!

...

"Boom!"

With a bang, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron crashed back into the pocket world. The hard ground blasted open from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's fall. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron was as heavy as a mountain so it went straight underground!

This spot was no longer the molten ocean caused by the nine dragon rifts. It was thousands of kilometers from the Myriad God Ridge disciples.

"What happened!?"

In the core area of the nine dragon rifts, Myriad God Sect Master immediately noticed something amiss because his soul was connected to the red-dressed boy.

In fact, he and the old woman were slaves that were taken in by the Myriad God Patriarch millions of years ago. The two of them had signed a soul contract with the Myriad God Patriarch. This was also the reason why the Myriad God Sect Master would often address the patriarch as master. Otherwise, the Myriad God Patriarch would not trust the two of them unconditionally.

The Myriad God Patriarch only trusted the dead or soul slaves.

"Master has been intercepted!"

The old woman said in a deep voice. "It's a terrifying existence with extraordinary power. He's battling Master and it's possible that Master is not his match."

"Let's go aid him," Myriad God Sect Master said through a voice transmission.

Because of the soul mark, the Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman were absolutely loyal to the Myriad God Patriarch.

"Activate the Grand Sanguine Killing Array and aid Master. It will be able to increase Master's strength severalfold!" The old woman said.

She and the Myriad God Sect Master were Divine Lords who had fused with Divine Lord Royal Seals.

In the Myriad God Ridge, although there were ten plus Elders with a Divine Lord cultivation level, few of them had fused with a Divine Lord Royal Seal.

Even in the Sinkhole, Divine Lords that possessed a Divine Lord Royal Seal were not to be underestimated.

"All Elders with Divine Lord cultivation levels, follow me!"

Myriad God Sect Master gave the order. The Grand Sanguine Killing Array required people to support it. And in the chaotic spatial turbulence, it was no longer pragmatic to get Supremacy realm experts to set up an array formation while fending off an extraordinary expert that could even threaten the Myriad God Patriarch.

To participate in the Grand Sanguine Killing Array, a Divine Lord cultivation level was the minimum requirement.

At that moment, Yi Yun was already observing the situation outside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"That old fellow has finally arrived."

Yi Yun finally heaved a sigh of relief. The old fellow was still reliable at the final moment. Indeed, he should not have pinned his hopes on Old Snake finding the entrance to the pocket world or he would have long been cooked by Myriad God Patriarch.

Yi Yun had already begun digesting the Dragon Emperor Relic, and as the Dragon Emperor bloodline in him grew stronger, the connection he had with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron tightened.

"I'll attempt to see if I can drive the Ascending Dragon Cauldron."

Previously, Yi Yun had only received the Ascending Dragon

Cauldron's recognition. He had yet to fully refine the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for himself.

As for trying to drive the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, it was a much more difficult task.

Chapter 1285: Driving the Cauldron

"Xie'er, aid me!"

Yi Yun shouted from inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Not only did Yi Yun want to drive the cauldron, he wanted to use it as a weapon!

However, a divine item like the Ascending Dragon Cauldron had the Dragon Emperor's soul sealed within it. It was capable of suppressing a world. Legends told of a mighty ancient being that ruled over nine continents with nine cauldrons. Each treasured cauldron was as heavy as a world. Yi Yun was basically using strength alone to drive a world, and his strength was not sufficient for the task.

Even when Myriad God Patriarch moved the Ascending Dragon Cauldron into the pocket world, he did not do it by driving the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Instead, he had to use spatial dimension laws to transport the space the Ascending Dragon Cauldron occupied to another spot.

"Alright, Brother Yi Yun."

As Ling Xie'er spoke, her body transformed into a stream of light that merged into Yi Yun's body.

"Hu! Hu! Hu!"

The Heretical God Fire burned as Yi Yun punched himself in the chest, forcing out a mouthful of blood essence that he sprayed onto the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

After Yi Yun consumed the Dragon Emperor Relic, the Dragon Emperor bloodline in him was much more potent than it was in the past. The nine golden dragon engravings absorbed Yi Yun's blood essence and seemed to come alive. Their pupils began emitting pale golden light.

The process was extremely peaceful as Yi Yun silently sensed the connection between him and the Ascending Dragon Cauldron become increasingly stronger.

At that moment, Yi Yun felt like all his blood was boiling. His body was like a cauldron that was heated by the flames of his vitality.

Yi Yun had spat out two mouthfuls of blood essence consecutively in total. If typical warriors did so, they would be greatly weakened. However, Yi Yun felt that due to the powerful lifeblood within him, the blood essence he had spat out was already being replenished. It felt like he had only bled ordinary blood. The Dragon Emperor bloodline was truly powerful.

"Move!"

Yi Yun roared as all his Yuan Qi blasted out. His muscles immediately tightened, forming a perfect muscle definition.

Yi Yun had been practicing martial arts for years. His muscle tone was already very defined. After consuming the Dragon Emperor Relic, he did not have any obvious increase in muscle mass, but his muscles suffused a dark and faint golden luster as though he had a body of a god.

"Boom!"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron vibrated suddenly and the ground cracked apart around it. Terrifying rifts began to spread out in every direction like a spider web. A mountain fifty kilometers away shook violently, as though a massive earthquake was sweeping through the pocket world.

"Buzz——"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron issued a dull sound as it slowly flew up from the ground.

Five hundred kilometers away, Cang Wu and company saw the dazzling golden light emitted by the ascending dragon cauldron.

"What is going on?" Someone exclaimed.

"It's that little bastard! He is driving the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. For some unknown reason, the Patriarch brought him back here."

Cang Wu and company were unaware of what had happened outside the pocket world due to the layers of spatial storms that isolated them.

Although they guessed that the patriarch had encountered an incident, they could never have guessed that an expert that surpassed their patriarch would suddenly appear.

With Myriad God Patriarch's strength, few people could match him.

"Darn it. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron has really been refined by that bastard," Cang Wu said angrily. The refinement of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for oneself was a huge opportunity. However, the opportunity had landed in Yi Yun's lap. As for Cang Wu, he had to shake his tail at Myriad God Patriarch pitifully, hoping that Myriad God Patriarch would spare a pittance of benefits for him.

As for Yi Yun, he had taken all of Myriad God Patriarch's lifework and hope away!

The massive gap left Cang Wu burning with envy.

As Cang Wu was feeling the rage of a thousand suns, Yi Yun was feeling disappointed with his ride in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron was too slow. Yi Yun was

injecting all his strength into it, but he could only make it move at a snail's pace.

And to maintain this speed, Yi Yun had to constantly feed his energy into the cauldron. If he had not stimulated his Dragon Emperor bloodline, he would have found it difficult to continue.

"Others can easily avoid if I attack at this speed," Yi Yun muttered to himself. Despite the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's robustness, it was limited by Yi Yun's strength. Ultimately, there was a need for Yi Yun to increase his cultivation level to truly bring out the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's offensive might.

"Perhaps at the Supremacy realm, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron will be able to showcase some of its strength."

With this thought in mind, Yi Yun shook his head. He was being greedy. He had refined the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for himself, obtained the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' and consumed the Dragon Emperor Relic. His vital potential was massively stimulated and not only did his physical strength increase exponentially, his cultivation level had risen three subrealms in one go. There was nothing to be discontented about.

In the future, with a fully-powered Ascending Dragon Cauldron, it would be equivalent to him having a powerful fortress.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron was not suitable as an abode, but if he placed the God Advent Tower into the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, it would be perfect. In terms of defense, the Ascending

Dragon Cauldron was far superior to the God Advent Tower.

...

At that moment, chaotic twirling spatial turbulence surged outside the pocket world. Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman led sixteen Divine Lord realm experts outside the spatial node.

"What a powerful storm."

Typical spatial storms were nothing much but, due to Old Snake and Myriad God Patriarch's clashes, these spatial storms were more than a hundred times more violent. Even Divine Lord realm experts felt the pressure.

"Who is Patriarch fighting?"

"Heavens, who is that old man?"

Only then did the Myriad God Ridge Elders see Old Snake. He was five kilometers away with Myriad God Patriarch. One of them had a dazzling golden body and the other seemed to have blood seas raging over his body.

And what left them in disbelief was that the Myriad God Patriarch was the one being beaten.

"Snap out of it. Quickly set up the array!" said the old woman. She suddenly threw out a disk array which expanded rapidly in the spatial storms and instantly enveloped everyone.

The sixteen Divine Lord experts scattered to sixteen different spots in the disk array. The Myriad God Patriarch was an array formation grandmaster. One of the benefits of the disk arrays he created was that the people manning the array formation did not need to be well-versed in array formations. All they needed to do was inject their Yuan Qi into the array formation.

"Boom!"

The disk array established itself in the void as a blood-colored beam shot out from the middle.

Instantly, the Divine Lord experts in the array formation felt their energies being rapidly drained. Several took on alarmed expressions.

"Don't worry. We are only borrowing a portion of your strength. It will only make you weak for a few days but it will not affect your cultivation levels or lifespans at all," explained Myriad God Sect Master.

The Divine Lords were alarmed and suspicious at the Myriad God Sect Master's words, but at that moment they had no other choice.

"Whew!"

The array formation shot out a sanguine beam that augmented the Myriad God Patriarch!

"Calling for reinforcements now that you can't beat me?" derided Old Snake.

He had noticed that people had traveled through a spatial node and at the same time, Myriad God Patriarch had desperately attacked in order to hold him back, so as to give the others time to set up the array formation.

The large array formation gathered the Yuan Qi of the participants and infused all of it into Myriad God Patriarch's body.

Myriad God Patriarch wiped the blood from the corner of his mouth. Bathed in the sanguine light, he looked as happy as a dried fish that had finally been returned to the ocean.

He felt extremely comfortable because the injuries he had were slowly recovering.

"Hahahaha! Old fool, don't busy yourself mocking me. Don't think I can't tell that you are actually injured! Your attacks seem overwhelming and are much stronger than mine, but something rigid tends to be fragile. You can't last long. As long as I have constant energy supporting me, I can outlast you for about thirty minutes. By then, you will lose your stamina and your old injury will rear its head. There is no doubt you will die!"

Myriad God Patriarch smiled hideously. Not only was he skilled at setting up arrays, he also knew some divination arts. This made him have a sense of premonition and sharp observational skills, even in a heated battle.

He could tell that with Old Snake's physical condition, he would definitely be the winner if he could just hold out!

"Hehe!" Old Snake made a few sneers as his face turned gloomy.

He was well aware of the fact that, after suffering from the first clash, the Myriad God Patriarch chose not to fight him head-on. He was only aggressive against Old Snake when he needed to distract him to buy time array formation to become effective.

Old Snake's full-frontal assault was draining his stamina. It was as Myriad God Patriarch said—Old Snake had very heavy injuries!

He usually led a frivolous life and hid his strength, yet now he was beginning to burn his lifespan while fighting Myriad God Patriarch. It left his heart aching.

Old Snake squinted his eyes and looked at the distant great array. He knew very well that Myriad God Patriarch could not last long under his attacks but the array formation kept replenishing Myriad God Patriarch's stamina.

If he could destroy the disk array, the Myriad God Patriarch

would once again be embroiled in a dire battle.

But just as Old Snake had this thought, spatial tornadoes suddenly swept over towards the vicinity of the array formation.

Unexpectedly, the massive array vanished. The sanguine beam that shot out from the array's core seemed to extend to a spot an infinite distance away. Although it still reached Myriad God Patriarch, the source of the sanguine light could no longer be seen.

"Oh!?" Old Snake's heart sank.

"Old fool, you want to destroy my array? How would I let you!? My Grand Sanguine Killing Array is sealed in a spatial node. As long as I hide that spatial node, it will be fool's talk for you to find it!"

Back when Myriad God Patriarch took Yi Yun to the pocket world, he had hidden the spatial node. Old Snake had searched in vain for nearly ten days, ultimately failing to find the way into the pocket world.

Now, Old Snake knew the rough location of the spatial node but it would be too difficult for him to find the array formation while fighting Myriad God Patriarch.

"What happened to your fierce attacks? I'll use the treasures in your ring to make up a tiny portion of my losses!" Myriad God Patriarch roared insolently.

He had already recovered about thirty percent of his stamina. For Old Snake to live for such a long period of time, Myriad God Patriarch believed that he must have some amazing treasures. Ignoring everything else, he was already very interested in the Combat Sacred Body alone.

Just as Myriad God Patriarch was about to attack, he suddenly felt a sense of unease.

Oh?

Myriad God Patriarch's attack came to a pause as he abruptly turned his head.

"Boom!"

He heard a loud explosion and space suddenly trembled. Immediately following that, the nearby spatial tornadoes degenerated into chaos.

"What's the matter?"

At that moment, Myriad God Sect Master and company, who were hiding in the array formation, were alarmed.

"Something is coming out of the spatial node!" the old white-haired woman cried out. Just before her voice faded, the spatial

node tore apart directly.

"Join forces with me!" Myriad God Sect Master said to the old woman.

But just as he circulated his Yuan Qi, he saw a spatial node expand. A heavy and unadorned bronze cauldron appeared out of thin air!

After the spatial node was hidden in the outer world, it was naturally difficult for Old Snake to find it. However, if the spatial node was pointed out, trying to hide it would naturally be useless.

The bronze cauldron wasn't fast. It was actually quite slow. However, it possessed an indomitable might that was like a moving mountain!

"Boom!"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron struck right at the disk array that was beneath the feet of the numerous Divine Lords of Myriad God Ridge!

The disk array had been fixed in the spatial node so it was unable to dodge. The collision happened at full force, so how could the relatively brittle disk array be able to compare with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

"Ka-cha!"

An explosion that sounded like metal shattering followed. The disk array was cracked and thrown apart by the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's strike.

"Damn it!"

Myriad God Sect Master was seized with anxiousness. However, when he saw the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in front of him, he felt helpless. Burning and hitting the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was useless. Even Myriad God Patriarch was at a loss for how to deal with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, so how could he do anything?

"Boom!"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron continued its unstoppable charge as the Grand Sanguine Killing Array directly shattered to pieces!

"Whew!"

The Grand Sanguine Killing Array's sanguine light dissipated instantly and exploded together with the concealment array formation of the spatial node.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron appeared straight out of the spatial turbulence and remained immovable despite the inundations of the storms.

"This is?"

Old Snake looked at the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in shock. He had previously seen Myriad God Patriarch carrying the Ascending Dragon Cauldron while rushing out of the pocket world. He did not find it weird back then, but now the Ascending Dragon Cauldron had automatically flown out of the pocket world and shattered the Myriad God Patriarch's disk array. It left Old Snake astonished.

Could it be...

"Little bastard! I will definitely pulverize you to dust!"

Myriad God Patriarch was on the brink of a mental collapse. Yi Yun was no doubt a malignant star to him!

Upon hearing Myriad God Patriarch's words, Old Snake was astonished. That punk Yi Yun could control the Ascending Dragon Cauldron?

How did he do it?

Regardless of the process, Yi Yun had managed to destroy the Grand Sanguine Killing Array, greatly delighting Old Snake. As a result, he was no longer afraid of Myriad God Patriarch.

"Hahaha, Yi Yun, you have really given me a pleasant surprise.

Old Turtle, let's see if you can survive this!"

Old Snake laughed and charged toward Myriad God Patriarch as his body was enveloped by the Combat Sacred Body's golden halo!

Myriad God Patriarch's face sank. He knew that he was no match for his opponent. He was definitely doomed if he continued fighting. Even if he did risk everything to inflict a serious injury on Old Snake, it would be meaningless.

With this thought in mind, his body flashed as he escaped into the deep depths of the spatial turbulence!

"You want to escape?"

Old Snake was boiling within and needed to vent his anger. Therefore, how could he grant Myriad God Patriarch's wish? On a divine beam of light, he moved at a speed much faster than Myriad God Patriarch as he pursued him!

Just as Old Snake was about to catch up to him, Myriad God Patriarch tore open the void directly. As for Old Snake, he followed closely behind and also ripped the void. Both of them vanished into the spatial storms one after another.

Chapter 1286: The Tempted Cang Wu

Myriad God Patriarch and Old Snake left, abandoning the group of people from the Myriad God Ridge. They were all dumbfounded. They could not move fast enough to chase up to the duo, so what could they do?

As for the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in front of them, they were helpless despite knowing that Yi Yun was within.

"Boom!"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron emitted a dull explosion as it gently trembled and flew back to the spatial node, returning to the pocket world.

Myriad God Sect Master was practically going mad from seeing the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's plodding departure.

"This little bastard, don't you let me catch you or I'll pull out each and every one of your tendons!" The old woman cursed viciously. Yi Yun was right in front of them but all they could do was watch helplessly. It was an aggravating feeling.

Yi Yun couldn't be bothered to respond. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron continued its sluggish flight before landing back in the pocket world.

The remaining Divine Lords, Myriad God Sect Master, and the

old woman stared agape. They were unsure of what to do.

"Let's return first and wait for Master. Master might be able to beat that person. Furthermore, we're in the middle of a spatial maze. And Master has sealed off the entire world. It wouldn't be easy for us to return to the Myriad God Ridge."

Myriad God Sect Master had no other solution. The ten plus Divine Lords could only follow him back into the pocket world.

They met up with Cang Wu and company.

They had already left the molten sea from before and arrived in a mountain valley. Although the heat had started to fade after the cauldron left, no one wanted to be baked by the heat waves.

Although the pocket world was mostly desolate, the mountain valley was quite a breathtaking scene.

And then—

"Boom!"

With a huge explosion, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron landed in the mountain valley, causing the valley to shake.

Yi Yun seemed bent on repulsing them. He made it a point to land in the same mountain valley.

"That punk!"

The old woman's expression was ugly. Yi Yun was like a ghost that lingered just to haunt them. No one could do a thing because of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. He was going too far but they could not even avoid him.

"There's no need to bother with him. Let's wait for Master. If Master returns safely, this punk is definitely dead, unless..."

Myriad God Sect Master did not continue his words. The old woman's heart sank as well. The both of them were connected to the Myriad God Patriarch through a soul contract. The terms of their soul contract were absolute. If Myriad God Patriarch was killed, their souls would suffer heavy damage, to the point that it might even kill them.

As they remembered that their lives were in the balance, Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman felt great unease. Under such circumstances, they felt exceedingly frustrated seeing the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Of course, Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman were not the only ones who were repulsed.

Cang Wu, as well as the people from the Song and Zhang family, bore a heavy hatred towards Yi Yun.

"Martial Uncle Cang Wu, does this Ascending Dragon Cauldron no longer belong to us?"

A young man walked to Cang Wu's side. He was lanky and had a pair of arched brows. He was the personal disciple from the Song family that had been recently promoted.

Previously, he had mocked Yi Yun for being a reared beast that was fodder for training but, in a blink of an eye, he had been severely injured because of the Concealed Dragon Cauldron. Even his dantian had been heavily damaged.

However, Arched Brows was the hope of the Song family's younger generation. As the only personal disciple from the Song family at present, the Song family Elders treated Arched Brows with great care and concern. Song Zhanchen had even fed him a sacred recovery medicine that had been handed down by their ancestors. It slightly restored Arched Brows's dantian and even mitigated the damage to his cultivation level, so that it did not drop that much.

After a few days of recovery, Arched Brows finally recovered a bit of his Yuan Qi. Other than having a slightly pale face, there were no symptoms of damage.

At that moment, Cang Wu was sitting near to where the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was. He was staring intently at the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Cang Wu shook his head and said, "The little bastard has refined

it as his own. Even Patriarch has decided to abandon it by throwing it into a black hole."

Arched Brows rubbed the tip of his nose and walked to the side of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. There, he undid his pants. The action took Cang Wu aback.

"What are you doing?"

"Pissing!"

As Arched Brows spoke, he revealed a wretched smile. "Isn't that little bastard hiding in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron? Even Patriarch can't do a thing to him. We naturally can't do a thing to him. Since the Ascending Dragon Cauldron has been refined for Yi Yun, and I have a sudden need to go, I'll just piss right here."

Cang Wu was taken aback for a moment. He stroked his chin. The kid was a genius.

It would absolutely disgust Yi Yun.

With his status, he was naturally not suitable for doing such acts. Letting Arched Brows do it was most appropriate.

Arched Brows' words attracted the attention of many Myriad God Ridge Elders and disciples.

Instantly, they felt like they had discovered a brand new world. Warriors were accustomed to using strength to resolve conflicts. If strength could not resolve the problem, they could only swallow the insult. They found the suggestion proposed by Arched Brows to be fresh and remarkable despite it being an act of ruffraff.

Someone laughed. "Taking a piss is being too polite. You should shit on it!"

Myriad God Ridge warriors regularly ate their fair share of spirit food, so they naturally had their bodily functions.

"That's a good idea. Let me store it up. I'll fly onto the cauldron's lid and shit right on it. All of you can join me. Haha, life is good if we can use a primordial divine artifact as a shit bucket."

By suddenly attracting the attention of so many, Arched Brows felt smug. It was a flash of brilliance he had blurted out. He never expected everyone to take to his idea so eagerly.

People have a strange desire to defile the divine. Arched Brows's plan appealed to the crowd the same way some mortals like to piss on a mountain peak after successfully scaling the mountain.

Quite a number of people expressed their interest. The Elders had their reservations but the younger disciples did not care about such things.

Arched Brows made it more serious as he continued, "In my

opinion, this Yi Yun is hiding in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and will probably never come out again. We might as well bring the Ascending Dragon Cauldron back to the Myriad God Ridge and throw it into the toilet. Isn't there a massive shit hole in the outer-sect disciple district in East Toilet? We should place the Ascending Dragon Cauldron there and let everyone shit and piss on it. We should let that little bastard have a good time soaking up the piss."

But then, something unexpected happened just as Arched Brows spoke!

Suddenly, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron shot out a plume of black flames that swept towards Arched Brows!

At the same time, the surrounding spatial dimension laws were compressed as a strong suction power emitted from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Arched Brow exclaimed. He lost control of his body under the mighty suction force and was swept through the ensuing storm that made him fly towards the mouth of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Cang Wu, who was nearby, was quick to react when he saw Arched Brows about to be sucked into the cauldron. With a flash, he went to Arched Brows's side and grabbed his arm!

After grabbing onto Arched Brows, Cang Wu naturally felt the suction force!

This suction force wasn't very strong. With Cang Wu's strength, he could completely defend against it. He could also forcefully escape the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's restraints with Arched Brows.

At that moment, Cang Wu had a flash of brilliance. He saw a tiny opening in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's lid. It was open to the outside world.

As long as he was willing, he could actually enter the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

Chapter 1287: Yi Yun and Cang Wu

Entering the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior!?

Cang Wu had a brilliant idea. This was the only chance he had to directly confront Yi Yun!

But Yi Yun's strength...

Cang Wu was unaware of Yi Yun's experiences in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. He obviously knew that Yi Yun had refined the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for himself, but he was clueless as to Yi Yun's massive growth in strength.

Before Yi Yun entered the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, he was only at the fifth-storey Dao Palace. Even if he could undergo a great breakthrough in cultivation level, there was ultimately a limit. Besides, if he made too much of a breakthrough, it would result in unstable foundations. So how much could his strength increase?

"I'm a late-stage Supremacy. And my strength is heads and shoulders above people at the same realm as me! If I can kill Yi Yun, I can take everything within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. I might even find a way to refine the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for myself. Then, everything that belongs to Yi Yun will be mine!"

This thought germinated in Cang Wu's mind in a blink of an eye, turning into an obsession!

The Myriad God Patriarch was currently being pursued by a mysterious person and the outcome was still unknown. Those that were trapped in the pocket world could only leave things up to fate. If he could hide in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, that was the best way to ensure his own safety!

Because of the huge temptation of an opportunity for himself and the safety it would bring, Cang Wu wanted to take the risk.

However, he was somewhat hesitant. He was a suspicious person and he did not dare venture into anything hastily.

At that moment, the suction force from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron weakened rapidly. The lid was closing back on itself, sealing the cauldron shut once again!

"That punk is going to seal the cauldron!"

A lost opportunity would not present itself again! Cang Wu guessed that Yi Yun had attempted to kill Arched Brows in a moment of rage, accidentally revealing a weakness. Now that Yi Yun discovered that he had caught Arched Brows, he did want to expose himself again. He was about to seal the cauldron.

Cang Wu felt that if he missed this opportunity, he would no longer have a chance of entering the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Riches were where danger laid, and those that wanted to live an ignoble existence would not cultivate martial arts. He needed to

take the risk!

Cang Wu roared as his body transformed into a stream of light that flew straight for the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!

"Cang Wu!?"

People were shocked by this scene. They were standing a distance away and all they saw was black light streams swirling before Cang Wu flew for the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"He's trying to enter the Ascending Dragon Cauldron!"

Only then did people realize what Cang Wu was up to.

Before anyone could say another word, Cang Wu had flown into the Ascending Dragon Cauldron at the instant the Ascending Dragon Cauldron closed.

Arched Brows, meanwhile, was also carried in unwillingly by the suction force.

"Ding-Dang!"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron sealed shut once again. The black flames vanished as though nothing had happened.

The people were left in a daze. A few seconds later, someone guffawed, "Hahaha! Martial Uncle Cang Wu did such an absolutely fantastic job. That little bastard Yi Yun was being a turtle that hid in his shell, but now Cang Wu has entered his turtle shell. I want to see how much more he can shrink back!"

"That little bastard is doomed. This is what they call catching a turtle in a jar!"

The Myriad God Ridge disciples present praised Cang Wu for his quick reaction. Yi Yun had wanted to kill Arched Brows, but Cang Wu instantly noticed the flaw Yi Yun had exposed. He pressed forward to smash the enemy's lair!

However, the Myriad God Sect Master and old woman frowned slightly. Cang Wu was an ambitious person. His goal in entering the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was unknown. Regardless, it was absolutely better than just Yi Yun run rampant.

...

At that moment, Cang Wu entered the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior!

The moment Cang Wu materialized, he immediately circulated his Yuan Qi to the limit in a bid to guard against any traps Yi Yun had planted in the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. However, other than an inundating heat wave, he did not notice anything else.

There wasn't a trap?

Cang Wu calmed down.

He looked at his surroundings and radiated his perception. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior was much larger than he imagined. Perhaps, it could even fit a mountain inside and still have space to spare. A person in the large cauldron appeared minute.

"Martial Uncle Cang Wu, why did you come in as well..."

Arched Brows had been pulled in by the suction force and was feeling alarmed but now, having seen Cang Wu, he immediately felt relieved. Cang Wu was like a straw he could clutch in desperation.

With Cang Wu backing him, what was there for him to be afraid of?

At that moment, Cang Wu discovered Yi Yun. He was in a corner of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's bottom. His body was covered in smoke and mist. Beside him were Snake Girl and a pagoda that was the height of a person.

"Let's go!"

Cang Wu pulled Arched Brows and tore through the smoke. In a blink of an eye, he arrived at the bottom of the Ascending Dragon

Cauldron.

"Clang!"

Cang Wu landed on the heavy bronze ground. The bronze cauldron remained extremely hot due to remnants of the astral fire's heat.

Cang Wu was not worried that Yi Yun would use the flames. The Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior was large that attempting to burn him with flames would be fruitless. He had ample space to dodge. The only way that flames could be used here was to be like Myriad God Patriarch. He had exerted external pressure that affected the interior by using a grand array to amass infinite astral fire to burn the cauldron for extended periods of time.

Upon seeing Cang Wu, Snake Girl was given a fright. She had no connection with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, after all, and did not know what was happening outside or what Yi Yun had done. So she could not help but be alarmed when Cang Wu suddenly appeared.

"It's fine." Yi Yun pointed to the God Advent Tower. "Go inside."

At that moment, Snake Girl was not the only one alarmed. Arched Brows was taken aback when he saw Yi Yun. "Martial Uncle Cang Wu, could it be that you deliberately entered?"

Arched Brows panicked crazily when he was being sucked into

the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. The world seemed to turn topsy-turvy and he couldn't understand his situation. Upon realizing Cang Wu's goal, he was overjoyed.

"Hahaha! Martial Uncle Cang Wu, nice one there. This little bastard Yi Yun is only digging his own grave to suck you in as well. Now, I want to see how he dies!"

Arched Brows laughed out loudly. However, his voice turned softer as he laughed. He noticed that Yi Yun was looking at him as though he was looking at a retard.

"You... What are you looking at..." Yi Yun's look made him panic. Although he had laughed in an unbridled fashion, he truly felt repressed by the very idea of Yi Yun. Many people had suffered under Yi Yun's hand so Arched Brows lacked confidence in facing him.

"Just looking at a dead man," said Yi Yun indifferently. "You sure are dumb. Be it me or Cang Wu, none of us will allow you to live on. Do you think Cang Wu is here to save you? He's only here for the opportunities within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron."

"If he obtains anything, his first priority would be to figure out how to monopolize it. After that, he would get rid of you. Even if he kills you, he can just push the blame entirely to me. It's a flawless plan."

Yi Yun said this all very calmly, chilling Arched Brows's heart.

Although he refused to believe it, he turned to look at Cang Wu and felt a calm and cold gaze. It put a chill in his heart.

"M... Martial Uncle Cang Wu."

"Heh!" Cang Wu laughed. "Yi Yun, you sure can see through things. That explains how you were able to escape from Patriarch."

"Martial Uncle Cang Wu, I... I..." When he noticed that Cang Wu spoke without reassuring him, Arched Brows began to break out into a cold sweat.

This feeling that his life or death had no importance made him feel like he was an ant to these people. It left Arched Brows shuddering in fear.

"It doesn't take much to 'see through' such matters. Human nature is what it is. If you were not coveting the opportunities within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, why would you take such a great risk to enter the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and kill me?"

Chapter 1288: Golden Carp

Upon hearing Yi Yun's words, Cang Wu's eyes flashed. Yi Yun appeared to have expected all of this to happen.

"Yi Yun, don't tell me that my entering the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was part of your plan from the very beginning!"

Yi Yun gave an indifferent smile. He had indeed guessed that Cang Wu would take advantage of the opening to go inside. In fact, he had deliberately opened the cauldron's lid to catch Cang Wu's attention. Following that, he quickly attempted to seal the cauldron again so that Cang Wu would think he was afraid.

Working with such a small window, Cang Wu did not have the luxury of time to think things through. But when it came to warriors, ignoring the fact that Cang Wu was a particularly ambitious person, most people would choose to take a risk when faced with the choice of danger and opportunity. If they weren't the daring type, they would not have embarked on the martial path to begin with.

"Interesting!" Cang Wu sized Yi Yun up. "Your cultivation level seems to have reached the eighth-storey Dao Palace? If your cultivation level increases that fast, your nomological insights will not be able to keep up. That will lead to unstable foundations and bring you more harm than benefit. Do you naively think that you can kill me?"

"Won't we know once I give it a try? I just had a sharp increase in

cultivation level and there's abundant energy overflowing in me. I'm in need of an opponent to test my strength. After shopping around, I decided on you!"

As Yi Yun spoke, he loosened his wrist. On the back of his right hand was a golden rune that flashed as though it was a golden tattoo.

"I say, person who's about to die..."

Yi Yun looked at Arched Brows who was still seized by immense horror. Cang Wu's aloofness towards him made him lack confidence. Although he wouldn't admit it out loud, he had gradually come to the realization that Cang Wu would really kill him!

He never expected that his stroke of brilliance, to piss on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron as a way to play to the crowd, would cost him his life.

With Yi Yun calling out to him, Arched Brows panicked. He couldn't even bother with the phrase 'person who's about to die' that Yi Yun used to address him.

"What... What is it?"

Yi Yun only gave a faint smile. Suddenly, his body shot forward like a ghost. His right hand coruscated gold as it pressed down on Arched Brows!

It was as though the massive Mt Tai was crashing down on him. It sent reverberations down Arched Brows's heart as he rapidly retreated. Simultaneously, he conjured his protective Yuan Qi and produced a sword in his hand. He used all his strength to fend off Yi Yun's strike.

Even though he knew he was utterly inadequate, he did not give up on putting up a desperate struggle.

"Martial Uncle Cang Wu, save me!" Arched Brows yelled in despair, but Yi Yun's strike had already arrived.

"Peng!"

With an explosion, Arched Brow's protective Yuan Qi was penetrated like a thin piece of paper, allowing Yi Yun to grab his arm.

"Ka-cha!"

Amid the clear sounds of a bone fracture, Arched Brows hollered tragically. His arm had been crushed by Yi Yun. Then, Yi Yun kicked him in the chest. And when his right hand lost its grip, his sword landed in Yi Yun's hand.

"Lend me your sword!"

Yi Yun's Mirage Snow had been taken away by Myriad God Patriarch, so he did not have a handy weapon at the moment. The reason why he had attacked Arched Brows first was for his sword.

At that moment, Arched Brows was sent flying from Yi Yun's kick. His sternum cratered inwards and it was unknown how many ribs had been broken. His organs had already been crushed from the kick before the shattered bits of bone pierced them!

Upon hearing Yi Yun's words, Arched Brow spat a mouthful of blood. He was close to tears. If Yi Yun wanted his sword, he could have asked. He wouldn't have dared to refuse him, but instead Yi Yun just attacked without a word, causing him to lose nearly half his life!

Yi Yun had the sword in hand but it had a mental imprint left behind by Arched Brows. It prevented him from using the sword immediately.

And at that moment, Cang Wu had appeared silently behind Yi Yun. He held a strange-looking weapon that resembled both a sword and a saber. Its body was windy with a sharp edge on one side and jagged teeth on the other. Its blade was black and lusterless as though it could absorb light. It thrust straight at Yi Yun's rear!

"Weng!"

The blade vibrated and as the weapon approached, countless gray waves seemed to appear in the void. These waves resonated with

the weapon's jagged teeth so that space itself seemed to be ripped apart!

"Oh? This is?"

Upon seeing the gray waves, Yi Yun's pupils contracted. He sensed a terrifying might coming from the gray waves.

Yi Yun retreated quickly but the blade brushed past his protective Yuan Qi.

Ka-cha!

A huge hole was torn apart in Yi Yun's protective Yuan Qi. A mighty tearing force coursed through his broken protective Yuan Qi and passed into his body through his meridians. It caused wanton destruction within!

The force resembled countless leeches that chomped on Yi Yun's body as though they were trying to tear him apart.

Yi Yun's expression changed. This attack was truly odd.

"Hehe, that must not have felt good!"

Cang Wu licked his lips. He looked a little seductive, to begin with, and after holding his black weapon, he lost the dignified look of a sect master's eldest disciple. He allowed himself to appear

more evil and queer.

His long hair was sprawled and, coupled with the odd-looking weapon, it made him look like an evil demon.

"You did quite well. This weapon of mine is named Ghost Slayer. When typical people get hit by it, they instantly turn to dust, even if it's just a tiny touch! But you actually managed to resist it. Very impressive. You are only at the eight-storey Dao Palace. Once you break into the Supremacy realm, even I won't be your match. You have a limitless future ahead of you but, unfortunately, you are overly arrogant. You actually schemed to kill me. You have overestimated your strength."

Cang Wu touched the jagged teeth on Ghost Slayer and spoke in a leisurely manner.

"Slicing... Strangulation..."

Yi Yun sensed the wanton gray energy in his body. It was a law that Cang Wu had command over. He had injected it into his weapon and opponents that fought him would have the nomological powers enter their bodies even from a slight laceration. The powers would tear their body apart from the inside.

Cang Wu had cultivated an extremely rare law. With him being a late-stage Supremacy, just his cultivation level alone would make his Slicing laws extremely powerful.

If Yi Yun had not consumed the Dragon Emperor Relic, which stimulated his vital potential and increased his physique tremendously, he would probably not have been able to withstand the Slicing laws.

"It's just this and nothing more. Your laws might be strange but they're no Great Dao of Supremacy. With this, becoming an ordinary Divine Lord is the limit. It'd be impossible for you to fuse with a Divine Lord Royal Seal. It's no wonder you risked your life to obtain the opportunities within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. You probably heard the Patriarch mention the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' and had thoughts on it?" said Yi Yun sarcastically. He was deliberately making fun of Cang Wu's weaknesses by pointing them out, striking at the core of his martial heart. Warriors that had reached the realm of Supremacy in their practice of martial arts all had their own opportunities. But even so, there were differences in opportunities. They could be greatly disparate.

Yi Yun felt that his cultivation technique was insufficient, but in fact the 'Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon' remnant pages he had was already a top cultivation technique that many coveted.

"What insolence!"

Cang Wu roared angrily but his voice came to a halt just as he spoke out. He could clearly sense that the gray nomological powers in Yi Yun's body were quickly being destroyed.

Yi Yun's body was like a cauldron with endless vitality. As he circulated his bloodline, the nomological powers were constantly

ground away until they vanished.

This left a chill in Cang Wu's heart. Yi Yun's bloodline had such a unique characteristic?

"You are indeed different! Looks like your flesh and blood are treasures themselves. It's no wonder Patriarch wanted to refine you. Today, I'll kill you and refine your bloodline as a treasured medicine!"

Cang Wu bellowed as black waves emanated from his body. Ghost Slayer came cleaving down once again.

Yi Yun did not panic as he casually swept his hand across the sword. With a light 'peng' sound, the half-dead Arched Brows let out a wail from far away. The mental imprint he had left on the sword had been wiped away by Yi Yun.

"Whew!"

The sword slashed out like a divine dragon thrashing its tail.

Yi Yun's strike did not use any laws. Instead, he stimulated his vital potential to inject powerful physical strength into his sword.

"Clang!"

The sound of metal colliding boomed. The immense black waves

were shattered by Yi Yun's strike!

However, Yi Yun also felt a strong reactive force. It left his lifeblood in chaos.

"It's too light!"

Yi Yun knitted his brows. The sword was too light. After cultivating the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' his physical strength had unknowingly increased. It gave him the sudden desire for a heavier weapon.

"Hu! Hu! Hu!"

The gray waves coalesced and surrounded Yi Yun.

"Ha!"

Yi Yun roared as he stimulated the Dragon Emperor bloodline within him. It caused his skin to produce golden patterns on its surface. They resembled the golden scales of a carp.

"Nine Stances of the Ascending Dragon—Golden Carp!"

The Dragon Emperor, who was born out of the Chaos at the beginning of the Universe, appeared before all the other dragons that were his offspring.

The dragon had nine children and none of them actually resembled a dragon!

Dragon Emperor's descendants were born from the union with other living beings. Although they had dragon blood flowing through their bodies, their forms were very different from that of a dragon.

In order to gain the ability to transform into a dragon, they had to experience tribulations and obtain enough opportunities to eventually stimulate their Dragon Emperor bloodline. Just like cultivators of the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' they would eventually be able to refine a dragon in their bodies!

A carp leaping through the dragon's gate would be able to fly to the ends of the world!

A soaring serpent could imbibe mist and transform into a dragon after a billion years!

Be it the fish that swam through strong currents until it reached dragon's gate and transformed, or the soaring serpent that imbibed the spiritual Qi of the world for a billion years to eventually survive through enough hardships to become a dragon, they were both exceedingly difficult processes.

Furthermore, as the number of descendants of Dragon Emperor increased, the bloodline thinned. The Dragon Emperor's blood also went into remission, making it harder for them to transform into a dragon.

However, it was even harder for Yi Yun to transform into a dragon!

Due to the concentration of his bloodline, he was the farthest from the son of a dragon one could be. He needed to use divine items to ameliorate his bloodline. This was the process of cultivating the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.'

The Nine Stances of the Ascending Dragon allowed him to use his bloodline to emulate the sons of the dragon and stimulate their powers within his body.

The Golden Carp was one of the sons of the dragon.

A golden carp is but a common creature living in the pool, but it will change into a dragon upon facing a storm!

By using the Nine Stances of the Ascending Dragon, Yi Yun was emulating the Golden Carp's strength through the Dragon Emperor bloodline in him.

This was the only stance that Yi Yun had learned from the Nine Stances of the Ascending Dragon.

Nine Stances of the Ascending Dragon—Golden Carp!

It stimulated Yi Yun's vital potential, allowing him to raise his

offensive strength severalfold in a short period of time. Even the burning of life essence was inferior to it!

Chapter 1289: Cang Wu's Death

With the power of the Golden Carp, Yi Yun felt his Yuan Qi overflowing in abundance. His flames of vitality that appeared burned like a sun that emitted unlimited power. These energies were so potent that they augmented the sword in Yi Yun's hand.

"Weng!"

The sword singed as it vibrated violently as though it could not withstand the terrifying energy imbued into it. At the same time, a black wheel appeared out of thin air behind Yi Yun. It was none other than the 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence. The law of Major Destruction was a supreme law when used for attacking. Coupled with the Golden Carp's augmentation, it could decimate anything in its path.

"Ka-cha!"

Yi Yun's sword collided with Cang Wu's Ghost Slayer. The gray waves that lingered around Ghost Slayer were utterly disintegrated by the Major Destruction laws!

The art of Slicing was similar to the Major Destruction laws, but Destruction was a complete annihilation that erased the very existence of objects. As for the art of Slicing, all it did was strangle a person and at most dice them to pieces.

It was not that Cang Wu's art of Slicing lacked strength, but that Yi Yun's Major Destruction laws were one of the two supreme

Great Dao in the Universe. It was completely incomparable!

"What!?"

Cang Wu was greatly startled. He never expected that his Slicing laws would disintegrate instantly upon clashing with Yi Yun's blade.

As he saw the black wheel crashing down on him, annihilating the space around him—destroying any form of energy upon contact—he felt that it resembled the legendary black holes. They could wipe out everything!

"Poison Demon!" Cang Wu bellowed.

As he retreated rapidly, a green earthen jar flew out from his body. He smacked the jar abruptly and it released a green smoke. It was massive and resembled the smoke of the battlefield. The smoke manifested into a grotesque green face. It bared its teeth and claws as though it came from a devilish world.

This was a treasure Cang Wu had obtained from an ancient mystic realm. The jar had been sealed since a time long forgotten. It was ownerless and sealed within it was a highly poisonous smoke. Such a smoke could corrode Yuan Qi, life, and even the soul! Back when Cang Wu first obtained it, he was unsure of its characteristics and nearly died from it.

The only thing that the poisonous fumes could not corrode was

the green jar. After being sealed for such a long period of time, the smoke gained a small amount of sentience. Many divine objects could gain sentience. The smoke had produced a grotesque devil that Cang Wu called Poison Demon.

Cang Wu was not the owner of Poison Demon; all he did was sign a contract with Poison Demon. He brought Poison Demon out of the ancient ruin, and every time he used Poison Demon, Cang Wu had to pay a corresponding price. Because of this, Cang Wu would not open the jar until it was absolutely necessary.

"Oh? This is..."

When Yi Yun saw the smoke baring its fangs and claws, his heart chilled. What was this thing? He could sense life from the toxic smoke. For it to produce life was a testament to its toxicity.

"Chi! Chi! Chi!"

As the poisonous smoke flew over, space itself was nearly corroded. Although it could be said that the space within the pocket world was not stable, Yi Yun still found it alarming that the poison was so toxic that it could corrode space. If the toxic smoke was much larger, it could even corrode an entire pocket world.

Cang Wu was overjoyed as he watched the toxic smoke slowly envelop Yi Yun.

"Die, little bastard. I'll corrode you into a skeleton!" Cang Wu said

ferociously. He clenched his right fist, causing the toxic smoke to engulf Yi Yun.

"Xie'er!"

With a thought, the Heretical God Fire Seed flew out.

Immense Heretical God flames emanated out, manifesting into a petite and adorable girl. Ling Xie'er looked at the devil that covered half the sky with its flailing claws and bared fangs. She showed no signs of panic as she immediately moved her tiny hands, gathering the black flames to her side.

Their bodies were completely disproportionate in size. The devil roared as it came biting at Ling Xie'er.

The toxic smoke was a divine item that had gained sentience but so was Ling Xie'er. She was born out of the Heretical God Fire Seed, sealed in a worldly array in the Sun Burial Sandsea for hundreds of millions of years.

"Hu! Hu! Hu!"

The toxic smoke and Heretical God Fire Seed clashed. Large amounts of black flames blanketed the pocket world. When the toxic smoke was incinerated by the Heretical God Fire Seed, it let out sizzling sounds as portions of the toxic smoke were burned into nothingness. The moment the toxic smoke's devil bit down on the Heretical God Fire Seed, it let out a tragic cry. Its entire mouth had

been burned.

What sort of fire was this!?

It was alarmed. It was a manifestation of worldly laws that had existed for hundreds of millions of years. A fire seed that was in the form of a young girl should have been swallowed by it easily. However, it never expected the flames to be so horrifying. They burned right through the toxic smoke and reached its actual body.

Painful! It was too painful! The pain struck at its very soul. It felt that its powers were rapidly vanishing, making it panic. It roared, realizing it was not Ling Xie'er's match, and tried to escape. However, Cang Wu held the jar where it could hide. It wouldn't get far.

"What?"

Cang Wu was alarmed. He seldom conjured the toxic smoke but when he did use it, his opponents would usually be corroded to the point of flesh and blood just falling off their bones. Following that, even their bones would disintegrate. But today, Yi Yun, a Dao Palace realm junior, had conjured black flames that easily burned through the toxic smoke.

The flame was too terrifying. Cang Wu suddenly remembered that back when Yi Yun was trapped in the Nine Cosmic Grand Astral Incinerating Array by the patriarch, with the astral flames being augmented by numerous experts, Yi Yun appeared unaffected by it. He had even derided them. Could that have had

something to do with the flames?

Cang Wu did not have the luxury of time to think it through, for at that moment Yi Yun had torn through the Heretical God Fire Seed and was coming for his life! Poison Demon had been defeated, paving the way for Yi Yun to clash directly with Cang Wu.

Cang Wu retreated rapidly as he took out a red blood banner from his interspatial ring and threw it out. The blood banner coruscated with sanguine light, an indication that it had been fed large quantities of fresh blood.

Warriors that cultivated in unorthodox techniques would sacrifice large numbers of innocent lives to refine a blood banner or a soul banner. Cang Wu was not one of those warriors, but he had once killed a Supremacy that cultivated in such unorthodox techniques. He later took that Supremacy's blood banner as his own. Over the years, Cang Wu had killed numerous enemies. He used their flesh and blood as sacrifices to the blood banner.

Now that Yi Yun had torn through Poison Demon with the Heretical God Fire Seed, there was nothing to stop him. Cang Wu threw out the blood banner, and it transformed into a blood cloud that spanned ten thousand feet in a bid to block Yi Yun's strike.

At that moment, Ling Xie'er was embroiled with Poison Demon and was unable to help Yi Yun. Moments before Yi Yun slammed into the seemingly endless blood cloud, a thunderous shriek emitted from Yi Yun's body. It was as though a True Dragon had awoken in him.

He did not strike out with his sword, but instead took a deep breath. His chest expanded like a balloon as the power of his life force gathered in his dantian. When it reached its limit, Yi Yun suddenly opened his mouth and emitted a bellow that contained all his might!

Roar—!

A dragon's roar transmitted out of Yi Yun's dantian and filled every corner of the pocket world!

This was the Truths of the Ascending Dragon from the 'Dragon Emperor Technique.' It stimulated the Dragon Emperor bloodline within the body and issued out a roar that could shake the world and shatter stars!

Back when Yi Yun digested the Dragon Emperor Relic, he had released a dragon's roar in the Concealed Dragon Cauldron. It caused the surrounding Myriad God Ridge disciples' blood to surge. The weaker ones like Arched Brows even spat out blood as a result. Following that, it forced open the Concealed Dragon Cauldron's lid, caused the entire astral fire array to shatter, and cracked many of the personal disciples' dantians!

Back then, Yi Yun's roar had emanated in every direction without any focus. But now, his roar was concentrated with the 'Dragon Emperor Technique,' materializing into golden Words of Truth that blasted straight at Cang Wu!

Yi Yun felt refreshed from that bellow. In his previous battles, he would rely on his laws and sword techniques. Although they were powerful, he had never felt the ardor and zeal that came from a roar that was powered by the full stimulation of his vital potential through the use of his physical body's strength.

Boom!

Yi Yun's bellow dissipated the blood cloud that spanned ten thousand feet. The roar did not lose momentum as it continued on towards Cang Wu. Cang Wu felt massive reverberations run through his body as his protective Yuan Qi quaked violently like a tumbling kite in a squall. Cang Wu was alarmed. There was such an attack!?

Bouts between warriors were usually a competition of laws and moves. Yet, Yi Yun had attacked with a roar. Furthermore, his roar contained such immense power. The roar was not as simple as a sound wave that was formed from the air. No matter how strong a basic sound wave was, it could at best rupture eardrums. However, Yi Yun's roar was a sound wave formed from Yuan Qi. Contained within was the supreme might of a dragon. The roar's powers made Cang Wu's lifeblood quake in a resonating fashion. His organs felt like they were about to explode!

Cang Wu retreated in panic. And at that moment, Yi Yun took another deep breath. His body expanded in a more exaggerated manner than before. His bones, flesh and fascial tissue expanded outwards, as though his entire body had increased twice in size.

"Roar—!"

As though the world was rent asunder, with the crashing of tidal waves through space, Yi Yun's voice manifested into something corporeal. There was a faint phantom image of a divine dragon within the sound blast! The dragon was roaring, injected with Yi Yun's surging vital potential! Yi Yun's roar had truly produced a dragon. A divine dragon had flown out of Yi Yun's body, and it charged straight at Cang Wu.

"Chi La!"

With an ear-piercing sound of torn cloth, the blood banner in Cang Wu's hand failed to withstand the shout. It tore apart! The countless blood specters and ghouls that were trapped in the banner were reduced to ash by Yi Yun's bellow. After so long, they were released from the suffering of being confined by the banner.

As he was forced into a corner by the roar, Cang Wu struck out with Ghost Slayer with all his might, causing Ghost Slayer to emanate black waves. He had never experienced such an attack before. All he could do was inject his Yuan Qi into Ghost Slayer and attempt to use his Slicing laws to resist Yi Yun's Truths of the Ascending Dragon.

"Boom!"

The Slicing laws clashed with the Truths of the Ascending Dragon. The Yuan Qi sound wave was constantly sliced apart, dissipating most of its strength. However, the mighty True Dragon phantom image in the Truths of the Ascending Dragon continued

its charge into Cang Wu's body.

Cang Wu's dantian quaked as he spat out a mouthful of blood. He was injured! At the same time, Yi Yun came right in front of Cang Wu with a sword in hand!

"Die!"

Yi Yun thrust out his sword, aimed straight at Cang Wu's heart. He did not give Cang Wu any chance! Cang Wu felt reverberations through his soul when he saw Yi Yun's strike coming at him!

Why? Why was he still able to produce such a powerful strike?

The roar from before was powered by Yi Yun's lifeblood. It had stimulated his vital potential, and the strike he was using now was powered by laws. The two forces did not conflict and so Yi Yun was able to use all his strength for both attacks.

But Cang Wu was different. He had used his Yuan Qi to withstand the Truths of the Ascending Dragon. Having used up all his strength on that strike, he was a spent force and was a lot weaker.

Cang Wu defended with Ghost Slayer, sending gray ripples out. Cang Wu's Slicing laws were still there but much weaker than before. And at the same time, Yi Yun conjured a 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence in the sword. Inside the black spinning wheel, countless gods and demons appeared from within! As the Slicing laws were greatly weakened by the lack of Yuan Qi, how could it

defend against the Universe's Great Dao of Supremacy that was the Major Destruction forces?

"Boom! Boom! Boom!"

The gray waves were crushed by the spinning 10000 Demon Wheel of Existence. Even the sword in Yi Yun's hand shook violently. The power of Major Destruction was so immense that even his own weapon could not withstand it.

Yi Yun sensed the sword's quivering. Although Arched Brows's sword was a treasure that the Song family spent a lot of resources on, it was still unable to withstand Yi Yun's power.

"Hold on a little while. If you withstand the Major Destruction laws, it will be a baptism for your body as a sword. You will undergo a metamorphosis!"

Yi Yun roared as the indomitable strike came thrusting forward. The strike tore through the void, eviscerating everything in its path. Cang Wu no longer had the means to withstand Yi Yun's strike. Powered by a force that could destroy all entities, the sword tore through the last bit of Cang Wu's protective Yuan Qi like it was ripping through a portrait. Following that, Cang Wu's chest was penetrated!

"Puah!"

The blade pierced his body and came out his back. Cang Wu's

body was injected with the powers of Destruction, grinding his heart into dust instantly!

With no heart to hold it in, Cang Wu's blood sprayed out uncontrollably. Cang Wu was petrified as he looked at the sword jutting out of his chest before looking at Yi Yun again. His face was filled with disbelief. In that moment, time seemed to freeze for Cang Wu.

At death's doorstep, countless memories flashed through Cang Wu's mind. He was extremely ambitious and had endured his time in the Myriad God Ridge for thousands of years. He was bent on becoming a mighty figure of the Calm Sea and eventually step out of it and into the Sinkhole. He wanted to be a top expert that could influence the Sinkhole!

Just fifteen minutes ago, he had seen the Ascending Dragon Cauldron open for an instant. He believed that he was just an arm's length away from his life's goal, but he never expected that the decision to enter the Ascending Dragon Cauldron would result in his death.

"Is this how it ends for me..."

Through the din of the chaotic Yuan Qi storms, Cang Wu clearly heard the sound of his blood flowing out. The excruciating pain from the empty cavity in his chest where his heart should have been left him suffocated.

Yi Yun's strike had destroyed all of Cang Wu's ambitions with its

Major Destruction laws.

Cang Wu felt indignant and pained. However, none of it had any further meaning. Yi Yun sliced up diagonally, slashing open Cang Wu's throat and jaw, and releasing the sword from Cang Wu's body!

The sword was stained with fresh blood. Yi Yun did not look at Cang Wu. Instead, he looked at the sword. It was already filled with cracks. Yi Yun shook his head. "You are still too ordinary."

When Cang Wu heard that, his soul sea flinched. He knew that Yi Yun's words were not meant for him but for the sword. Yi Yun did not even look at him as he died. That was because Yi Yun did not even treat him as a powerful opponent.

This dismissiveness made Cang Wu feel extremely depressed. He had worked hard for thousands of years and yet his death lacked any meaning. He wasn't even shown respect by his opponent.

"Pa! Pa! Pa!"

At that moment, the sword in Yi Yun's hand shattered, causing remnants of it to fall from the sky.

The sword was ultimately unable to withstand a clash between entities at the level of Supremacy. Over time, a weapon could undergo a transformation after being forged by supreme laws. This was why the weapons intrinsic to some mighty figures would be

nourished by them for millions of years, eventually becoming a peerless divine weapon.

The scene of the sword shattering, sending out its scattering fragments, was the final thing Cang Wu saw in the world. Most of his organs and meridians had been destroyed by the Major Destruction laws. His flames of vitality were extinguished and what was left of his body plummeted down from the sky, with the sword fragments as companions for his final journey...

Chapter 1290: Earthen Jar

"Peng!"

Cang Wu's lifeless body dropped listlessly to the bottom of the bronze cauldron.

Yi Yun also descended and with a beckon of his hand, Cang Wu's interspatial ring flew to him. Yi Yun was rather interested in Cang Wu's possessions.

Other than that, Yi Yun also saw a jar beside Cang Wu's hand. It was blackish-green in color and looked like a piece of inferior-grade pottery made by ordinary commoners. It appeared inconspicuous.

Yi Yun held the jar in hand and found it very heavy. The small jar seemed to weigh more than fifty kilograms. There were engraved patterns on the side of the jar that resembled a swimming fish circling around an eye.

Yi Yun turned his head and saw that the Poison Demon was still in the sky.

It had bared its fangs and flashed its claws previously. Now, it was barely holding up under Ling Xie'er's relentless assault. Cang Wu's death had not hurt it in any way.

When it noticed that Yi Yun was looking at him and that his

master was dead, coupled with the adorable little girl who was oddly as mighty as a tiger, the Poison Demon felt despair. It desperately tried to escape but the Ascending Dragon Cauldron was sealed shut. Its interior could fit a ten-thousand-meter mountain but with the jar in Yi Yun's hand, where else could it escape to?

"Xie'er, hold on a minute," Yi Yun said. Xie'er immediately stopped her attacks. Once the boisterous Heretical Fire retreated, the Poison Demon's true body was revealed. It had been charred black in several spots and looked miserable.

"Come down here!" Yi Yun commanded.

Poison Demon seemed to have an idea as it roared a few times, acting as though it did not understand human speech.

"Brother Yi Yun wants you down there. Did you not hear him?" Ling Xie'er's tiny face turned sullen as the Heretical God Fire Seed blazed in her hand and slowly crept towards Poison Demon.

Poison Demon was truly afraid as it hurriedly said, "Don't do it! Don't! I'm going down right now!"

As Poison Demon spoke, its body shrunk into the shape of a black tiger as it landed in front of Yi Yun.

It was many times bigger than an ordinary tiger. Although it looked ferocious, it had a crafty pair of eyes. It was a little afraid of Yi Yun, and it was secretly staring at the jar in Yi Yun's hand.

Yi Yun played with the jar. He sensed that the earthen jar was something extraordinary. It was definitely a huge opportunity for Cang Wu to receive it.

"What is your origin?" Yi Yun asked Poison Demon.

"You could say that I do not have any origins. I'm just a jar of poison that gained sentience."

Poison Demon gave a simple answer. Its voice was strange, bright but deep. It seemed to echo in the ears like metal colliding.

"In that case, you are useless. Xie'er, burn it!"

Yi Yun sealed the earthen jar's lid shut and beckoned to Xie'er.

"Alright, Brother Yi Yun." Xie'er was not vague at all. She would set anyone ablaze if it was what Yi Yun wanted.

"Wait! Wait!" Poison Demon jumped in fright as it hurriedly said, "No, you will regret it if you do something like that."

"You are terribly weak and you do not have any spectacular origins. What's there to regret?" Yi Yun said nonchalantly.

Poison Demon turned depressed upon hearing that. "Human, you call me weak? It's only because that lass is too powerful! Besides,

fire counters poison, to begin with. Even I was almost burnt to nothing. If it were any ordinary poisonous entity, they would have been burned to nothingness by that monstrous lass."

Poison Demon felt disgruntled. Yi Yun smiled faintly. What he said was entirely true. Fire was strong against poison and the Heretical God Fire Seed's origins were terrifying. Even the Empyrean Cleansing Flame had been devoured by it. For Poison Demon to last that long in a battle with Ling Xie'er was actually an impressive feat.

Yi Yun examined the earthen jar in his hand again. The eye that was surrounded by the fish captured his attention. The more he looked at it, the more terrifying it appeared. It seemed to be an infinite abyss that could suck in a human's soul.

"A word of caution, don't look at it for too long," said Poison Demon suddenly. "That pattern is extremely malevolent. Look at it for too long, and your soul will be damaged. You'll find your mind and soul getting stuck in it, losing yourself in the process."

"Oh? So... you were not a part of this earthen jar originally?" Yi Yun looked at Poison Demon. If Poison Demon was one with the jar, it would have been under Poison Demon's control. It wouldn't necessitate such a warning.

"Since you are so informed, do you know the origins of this jar?" asked Yi Yun again.

Poison Demon was taken aback. It never expected that a passing

comment would allow Yi Yun to infer this much. It was indeed not related to the jar. "Since it was a vessel for my esteemed self, I naturally understand it a little."

"Did I ask you about your origins?"

Yi Yun pursued the issue. Poison Demon did not seem willing to mention the origins of the jar. It hesitated, not saying a word. Yi Yun frowned. "There is a limit to my patience."

Poison Demon finally gave up and said, "It's actually an urn for ashes..."

"Ashes?"

Yi Yun was surprised. He never expected that the jar was for storing ashes. Despite the extraordinary intricacies of the jar, it was used to store ashes. Yi Yun could not say who would go to that much trouble.

"Do you know its owner?"

"That I'm truly unsure of." Poison Demon shook his head.

"Then, how did you enter the jar?" Yi Yun asked again. If the urn had been placed in a mighty figure's grave, it would have been sealed. It wouldn't be easy to enter the urn at all.

"I was inside it, to begin with. The mighty figure who originally owned it died in battle. The person that fought him was even more powerful and was skilled in the art of Great Poison. After the mighty figure died, he was cremated but traces of the poison were left in his ashes. After a long period of time, the poison gained sentience and I was born."

Poison Demon explained its origins without missing a beat. It was unwilling to mention it as it seemed inglorious to be born from an urn of ashes. Back when it told Cang Wu of its origins, his account was that he was formerly a Godly Monarch.

But in front of Yi Yun, it finally decided to give an honest account. Bragging could end its life.

"To think he was poisoned to death..."

Yi Yun gasped lightly. He never expected Poison Demon to have such origins. A mighty figure that used such an urn would have an extraordinary background. An existence that could kill him would only be more terrifying.

It was hard to imagine the existence that was capable of using the art of Great Poison. After the mighty figure had been poisoned to death, he was cremated. The flames that could cremate such a mighty figure's corpse had to be some extraordinary fire. Yet, the poison was not burned away and lived on in the ashes. It even managed to gain sentience after hundreds of millions of years.

"Do you know who the person that used the art of Great Poison

was?" asked Yi Yun. He knew that poison was not limited to poison from plants or animals. The art of Great Poison was recorded in the divine alchemist's notes. When a world, or even the universe, was on the cusp of destruction, there would be the emergence of Apocalyptic Fumes. Apocalyptic Fumes were actually a form of poison that could corrode a world.

Poison Demon shook its head and said, "I do not know. Before I gained sentience, I was always in a primordial state of chaos. I do not remember those events in detail..."

Chapter 1291: Poison Demon's Origins

Yi Yun did not doubt Poison Demon's words. One would not have any consciousness before developing sentience, so it was natural that it did not know who the two combating parties were.

Yi Yun looked at Poison Demon and asked, "In that case, did you absorb the energy within the skeleton?"

In fact, although Poison Demon was born out of the art of Great Poison, it now had little to do with the supreme existence. After all, the poison had undergone the refinement of divine fire and spent hundreds of millions of years absorbing the worldly essence and the energy within the mighty figure's skeleton. It had long undergone metamorphic changes.

Even that person that used the art of Great Poison would not have expected that the poison he used would gain sentience after hundreds of millions of years of evolution. Such an event required all sorts of fortuitous occurrences.

The black tiger nodded. With so much time having passed, the ashes in the earthen jar had dissipated completely. A portion of its energy had fused into Poison Demon, allowing its body to have an insidious, specterish aura.

"Then you truly live up the description of being insidiously poisonous." Yi Yun smiled. He flipped his hand and put away the jar. It was definitely not some simple funeral urn. It could even be an artifact that a mighty figure used back when he was alive.

"Hey, how do you plan on dealing with me?"

After explaining his origins, the black tiger turned listless. It drooped its head and looked to be dispirited. Just Ling Xie'er alone could destroy it, much less Yi Yun.

Yi Yun stroked his chin. From the point of view of people that followed orthodox teachings, Poison Demon was no doubt a sinister entity. But Yi Yun did not mind it. He said, "If you're willing to be used by me, I can nurture you but you have to sign a soul contract."

Yi Yun did not intend to destroy Poison Demon. It had proved its extraordinariness by being able to gain sentience. Furthermore, for such a divine item to be born, it had to undergo hundreds of millions of years of evolution coupled with countless fortuitous opportunities. It would be quite a pity to destroy it after it had gone through such an arduous process.

"Sign a soul contract? What are the terms?" Poison Demon was very careful. Although it was afraid of death, it was unwilling to just sign a contract that handed control of its soul to another party. That would be no different from being a puppet.

"Very simple. You just cannot betray me. Serve me for ten thousand years and, after that, you'll have the freedom to decide on what to do next."

Poison Demon was unlike Ling Xie'er. Yi Yun trusted her

completely but did not trust Poison Demon at all.

"Ten thousand years?" Poison Demon's eyes lit up. To the long-lived Poison Demon, ten thousand years was nothing. Besides, as long as it did not betray Yi Yun, it would have freedom of its own mind and soul. The terms of the contract were also rather relaxed, so it would not be used and abused like a puppet.

Poison Demon clenched its teeth and said, "I accept."

"Alright!"

Yi Yun immediately conjured a soul mark that landed in Poison Demon's soul. It did not resist and willingly accepted it.

Yi Yun was adept at alchemy and the 'Dragon Emperor Technique' required him to seek out materials to refine pills. Perhaps Poison Demon would give him some unexpected help with that...

...

At that moment, the Myriad God Ridge disciples were still waiting for news of Myriad God Patriarch. However, the spatial node remained silent. No one had returned.

Many people were also paying close attention to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. Unfortunately, their perceptions could not penetrate the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, so none of them knew

what was happening inside.

"It's been thirty minutes. I wonder how Martial Uncle Cang Wu fared in there."

People were curious as to why Cang Wu was spending so much time inside the cauldron. Logically speaking, he should have finished Yi Yun a while ago.

An elder from the Song family said, "Cang Wu has probably destroyed Yi Yun, and now he's examining the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. It's unknown what he can figure out. Although I don't think Cang Wu can refine the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for himself, he can at least get the opportunities within. It really makes me envious."

The elder chuckled. Although there would be no benefits left for his Song family, Yi Yun's death was enough to alleviate the Song and Zhang families' anger.

Just as the elder finished speaking, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron trembled gently. Something was expelled from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

People looked carefully. It was a corpse that was covered in blood. It was an unsightly mess.

"Is it that little bastard's corpse?"

The Song family elder was delighted. However, when the corpse landed on the ground, he and the rest quickly clammed up.

Although the corpse was a mangled mess, they could clearly tell that the corpse belonged to Cang Wu from his build, attire, and severely distorted face!

"M... Martial Uncle Cang Wu!?" A personal disciple said in utter disbelief.

"Impossible... Martial Uncle Cang Wu has been killed? Did that punk do it?"

People found it unbelievable. Yi Yun was only at the fifth-storey Dao Palace realm while Cang Wu was a late-stage Supremacy!

Even if Yi Yun had obtained opportunities within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and made a breakthrough, it should've been impossible for him to defeat a late-stage Supremacy!

"He's dead..."

The Myriad God Sect Master scanned Cang Wu's corpse with his perception. Cang Wu's heart was gone so he could not be any more dead.

This made his expression sink. The way the situation had so quickly devolved into chaos was extremely terrible. Myriad God Patriarch was being pursued by a mysterious old man while Cang

Wu entered the cauldron to kill Yi Yun, only to end up being killed by Yi Yun.

"That punk has probably really refined the Dragon Emperor Relic. In addition, he has digested and absorbed it!" The old woman said. She found it unimaginable that the Dragon Emperor Relic that the Myriad God Patriarch found difficult to refine would be easily refined by a young junior like Yi Yun. Furthermore, he had consumed it in such a short period of time.

"If Cang Wu isn't his match, then doesn't that mean that most of us are not that punk's match?"

Many Elders came to this realization. Even as Elders that had lived for tens of thousands of years, they were still weaker than Yi Yun. They felt a sense of defeat.

Compared to Yi Yun, they were not only weaker than him, they had a shorter life than Yi Yun. Their future prospects were worse than his and they were closer to death than him. This comparison left a bitter taste in their mouths.

"Sect Master, what should we do?" A personal disciple asked.

Yi Yun was inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, and outside there was an expert. They were suffering from both internal and external troubles. The situation was extremely dire.

Myriad God Sect Master also felt helpless. He could not think of

any solutions but, just as he was about to speak, his body quivered and immediately, his expression changed drastically!

At the same time, the old woman beside him convulsed violently. She hugged her head with her hands and couldn't even stand straight.

"Sect Master, what's happening to the both of you?"

The people present panicked. At that moment, the old woman cried out and collapsed to the ground. The color in her face had drained and she was convulsing all over. It seemed like she was suffering from epilepsy.

The Myriad God Ridge disciples were dumbfounded from shock. In the present situation, both the Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman were their mental pillars of support. Now, the both of them had gone crazy simultaneously, with them completely unaware of the cause. Everyone was scared out of their wits.

Chapter 1292: Old Snake Returns

"Huh? What is happening to Myriad God Sect Master and that old woman?"

Inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, Yi Yun saw the old duo convulsing as though they were suffering from epilepsy. Furthermore, their vital and soul strengths were rapidly reducing.

The changes happened too suddenly. It made many of the Myriad God Ridge disciples panic.

"Senior Brother, quickly take this sacred rejuvenation medicine."

A Myriad God Ridge Elder took out a divine pill, one that he really treasured. If this were any other time, he would not have been willing to spare it for someone else's sake. But now they were trapped in a pocket world and sealed in by Myriad God Patriarch. He could only pin his hopes on the elderly duo.

Myriad God Sect Master swallowed the medicine with great difficulty, but it did little to improve his condition. His vitality was still dissipating.

"Senior Brother, what's going on?"

The Elders asked anxiously. Myriad God Sect Master's eyes were turbid and he could not speak a word.

At that moment, an elderly voice sounded from the skies—

"Don't bother wasting your effort. It's useless to try and treat them. The slave seals that have been planted in them have shattered. Their vitalities are beginning to wither away."

Everyone felt a jolt as they looked up. They saw that the spatial node that was high in the sky had been ruptured, transforming into a huge black hole. A gray-shirted elder strode out of the hold and he was obviously the one who just spoke.

"Peng!"

The elder landed on the ground, drawing everyone's gaze. He looked ravaged and his clothes were tattered. Clearly, he had just experienced an intense battle.

When the Divine Lord Elders saw the newcomer, their expressions changed drastically.

"It's him! That mysterious person who was pursuing the Patriarch!"

These Divine Lords had accompanied Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman to aid in the battle, and as a result, saw Old Snake's face.

They naturally shuddered in fear when faced with the person who could send the Myriad God Patriarch running in defeat.

"He... He can match the Patriarch?" Some of the personal disciples were shocked beyond words when they heard that. The old fellow in front of them did not have any Yuan Qi fluctuations emitting from his body. He actually seemed to have a very normal foundation. From the looks of it, he was an old scammer that had fallen off the martial path. It was unbelievable that he had such strength.

"He's unfathomable. Do not be fooled by his appearance." an Elder warned. His and the other elders' foreheads were beginning to break out into a cold sweat.

What the old geezer had said was alarming. Myriad God Sect Master was a slave of Myriad God Patriarch. They found it unbelievable but the tragic states of the Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman were proof of his words. This meant that Myriad God Patriarch had likely died at the hands of the old geezer!

Old Snake looked at the Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman and chuckled. He wasn't exactly a sympathetic man, so he thrived on the schadenfreude of watching the elderly duo's suffering.

He knew that the duo was already on the brink of death. They had no means to resist at all. Even if no one did a thing to them, they would slowly die in pain. Perhaps they might survive out of sheer luck, but they would lose all their strength.

"You... you... undying old fart..."

When the dying old woman saw Old Snake, she seemed to gain enough strength for a sudden last spurt of energy as she gnashed her teeth and cursed.

But at that moment, Old Snake suddenly stepped forward. His foot, enveloped in golden light, flashed like lightning as it stepped down on the old woman's dantian.

"Peng!"

With an explosion, the old woman's body jolted. Her dantian had been completely shattered and her energy collapsed. Her eyes protruded out as blood filled the vessels in them. She indignantly stretched out her arm, hoping to grab at something but eventually, her arm drooped down.

Following that, Old Snake was in for a penny, in for a pound, as he stomped down onto the Myriad God Sect Master's dantian.

"Peng!"

Another explosion boomed. Myriad God Sect Master's body curled up like a shrimp. His body convulsed violently as a bloody foam spewed from his mouth. He died right on the spot.

The elderly duo that had wielded firm control of the Myriad God Ridge for so long died in such an offhanded manner.

The Myriad God Ridge disciples around them were shuddering in fear. However, no one dared to try and stop Old Snake. A person that could make the Myriad God Patriarch run was not someone they could fight.

"This old geezer is terrifying. I wonder how he will deal with us..."

Many people took a subconscious step back. Against the old monster in front of them, there was nowhere to run in the sealed-off pocket world.

Old Snake coughed, his face showing signs of exhaustion. He turned his head to look around before finally landing his eyes on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. "Kid, aren't you coming out yet!?"

Just as his voice faded, the Ascending Dragon Cauldron trembled and a stream of light flew out from the cauldron's mouth, landing stably on the ground.

When the light faded, it transformed into the figure of a youth. It was none other than Yi Yun!

At that moment, Yi Yun, who had just broken through to the eighth-storey Dao Palace and battled Cang Wu, was like a lustrous unsheathed blade. He gave off an oppressive feeling.

"Senior, you are indeed powerful. Even the Myriad God Patriarch isn't your match!" Yi Yun said with a smile.

At the most critical moment, Old Snake had secured his safety with one battle. However, Yi Yun noticed through his Purple Crystal's energy vision that Old Snake was greatly drained after that battle. The exhaustion he had was not feigned. He was truly in a terrible state.

"Kid, you were off refining the Ascending Dragon Cauldron for yourself while this old man did all the hard work. All the benefits have gone to you," Old Snake said unhappily with pouted lips when he saw Yi Yun come out of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

He noticed that Yi Yun's cultivation level had reached the eighth-storey Dao Palace and knew that Yi Yun had obtained great benefits.

Yi Yun chuckled and said, "Senior, I had no other choice. It was you who said that the Myriad God Patriarch was not your match and that you had control of the situation. Who knew that something like this would happen? If I wasn't smart enough to create a way out of this dire situation, I would probably have been refined into medicine and eaten."

"When the time came, I knew you wouldn't have been able to find the pocket world's entrance. That old bastard would have refined the Ascending Dragon Cauldron and he would be more than enough to defeat you. And all would be lost. Furthermore, when you were fighting with that old bastard, didn't I use the Ascending Dragon Cauldron to destroy his Grand Sanguine Killing Array, which helped you greatly?"

When Yi Yun said those words, Old Snake felt embarrassed. He had truly been careless. The Myriad God Patriarch had nearly succeeded and, if that had happened, not only would he fail to get any benefits, he would also have led Yi Yun and his disciple to their deaths.

"Kid, what darn trick did you use to survive?" Old Snake asked out of curiosity.

He did not know how Yi Yun had sidestepped an old monster that was far more powerful than him in a completely sealed-off pocket world. It was indeed fascinating. If it were anyone else, they would absolutely be dead.

"I'll tell you in a while. This is for you." Yi Yun suddenly waved his hand. Something was thrown at Old Snake.

Old Snake caught it and looked at it. It was an azure-colored fruit.

The fruit was crystalline like jade and had a rich fragrance. It looked extremely appetizing.

"This is..." Old Snake's eyes widened. "A Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit!?"

Chapter 1293: True Owner

"The Nine Revolutions Azure Tree grows an inch a year. After a million years, it can grow as tall as a mountain, and after a billion years its crown will reach into the cosmos. It's one of the rarest herbs that can extend one's life. Kid, you actually managed to obtain this?"

Old Snake was indeed knowledgeable. He recognized the fruit at a glance.

"That old child was the one that wanted to refine it into a medicine. If I had not taken it, this fruit would probably be in his stomach now."

Upon hearing Yi Yun's words, Old Snake laughed. "That lass Chenxue sure has a good eye. She didn't think wrong of you. This fruit is really something great!"

Old Snake cherished life. He did not feel like he had lived long enough so any herb that could extend his life was something he prized. Especially a divine herb like the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit, for not only could it extend his life, it could even replenish his vitality. It would even help ease the injuries he had just recently received.

Old Snake played with the Nine Revolutions Azure Fruit and then threw it straight into his mouth. He effortlessly swallowed the fist-sized fruit whole.

Yi Yun was dumbfounded seeing this. "You ate it just like that? Aren't you going to refine it into a pill?"

"Eat? How could I bear eating it like that?" Old Snake swallowed the fruit with some difficulty before muttering, "I just swallowed the fruit whole and put it into my dantian. I'll use its vital essence to slowly nourish my dantian's wounds. In the future, I'll refine it gradually."

As Old Snake spoke, he noticed Yi Yun giving him a strange look. "Kid, what are you looking at!?"

"I say... you swallowed such a large fruit whole. Don't tell me you are really a snake..."

Yi Yun had been joking, hoping to nip at Old Snake but he never expected Old Snake to roll his eyes at him. He said leisurely, "I have some Soaring Serpent blood in me but it's not pure. It's the same with Snake Girl. Years ago, I noticed this helpless orphan who shared the same blood as me, and I took her in as a disciple. However, the heritage of our ancestors has long been lost. The cultivation techniques I cultivated in had nothing to do with our bloodlines. Women aren't suitable for cultivating my Combat Sacred Body, so I didn't teach it to her."

Old Snake had said all of that nonchalantly with a Yuan Qi transmission.

Yi Yun was taken aback when he heard that. It was the first time he heard Old Snake talk of the past. So Old Snake really was

related to snakes.

The five-elemental laws each had a corresponding divine beast. The Azure Dragon matched wood, the Vermilion Bird matched fire, the White Tiger matched metal, the Black Turtle matched water, and finally, earth was matched with the Soaring Serpent.

The Soaring Serpent had the bloodline of the Dragon Emperor. That fact was all Yi Yun needed to understand why Snake Girl's blood was able to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. It was not a coincidence.

"Senior, it's no wonder you want to obtain the Dragon Emperor Technique..."

Yi Yun was enlightened. Old Snake's ancestral heritage was lost. In order to cultivate in the paramount martial path, he naturally wanted the Dragon Emperor Technique that conformed to his bloodline. It was very likely that he had a strong desire to regain the illustrious history of his lineage.

"That's right. My bloodline made me have a special feeling towards the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. However, I have tried to interact with it in the past. My blood is unable to awaken the dragon soul within the Ascending Dragon Cauldron."

Old Snake shook his head. He was human after all. His bloodline was very far from the Dragon Emperor's bloodline.

"How are you going to deal with these people?" Old Snake suddenly asked.

When the Myriad God Ridge disciples heard that, they immediately turned nervous.

The old geezer in front of them was unfathomable. They felt immense pressure when facing Old Snake.

Yi Yun looked at the people as his eyes flashed with a cold glint.

He did not have a good impression of the Myriad God Ridge. After all, a crooked stick will have a crooked shadow. There were few people in the Myriad God Ridge that were good. Many of the Myriad God Ridge disciples in front of him deserved death!

However, Yi Yun did not intend to kill them. There were many experts among them and if they fought desperately together, it would be quite a problem.

Yi Yun said, "I do not make it a habit to let my enemies go. If I let you off today, it's possible that you would seek revenge on me tomorrow."

Everyone's hearts sank when they heard Yi Yun's words. It was not that they didn't want to make a desperate fight for their lives, but they did not know that Old Snake was injured. From their point of view, Old Snake was an unfathomable and fearsome existence. There was also Yi Yun, whose strength was not to be

underestimated. He had the ability to slay Cang Wu and had refined the impregnable Ascending Dragon Cauldron, allowing him to attack and defend easily. They felt that there was no hope for victory.

"I want all of you to sign a soul contract to submit to us. None of you are to betray us for ten thousand years! After ten thousand years, your freedom will be restored!"

This was the best solution Yi Yun could come up with. Ten thousand years gave them a glimmer of hope. A majority of people could tolerate such conditions.

Old Snake said, "That's quite a good solution, but only have them submit to you. Old me can't be bothered with having these people as slaves."

"Alright."

Yi Yun nodded. In a way, this meant that the Myriad God Ridge was now under Yi Yun's control. With such a large sect at his command, he now had a large group to do various things for him, such as obtaining information and searching for herbs.

Upon hearing Yi Yun's proposed conditions, all the Myriad God Ridge disciples fell silent.

Many people were agape but no words came out of their mouths. It would be fine if they submitted to Old Snake, but how could they

feel okay with submitting to a junior like Yi Yun?

However, if they did not submit, it would likely cost them their lives. With the submission only lasting ten thousand years, they just needed to bear with it. They still had a long road ahead of them.

And on careful thought, Yi Yun's talent meant that it wouldn't take long for him to become a Divine Lord. Furthermore, he would likely be unparalleled among Divine Lords. In that case, they wouldn't feel as aggrieved.

"I submit..."

An elder spoke.

With someone taking the lead, more people followed suit. The juniors agreed to it much faster. Although signing a soul contract was humiliating, at least they got to keep some amount of their freedom.

Meanwhile, the ones that were suffering the most anxiety were the Song and Zhang families.

The two family clans had targeted Yi Yun in various ways in the past. Now that Yi Yun was about to become the true owner of the Myriad God Ridge, they felt bitter. What would befall them in the coming days?

It was ironic when they thought about it. Just a few days ago, Feng Yunyang had become the successor to the sect master, attracting the envy of countless people.

And now, Yi Yun was the true owner of the Myriad God Ridge. It was equivalent to having the position of Myriad God Patriarch! He controlled their fates!

Back then, Myriad God Patriarch wanted to use Yi Yun as a refinement herb. But now, all that the Myriad God Patriarch had prepared was used for Yi Yun's benefit. Even the sect had become Yi Yun's. If Myriad God Patriarch had realized this before his death, his rage would probably split the pocket world in two.

One by one, nearly everyone chose to submit. Yi Yun planted a soul mark in their soul seas.

These soul marks were some of the mildest kinds. It was not like Myriad God Patriarch's which would cause the slave to die when the master died.

At that moment, Yi Yun walked in front of Song Zhanchen and Zhang Tianxing. The two shuddered when Yi Yun approached them. When they saw Yi Yun condense a soul mark, the corners of their mouths twitched.

They discovered that the soul marks that Yi Yun condensed were different from the others. When their perception connected with the soul mark, they were clearly informed of the contents of the contract. Not only did they need to submit to Yi Yun, their

thoughts would be controlled by him. Their life and death were also at Yi Yun's discretion. Furthermore, the period of their enslavement was ten times longer than the rest. A hundred thousand years!

This was closer to a true slave mark. The only difference was that it was not forever.

Yi Yun looked coldly at Song Zhanchen and Zhang Tianxing. He could not be bothered with asking for their decision. He did not have the patience. If they did not submit, he could just kill them directly.

Song Zhanchen and Zhang Tianxing's mouths twitched. They felt like their backbones had been extracted. If they were not burdened by their responsibility towards the Zhang and Song families, they could have acted in defiance. However, as things were now, their entire families could easily be erased from the Myriad God Ridge by Yi Yun.

They refused to watch their respective families, which had thrived for years in the Myriad God Ridge, be destroyed because of their mistakes. They had no other choice. They could only bow before Yi Yun and say, "I submit..."

Yi Yun remained expressionless as he flicked the soul marks out. The gray soul marks transformed into streams of light that flew into Song Zhanchen and Zhang Tianxing's glabellas. Their bodies jolted, and when they opened their eyes again, the mortification and indignation in their eyes had vanished. They were replaced with obedience and submission.

Chapter 1294: Origins Royal Seal

When the various Myriad God Ridge disciples saw how the two Elders, Song Zhanchen and Zhang Tianxing, were being mind-controlled, they felt a creeping sense of dread. They secretly celebrated the fact that, although they were hostile towards Yi Yun, they did not go so far as to lose all decorum with him. The Song and Zhang families set an example for what would happen if they did. Song Zhanchen and Zhang Tianxing had to sacrifice themselves just to barely ensure that their family clans would not be destroyed.

For warriors, death was preferable to becoming the soul slave of another person. Even if it did not last for all eternity, a hundred thousand years still dealt a huge impact to one's martial heart. Losing so much time would cost them any further cultivation breakthroughs in the future.

After Yi Yun was done with everything, he suddenly realized that two gray dots of light were floating from the dead Myriad God Sect Master and old woman's corpses.

These dots of light resembled two marks. The marks had dim lusters and they were beginning to dissipate into the surroundings as though they would soon vanish.

"This is..."

Yi Yun was slightly taken aback.

"They are Divine Lord Royal Seals," Old Snake said nonchalantly.

When Yi Yun heard that, he felt a jolt through his heart. "Divine Lord Royal Seals!? You mean to say that they are naturally formed from the worldly laws?"

Yi Yun long knew of Divine Lord Royal Seals. The difference, strength wise, between a Divine Lord with a Divine Lord Royal Seal and one without was great. In the entire Myriad God Ridge, only the Myriad God Sect Master and the old woman had Divine Lord Royal Seals.

When he heard Yi Yun's words, Old Snake rolled his eyes and said, "How can a divine item formed from the worldly laws be so easily obtained? It's like how you previously thought that the 'Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon' and the 12 Empyrean Heavens' divine canons were formed naturally from the heaven and earth. That's nothing but rumors!"

"Rumors?" Yi Yun's heart skipped a beat.

Old Snake shook his head and said, "There are Divine Lord Royal Seals that are condensed naturally from the worldly laws, but they are extremely few in number. They are very rare and nearly impossible to come by. So how could these two fogies have obtained one? Even if they did, they would have been snatched away by the Myriad God Patriarch."

"The Divine Lord Royal Seals that typical Divine Lords fuse with can be categorized into two types. One is formed by the warrior

over a period of time after they break through to the Divine Lord realm. The value of these Divine Lord Royal Seals depends on the strength of the person who condensed it. The weaker their nomological insights, the weaker the condensed Divine Lord Royal Seal. Many Divine Lord Royal Seals are unstable, to begin with. When their owners die, they begin dissipating. The two Divine Lord Royal Seals you currently see are examples of that."

"As for the second type, they are condensed by ancient mighty figures. When they broke through to the Divine Lord realm, the laws within them condensed into a Divine Lord Royal Seal. These Divine Lord Royal Seals become perfectly structured thanks to the laws. As a result, even after the creators pass away, the seals can be preserved for tens of millions of years or even hundreds of millions of years! Especially a Godly Monarch's royal seal. Many times, the competition over a Godly Monarch Royal Seal can stir up a bloody storm."

Yi Yun was dumbstruck for a moment when he heard Old Snake's explanation. So that was the case.

It was understandable on further thought. Divine Lord Royal Seals as he knew them were formed naturally from the worldly laws and the royal seals that belonged to ancient mighty figures could exist for a very long period of time. To typical warriors, tens or hundreds of millions of years was equivalent to eternity. Therefore, it was easy for the common warrior to have the misconception that seals were condensed from worldly laws from ancient times.

From the looks of it, Azure Yang Lord had used a royal seal left

behind by an ancient mighty figure and not a royal seal that was naturally condensed from the worldly laws. Otherwise, Bai Yueyin would have long taken away his Divine Lord Royal Seal. How could she have let it be taken away by Azure Yang Lord's enemy?

"Senior, these Divine Lord Royal Seals that ancient mighty figures condense may have perfect laws but they are ultimately someone else's. Isn't there a problem when fusing with one?"

Upon hearing Yi Yun's inquiry, Old Snake chuckled. "I know what you are thinking, Kid. You aren't wrong, what belongs to others is ultimately theirs. There will be all sorts of problems in trying to fuse with one. If you have the ability to condense one that matches or even exceeds the Divine Lord Royal Seals of ancient mighty figures, it will naturally be best to use your own."

"But how many people are capable of doing that? Feel free to challenge yourself!" It was a rare instance of Old Snake commending Yi Yun. "However, even if you can produce a perfect Divine Lord Royal Seal, it would probably still be inferior to an Origins Royal Seal that is naturally condensed from the worldly laws!"

"The Origins Royal Seal is truly rare. Obtaining one is fated according to the creator! Furthermore, an Origins Royal Seal does not conflict with a Divine Lord Royal Seal you condense yourself. A warrior can have more than one Divine Lord Royal Seal and the more they fuse with, the stronger they become. Of course, you must have the ability to fuse with that many royal seals."

As Old Snake spoke, he patted Yi Yun on the shoulder, "Kid, I

think highly of you. When the time comes, get a few Origins Royal Seals and honor this old man with one. I'll be able to share in your glory."

Yi Yun rolled his eyes when he heard Old Snake's words. The old fellow had just spoken a few things of importance before he began degenerating back to his flippant self.

"Don't roll your eyes. The Sinkhole has many opportunities. There are Godly Monarch Royal Seals left behind by ancient Godly Monarchs and there are true Origins Royal Seals. These can all be found in the Sinkhole. This is also why all the true experts in the 12 Empyrean Heavens choose to enter the Sinkhole at some point."

Old Snake's words enlightened Yi Yun. He did know of many experts that had gone to the Sinkhole.

In the history that Azure Yang Lord left behind, each Empyrean Heaven had seventy-two Divine Lords.

But later, when Yi Yun reached the Yang God Empyrean Heaven, he noticed that there were not that many Divine Lords. Ignoring the Central State Divine Territory, even the Myriad Divine Territory which was considered the core trading center of the Yang God Empyrean Heaven did not have Divine Lords that had truly fused with a Divine Lord Royal Seal. Among the people Yi Yun had met, only Huan Chenxue's old servant, Elder Mo, seemed to be a real Divine Lord.

If he could really obtain an Origins Royal Seal in the Sinkhole, it

would be perfect.

With this thought in mind, Yi Yun sighed gently. A genius like Azure Yang Lord was still limited by his realm and knowledge even back then. The 'Yang God Manual' and the Divine Lord Royal Seal that he treasured greatly were actually things that Bai Yueyin did not think highly of.

"I can be considered Azure Yang Lord's successor. I shall resolve all of Azure Yang Lord's regrets in his place." With this thought in mind, Yi Yun's will grew stronger.

"Senior, let's return to the Myriad God Ridge first."

"Alright!"

"By the way, what happened to Myriad God Patriarch's corpse?" How many Divine Lord Royal Seals did he fuse with?"

Yi Yun recalled the Myriad God Patriarch. If he had an ancient mighty figure's Divine Lord Royal Seal, it might be useful to sell it if he can't use it.

Old Snake shook his head. "That old bastard was seriously injured. In my final strike, he appeared to be disintegrated. All I found were some remains of a corpse."

"Remains of a corpse?" Yi Yun's brows pricked up. "Are you sure that the corpse belonged to that undying old fart?"

"Probably. I can't think of any ability of his that can survive my final strike. Besides... the two soul slaves of that undying old fart are dead too. By the way, isn't this yours?"

Old Snake threw an interspatial ring to Yi Yun. It was a brand new interspatial ring. Yi Yun's interspatial ring had shattered during the battle, but since the space within the interspatial ring was an alternate space, the items within were preserved even when the ring shattered.

With a thought, Yi Yun immediately sank his perception into the interspatial ring. An ice-blue sword appeared in Yi Yun's hand the next moment.

It was Mirage Snow!

With the Mirage Snow sword in hand, Yi Yun heaved a sigh of relief. "I finally have it back in my possession."

The sword had been given to him by Huan Chenxue. It meant a lot to her and if he had lost it, he felt that he would not be able to answer to Huan Chenxue.

After putting Mirage Snow away, Yi Yun frowned slightly.

Old Snake saw this and said, "Kid, I know what you are worried about. Ignoring the fact that the old bastard wouldn't have been able to survive my strike, even if he did slip away, he would

definitely be seriously injured. His injuries would be worse than the ones I received years ago. His cultivation might even be lost completely. He would be having a hard time, to say the least!"

Chapter 1295: Returning to Myriad God Ridge

When the Myriad God Patriarch took Yi Yun and all of the elders of the Myriad God Ridge away, the sect was leaderless. The Jade Emperor Palace had suddenly collapsed and many Myriad God Ridge disciples were unsure of what had happened.

Over the past few days, under the outer sect Elder's leadership, the collapsed Jade Emperor Palace's wreckage was gradually cleared. Many people were worried that the Myriad God Ridge had been attacked. With all the Myriad God Ridge's upper echelons disappearing and the power shockwave that came from the spatial teleportation array, they guessed that the upper echelons of the Myriad God Ridge had gone to fight an intense battle with an unknown enemy.

Quite some time had passed but there was no news of that battle. Even the battlefield was unknown. It left many people uneasy.

Then, one day, energy gathered in the sky above the Myriad God Ridge. Spatial dimension laws became chaotic as a result.

"Boom!"

The sky suddenly tore apart with a massive maelstrom appearing out of nowhere. Chaotic spatial storms surged out of the vortex.

"What is happening?"

The Myriad God Ridge's disciples had a drastic change in expression as they saw the Myriad God Ridge Elders appear from the vortex. They realized that it was a spatial passageway.

"The Elders are back!"

"Haha, they have finally returned safely. That's wonderful."

Many people heaved a sigh of relief. Those who had gone were the backbone of the Myriad God Ridge so if anything bad happened to them, the Myriad God Ridge would be finished. The ordinary disciples would also lose any protection they were conferred with and their good days would be over.

"I see my family head!" a junior from the Song family cried out. He heaved a sigh of relief when he saw Song Zhanchen return safely. Talk was going around that the Song family was in a precarious situation. It could not endure another loss.

At that moment, there was a loud boom. The spatial passageway that had been opened trembled as a gigantic bronze cauldron flew out. It was extremely heavy and its motions seemed to be something the spatial passageway could not withstand.

"Ascending Dragon Cauldron!" The Myriad God Ridge disciples naturally recognized the cauldron.

"Eh? Why don't I see Sect Master?" someone asked.

People noticed that the Myriad God Sect Master was not among the entering crowd. Myriad God Patriarch had disappeared but that wasn't a surprise. The patriarch was always mysterious in his comings and goings, but it was strange that the Myriad God Sect Master had not returned.

Furthermore, they were baffled that they could clearly see a youth stepping on the cauldron's lid, using it as his ride.

"Isn't that Yi Yun?" someone exclaimed.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron was the cornerstone treasure of the Myriad God Ridge. Typically, they would all pay homage to the Ascending Dragon Cauldron as though it was a god. But now, Yi Yun was stepping on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. How could they not be surprised?

However, despite him standing on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, the Elders present seemed to turn a blind eye. Instead, they circled around Yi Yun as though they were a myriad of stars surrounding the moon. It left everyone present dumbfounded.

What the hell was happening?

"Young Master Yi has returned safely too..."

In Sunken Moon Tower, Duanmu Qingwen watched the scene from afar. She heaved a sigh of relief after seeing Yi Yun finally

return. She had been constantly worried that trouble would befall Yi Yun since he had been imprisoned for such a long period of time. Numerous people in Myriad God Ridge yearned to see Yi Yun suffer.

"Family Head, what's happening?" asked Song family member. They had previously heard through the grapevine that Myriad God Patriarch had imprisoned Yi Yun and would execute him. They were looking forward to Yi Yun's execution as a way to avenge the Song family. But now, Yi Yun appeared alive and well. He was even stepping on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

"Family Head, why does that little bastard Yi Yun dare to step on the Ascending Dragon Cauldron..."

A middle-aged man from the Song family went forward and spoke to Song Zhanchen. This middle-aged man was someone that Yi Yun knew, actually. He was manager Song, in charge of the Myriad God Ridge's core disciple district's Miscellaneous Chores Department. Back then, he had transferred Zuoyan Xiaoyu away from the Sunken Moon Tower and arranged for her to be Zhang Wuchen and Song Bowen's maidservant. Yi Yun had gone to the Miscellaneous Chores Department to inquire about the transfer and he played dumb. In the end, he was brutally beaten up by Yi Yun, making him disfigured. He spent a lot of herbs and half a year's time to finally recover.

Song Yuanpin held a grudge for the humiliation of being beaten. He was waiting for an opportunity to seek revenge. He originally felt that it would happen soon, but this new, strange scene left him depressed.

Due to the odd nature of the matter, he had suppressed his voice. He did not dare to directly lash out. Only Song Zhanchen could hear him.

He originally believed his family head would tell him the reason, but he never expected that Song Zhanchen's expression would sink the moment he heard his words!

"You darn slave with eyes at the back of your head! What nonsense are you spouting! You must have a death wish!"

As Song Zhanchen spoke, he suddenly took a step forward and slapped Song Yuanpin in the face!

"Pa!"

The crisp sound of flesh and skin colliding was heard as Song Yuanpin cried out in pain. His body flew up for Song Zhanchen's slap was too ruthless. Song Yuanpin was spinning like a top in midair and even the flesh on one side of his face had been slapped into mush.

Before Song Yuanpin landed, Song Zhanchen took another step forward and kicked out, striking Song Yuanpin in the abdomen.

"Peng!"

Song Yuanpin cried out tragically and spewed a mouthful of blood. His body flew out tens of meters away, slamming heavily into a wall.

"Boom!"

The granite walls trembled as blood splattered on them. Song Yuanpin had been knocked dizzy by Song Zhanchen. His body slipped down from the wall and he was seeing double. He couldn't make out anything clearly.

He could not understand what was wrong with the words he said. Why was he brutally beaten by his family head? It wasn't even this bad back when Yi Yun brutally beat him up. He clearly sensed that his dantian had cracked from the family head's kick. It was truly a bad beating. His pitiful self had just recovered from his injuries and now he was going to be bedridden again. This time, he would be bedridden for at least a year.

The sudden act of brutality made everyone go silent. They looked at Song Zhanchen in shock, unsure why he had suddenly beaten up someone from his own Song family.

"Listen up!" Song Zhanchen spoke. "From this day forth, Young Master Yi will be the new sect master of the Myriad God Ridge! And from this day forth, the Myriad God Ridge will only have a sect master and no patriarch. The sect master will wield the highest authority in the Myriad God Ridge! In the future, all of you are to listen to Young Master Yi's instructions. Anyone who slights Young Master Yi will be dealt with according to the sect's rules. Don't ask for mercy, for this punishment is already

considered light."

Song Zhanchen had infused his voice with Yuan Qi, allowing it to reach every corner of the main peak.

When everyone heard it, they were petrified. None of them dared to believe their ears!

Yi Yun was the new sect master of the Myriad God Ridge!?

Furthermore, the Myriad God Ridge would only have a sect master and no more patriarch!?

Was Song Zhanchen mad?

The Myriad God Patriarch held an esteemed position. He held weight across the entire Calm Sea! Even if the Myriad God Patriarch had stepped down, Song Zhanchen could not just declare that the Myriad God Ridge would only have a sect master and no patriarch from that day forth!

Furthermore, why would Myriad God Patriarch hand the position to Yi Yun?

If he wanted to hand it over, he should have handed it to Feng Yunyang. Speaking of Feng Yunyang, where was he?

The people could not see any signs of Feng Yunyang. And when

they noticed how the Elders present had not objected to or protested to Song Zhanchen's words, as though they were silently admitting to what he said, the Myriad God Ridge disciples were completely dumbfounded. They felt like that they were experiencing a crazy and ridiculous dream.

"What are you standing around in a daze for? Quickly bow to our new sect master!"

Song Zhanchen urged them. However, people reacted slowly to his exhortation. They could not accept such a reality.

"Did you not hear what I said?"

Song Zhanchen suddenly went forward and struck out twice with his fists. Another two Song family members were launched like rubber balls. Those that had stayed behind in the Myriad God Ridge were weaker disciples, so how could they withstand Song Zhanchen's attacks?

They were beaten so badly that they spewed large amounts of blood.

Seeing Song Zhanchen burning with killing intent, someone cleverly and frantically bowed. He said, "Greetings, Sect Master!"

Although they were unsure as to what had happened, things had already developed this far. If they did not bow, they would be beaten by Song Zhanchen. It was unknown why Song Zhanchen

had suddenly become the loyal subordinate of Yi Yun. He did not show any mercy in his attacks.

"Greetings, Sect Master..."

Everyone began to bow.

Yi Yun felt a little speechless when he saw so many people bow before him. All he wanted was to return to the Myriad God Ridge. He never expected to see such a scene happen. He had never mentioned anything about a new sect master. It was all Song Zhanchen's own decision.

Perhaps due to the existence of the slave mark, Song Zhanchen had completely submitted to Yi Yun. The current scene must have been a result of this. It made Yi Yun sigh. A slave mark was truly oppressive!

Yi Yun did not think much of his new position of sect master. He was not interested in any of the formalities. He said, "There's no need for all these formalities. Do whatever you need to do. You are dismissed."

With that said, Yi Yun flew towards Sunken Moon Tower with the Ascending Dragon Cauldron beneath his feet.

Chapter 1296: Huan Chenxue's Entrustment

Over the past half-year, Sunken Moon Tower had been in a state of lockdown. There were many guards still stationed outside Sunken Moon Tower, under Myriad God Sect Master's orders, that previously watched Sunken Moon Tower and prevented Yi Yun from leaving.

At that moment, the guards saw Yi Yun approaching them on the cauldron, and felt stifled simply by the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's tumultuous might.

They had heard Song Zhanchen's words too. Although they were unsure what had happened, it was clearly not the time for them to be asking questions about the matter. They immediately bowed to the approaching Yi Yun. "Greetings, Sect Master."

At that moment, they were feeling uneasy. Over the past half-year, there was no lack of instances where they made things difficult for Yi Yun. If Yi Yun was irked by them, they were in for a world of trouble.

Yi Yun ignored them and went directly inside Sunken Moon Tower.

"Young Master..."

Duanmu Qingwen came forward the moment Yi Yun landed. She was delighted simply by Yi Yun's return but she never expected Yi Yun to suddenly become Myriad God Ridge's sect master.

Furthermore, all the important figures in Myriad God Ridge were treating him with awe and respect.

"Boom!"

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron landed heavily in Sunken Moon Tower's yard, filling its entirety.

Back when she was recruited, Duanmu Qingwen had attempted to awaken the Ascending Dragon Cauldron with her blood. The cauldron's draconic aura left the sort of impression that made her want to submit to it.

"Sorry for making you suffer for half a year," said Yi Yun as he jumped down from the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. He still lacked the ability to hide the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in his body.

Yi Yun knew that Duanmu Qingwen had accompanied him in his confinement for half a year and suffered tremendous stress. After all, there were rumors that said that Yi Yun would be eventually executed.

As Yi Yun's maidservant, Duanmu Qingwen's outcome would likely have been tragic once something happened to him. Zuoyan Xiaoyu was a clear precedent. Some people would vent their anger on the people around Yi Yun when they failed to get revenge on Yi Yun.

Yi Yun beckoned with his hand as the God Advent Tower

appeared out of thin air. Following that, a figure flew out of the pagoda, landing beside Duanmu Qingwen.

The girl was none other than Zuoyan Xiaoyu. Duanmu Qingwen was stunned when she saw Zuoyan Xiaoyu. "Xiaoyu, are you alright? Did Young Master... save you?"

Duanmu Qingwen was extremely shocked. She had previously heard that Zuoyan Xiaoyu had been taken away by the Song and Zhang families and believed that her outcome was likely grim. She never expected to see a completely fine Zuoyan Xiaoyu standing right before her.

"Yea, I killed Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen back then and saved Xiaoyu. As my killing of them couldn't exactly be made public, I hid Xiaoyu away."

Yi Yun explained the whole situation in a few words, causing Duanmu Qingwen's mouth to go agape. The situation of the time was a perilous one. It seemed like it would be impossible to save Zuoyan Xiaoyu.

However, on careful thought, Yi Yun had almost instantly become the Myriad God Sect Master. If he could make such an inconceivable thing happen, then killing Song Bowen and Zhang Wuchen millions of miles away did not seem so crazy in comparison.

"From this day forth, the two of you can stay in Sunken Moon Tower together. If the both of you are interested, you can learn the

Myriad God Ridge's cultivation techniques. I will be entering seclusion for some time," Yi Yun said simply. With Yi Yun's present position, Duanmu Qingwen and Zuoyan Xiaoyu would no longer be bullied. It was even likely that people would rush to fawn over them and place them on pedestals.

As for the Myriad God Ridge's cultivation techniques, Yi Yun thought nothing of them after obtaining the Dragon Emperor Technique. However, to the two girls, they were supreme cultivation techniques.

Zuoyan Xiaoyu and Duanmu Qingwen were immediately overjoyed as they said with a bow, "Thank you, Young Master, for your generosity!"

When they were recruited into the Myriad God Ridge, they were only outer-sect disciples. The perks they lacked stood in stark comparison with those of the core disciples. The cultivation techniques they cultivated in were only the more crude and trivial techniques of the Myriad God Ridge. They never expected to receive such an opportunity.

Duanmu Qingwen was extremely curious as to how Yi Yun had become Myriad God Sect Master. However, before she could ask, Yi Yun entered the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in a flash.

Now that he had the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, he no longer needed a seclusion chamber.

...

At that moment, in the wide open space of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron's interior, there was an old man sitting in a corner. He was focused on reading the nine engravings of the True Dragon.

Previously, Old Snake had ripped open space and led the crowd back to the Myriad God Ridge from the pocket world. Just traveling through the spatial turbulence took them nearly a month.

Throughout that month, Old Snake stayed inside the Ascending Dragon Cauldron to study the Dragon Emperor Technique.

He was already completely immersed in the Dragon Emperor Technique's laws and was almost in a trance-like state.

He originally had the Soaring Serpent bloodline and the loss of his ancestral heritage left him unsettled. But even the Soaring Serpent's ancestral heritage was far inferior to the Dragon Emperor Technique.

Although the Dragon Emperor Technique was profound and intricate, it was too difficult for Old Snake to cultivate in.

"What a pity..." Old Snake muttered to himself. "The Dragon Emperor Technique is partially a cultivation technique that opens up one's vital potential. Furthermore, to refine the relic, a large number of divine treasures need to be gathered. If I were to try and cultivate it now, I will have started too late... More than half of my lifespan has been depleted and there's little left of my vital

potential. And worst of all, I was once seriously injured. This makes it even harder for me to cultivate the Dragon Emperor Technique..."

Old Snake sighed. He was engrossed in reading the Dragon Emperor Technique but the various limitations left him disappointed.

"Senior, is there no way to cultivate it at all?" Upon hearing Old Snake's words, Yi Yun found himself pitying the old man. Old Snake had gone through so much effort for so long to obtain the Dragon Emperor Technique. He had even done all the work in the final battle with Myriad God Patriarch. He had paid quite a sizable price but, in the end, he could not cultivate in it at all. The old geezer was quite a tragic figure.

"I should be able to cultivate a little of it, but at best I can only cultivate ten to twenty percent. I wouldn't be able to cultivate a dragon. Completing the Soaring Serpent volume and cultivating an ancient Soaring Serpent bloodline would be the most I could do."

Old Snake shook his head. Perhaps to him, obtaining the Dragon Emperor Technique was mostly a sentimental thought.

"Senior, if you need any pills or relics, I can provide some assistance. I'm rather confident in my knowledge of alchemy," offered Yi Yun. Yi Yun was confident he could successfully refine most of the pills required by the Dragon Emperor Technique as long as the ingredients were available.

Old Snake laughed and said, "There's no need for that for the time being. Kid, although the Dragon Emperor Technique is good, it's simply cultivating the physical body to stimulate one's vital potential! Your nomological insights are extremely deep and your Heart of the Sword is very powerful. But you are lacking when it comes to your usage of Yuan Qi. You have probably never come in contact with such techniques. Didn't you ask me previously what that lass, Chenxue, wrote in her letter to me?" Old Snake asked. Yi Yun's ears pricked up. The letter was written in a language that Yi Yun had never seen before or recognize.

"That lass Chenxue gave me an overview of your past experiences. She had also analyzed the weaknesses in your cultivation. Having seen my best skill, she exhorted me to teach you the Combat Sacred Body."

Chapter 1297: Clear Lunar Island

"Oh? Combat Sacred Body?" Yi Yun's heart stirred when he heard that. He knew that Old Snake's Combat Sacred Body was a powerful technique. He had seen the battle between Old Snake and the Myriad God Patriarch with his own eyes. It was a dazzling scene, as though a god of war had descended.

"Hehe, Kid, I know that after you obtained the Dragon Emperor Technique, you probably feel elated with success. You won't think highly of ordinary cultivation techniques, but this Combat Sacred Body of mine is not a cultivation technique but a mystic art!"

"This mystic art is the greatest opportunity I have chanced upon in my life. The cultivation technique I cultivated in can't exactly be considered a good one. It's at the level of the 'Ten Thousand Fey Divine Canon.' If I had something good, why would I be so eager to obtain the Dragon Emperor Technique? But when I combined this ordinary cultivation technique with Combat Sacred Body, it gave me the ability to challenge a Godly Monarch!"

"Challenge a Godly Monarch?" Yi Yun gasped deeply.

"It was all in the past." Old Snake shook his head. He seemed somewhat wistful recalling the glorious days before he was injured.

Yi Yun remained silent. He knew how much Old Snake yearned to reach the peak of martial arts. He had suffered a serious injury and experienced a drop in cultivation realms as a result. Perhaps,

he had lost all hope of seeking the peak of martial arts. It would have been understandable considering the setback Old Snake received.

Old Snake believed that the Dragon Emperor Technique would be a turning point for him. Unfortunately, the Dragon Emperor Technique demanded the cultivator to have vibrant vital potential. With Old Snake's advanced age, it was difficult for his cultivation to bear much fruit.

Yi Yun secretly decided that if he could become a Godly Monarch, he would seek out means to help Old Snake and cure him of his injuries.

"I previously mentioned that the Combat Sacred Body is extraordinary because it augments other cultivation techniques. In the martial world, there are many kinds of cultivation techniques but there are very few mystic arts!"

"If powers exercised from a cultivation technique have a might of ten, then when augmented by my Combat Sacred Body, their might can become more than ten or even several tens! Of course, the higher grade the cultivation technique, the harder it is for Combat Sacred Body to enhance it. Perhaps it would only enhance the might by twenty to thirty percent. But for top cultivation techniques, just twenty or thirty percent is a staggering increase!" Old Snake said proudly.

Yi Yun fully understood what he was getting at. For example, if the Dragon Emperor Technique was enhanced by ten percent, just that ten percent was already more powerful than an ordinary

cultivation technique that was enhanced by tens of times.

"Kid, watch carefully. How much you can comprehend depends on your perception. This Combat Sacred Body isn't easy to learn. If you can't pick it up, then even spending hundreds or thousands of years would be pointless. And even those who can pick it up have to go through an arduous process just to obtain a little success!"

As Old Snake spoke, golden light burst out of his body. The way to teach Combat Sacred Body was very unique. Typical cultivation techniques came with textual manuals, but Combat Sacred Body had none. It required the teacher to demonstrate it directly. This also limited the heritage of the Combat Sacred Body. Such a mystic art could easily be lost to time.

Back when Old Snake learned the Combat Sacred Body, he had entered an ancient battlefield. There, the worldly laws had naturally recorded the scenes of ancient Godly Monarchs battling. Old Snake spent a century on that ancient battlefield and through watching the battle projections, he learned the Combat Sacred Body!

...

Time passed until, in a blink of an eye, it was summer. The Myriad God Ridge's main peak was filled with an abundance of greenery, with fields of flowers vying to be the prettiest. The array formation that had been stopped was reactivated, and Jade Emperor Palace was being rebuilt. The Myriad God Ridge appeared to be flourishing.

For the past few months, the Myriad God Ridge closed itself to outsiders to settle its internal affairs. It no longer held disciple recruitment drives.

Yi Yun also moved out of Sunken Moon Tower and into Jade Emperor Palace. The palace that symbolized the highest power and authority in Myriad God Ridge had been rebuilt with Mystic Numinous White Jade. All the Myriad God Ridge Elders had gone to great effort to ensure that Yi Yun was satisfied with the reconstruction of Jade Emperor Palace.

They carefully enshrined Yi Yun, who was the true owner. They were a lot more subservient than they were to Myriad God Patriarch, afraid that their days would be miserable the moment they displeased Yi Yun.

Yi Yun stayed in the Jade Emperor Palace for no other reason than that he needed space to control the Ascending Dragon Cauldron. The Sunken Moon Tower was too small while there was a gigantic square in front of Jade Emperor Palace. It gave enough room for the Ascending Dragon Cauldron to fly around easily.

For half a year, Yi Yun was still unable to store the Ascending Dragon Cauldron in his body. He felt helpless for he knew that the Dragon Emperor bloodline in him was not pure enough.

Although he was already the owner of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron, he was still far from being able to fully control the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

Just a month ago, Yi Yun had managed to barely use his will to shrink the Ascending Dragon Cauldron to a foot tall, allowing him to keep it in his interspatial ring. That was his limit.

The Ascending Dragon Cauldron was not to be underestimated. Every time he stored it in his interspatial ring, Yi Yun would feel the interspatial ring tremble as though the space within could not withstand it.

"From the looks of it, my bloodline is still inadequate. I need to remedy this as fast as possible. To cultivate the Dragon Emperor Technique, I must raise the purity of my bloodline."

Yi Yun made his plans. In fact, over the past half year, Yi Yun had been cultivating the Dragon Emperor Technique and Combat Sacred Body while also practicing his control of the Ascending Dragon Cauldron.

When it came to his cultivation of the Combat Sacred Body, Old Snake's jaw nearly dropped.

Old Snake had previously mentioned that very few people could cultivate the Combat Sacred Body, that it would be useless no matter how much one worked at it if they lacked talent. Even those with talent had to cultivate for at least ten years.

But in the past half year, Yi Yun was already able to inject the golden light into his arms and produce a portion of the Combat Sacred Body's might. Although he was still found lacking when

compared to Old Snake, his achievements could be used in actual combat. This was already the 'little success' that Old Snake had previously mentioned.

However, Yi Yun found it normal. Old Snake's Combat Sacred Body was masculine in nature, it aligned with Yang. Hence, it was only suitable for men. And with Yi Yun cultivating pure Yang laws and having a Nine-treasured Dao Palace, along with his high perception, he cultivated it for double the results with half the effort.

But Old Snake nearly could not accept it. The kid was great at making others feel puny. Back on the ancient battlefield, Old Snake was a high-spirited and peerless youth with excellent talent. Yet he spent a hundred years to comprehend the Combat Sacred Body. He was much slower than Yi Yun.

"From the looks of it, through my demonstrations, the Combat Sacred Body has already turned increasingly profound but easy to master. I have simplified the esoteric aspects of it! It was all because I gave such a good demonstration that you comprehended it so quickly," Old Snake said as he held his chin while looking at the almost blindingly golden light that shimmered from Yi Yun's arms.

Yi Yun was amused but he did not rebut him. As long as the old man was happy.

However, Yi Yun was somewhat interested in the ancient battlefield that Old Snake had previously mentioned.

He believed that if he could watch the clash between two ancient Godly Monarchs, he would definitely benefit immensely.

The Combat Sacred Body he cultivated was, in the end, derived from Old Snake's own comprehensions. If he saw the projections in person, he would probably gain more. It would also be truer to the actual Combat Sacred Body.

However, gaining entry to that ancient battlefield was not easy and not something he should have been thinking of at present.

There were many things Yi Yun needed to do. Just the cultivation of the Dragon Emperor Technique took up a lot of Yi Yun's time and effort.

Besides, Yi Yun also planned on heading to the Seven Desolates to confirm the news regarding Lin Xintong.

The Seven Desolates was Bai Yueyin's territory. He did not know what Bai Yueyin's cultivation level was, but she was definitely at a realm much higher than his. Yi Yun had a premonition that searching for Lin Xintong in the Seven Desolates would not be a simple task. In front of the massive entity known as the White Lunar Divine Empire, his strength was paltry. Every increase in his strength added a level of safety.

As Yi Yun was pondering over the matter, Duanmu Qingwen walked over. She gave a casual bow and said, "Young Master, an ambassador from Clear Lunar Island wishes to visit."

Although Yi Yun was already sect master, Duanmu Qingwen was used to calling Yi Yun young master. Her impression of Yi Yun was just too different from that of the typical old-looking sect master.

"Oh? Clear Lunar Island..."

Yi Yun naturally knew of the Clear Lunar Island. In the Calm Seas, there were a few powerful factions. Three of them, the Myriad God Ridge, Clear Lunar Island, and the Heavenly Pivot Chapter were equal. Ranked after them was the White Rock Conservatory.

Clear Lunar Island was situated in the vast sea and was based on a single island that spanned about five hundred kilometers. Among the few powerful factions, the Clear Lunar Island had the fewest disciples, numbering a few thousand.

However, the few thousand disciples were specially selected. Any random disciple of theirs would have talent most Myriad God Ridge inner-sect disciples could not compare with.

"What is the purpose of the Clear Lunar Island's visit?"

"That I do not know... Young Master, you are sect master so Elder Sun got me to inform you."

Yi Yun stroked his chin. Indeed, although he had become Myriad God Ridge's sect master, he had yet to act as one. Other than living

in Jade Emperor Palace, he was usually cultivating in seclusion. Any matters pertaining to running the Myriad God Ridge were left to the various Grand Elders.

However, for a sect that was Myriad God Ridge's equal to send ambassadors, the discussions could not be only left to the Elders. He still needed to be kept in the loop.

"Qingwen, let Elder Sun make the arrangements."

Chapter 1298: Clear Lunar Successor

Although the Myriad God Ridge had closed itself off from the world for the past half year, Myriad God City was not affected in any way. As a gigantic city that circled around the Myriad God Ridge's main peak, it was always a bustling place with streams of people coming in and out all the time.

Every day, people of all shapes and sizes would shuttle through the city, making Myriad God City nearly the most prosperous city in the Calm Sea.

One day, a gaily-painted barge cruised across Myriad God City in midair.

The barge was large and intricately beautiful. There was a palatial building built on top of it, and a mist lingered around it. It looked like an immortal's boat that had floated over from an immortal's paradise.

The barge directly bypassed the Myriad God City's gates without being obstructed. There was a clear crescent logo imprinted on the barge.

"Oh? Who are they? They were allowed to bypass the city gates?"

Although Myriad God City did not ban flying, bypassing the city walls for any entry and exit of the city was prohibited. One had to go through the city gate and undergo an inspection from the guards. A fee would also be taken, otherwise what was the point of

having a city wall?

But the barge in front of them had blatantly ignored this rule. Furthermore, the Myriad God City's guards made no attempt to stop it.

"You are uninformed. The ambassadors of the Clear Lunar Island are here. The Clear Lunar Island is a large sect that is of equal strength to the Myriad God Ridge, so it has special permission to enter a city in the periphery of the Myriad God Ridge without being inspected by the guards."

Clear Lunar Island's visit to the Myriad God Ridge was not a secret. They had sent a letter of visit a few days in advance and the Myriad God Ridge had long begun preparations to welcome them. Naturally, many people knew.

"It's said that a Deputy Island Lord and the Clear Lunar Island successor are in the visiting party!"

"Oh? The Clear Lunar Island's successor came too?"

Upon hearing the title, many people were stirred.

Clear Lunar Island was famous in the Calm Sea. To young men, Clear Lunar Island was nothing less than a sacred land. The reason was that Clear Lunar Island only recruited female disciples. As the disciples had great talent and were charmed daughters of heaven, there were naturally no unattractive ones. This gave Clear Lunar

Island a reputation as a heaven for men, something only found in dreams. If they could marry a Clear Lunar Island disciple, it would be the result of their good luck from several past lives.

If ordinary Clear Lunar Island disciples were already in such high demand, one could only imagine how the Clear Lunar Island's successor was viewed.

The talk of the town was often that, in the recent hundreds of thousands of years, every generation's Clear Lunar Island successor would have some vague relationship with other charmed sons of heaven during their youth. Most of these men came from outside the Calm Sea and were truly the cream of the crop. They were existences that made the Calm Sea warriors pale in comparison.

At that moment, the people of the city watched as the barge flew across Myriad God City and headed straight for the Myriad God Ridge's main peak.

The top level of the barge had an exquisite private room. It was piled with thick Heavenly Silk carpets and the furniture was made of Divine Fragrance Wood. They were extremely intricate and had the supposed effects of soul nourishment.

On a soft lounge bed, a girl that looked to be about sixteen lay half slumped. She wore light and thin fabric, with her arms and parts of her legs revealed. Her skin was delicate and her every move exuded gracefulness. From top to bottom, she effused a languid comportment that left one mesmerized.

In front of the girl was a woman that looked to be in her thirties. She had an ample bosom and a gracefully slender figure, making her look exquisitely dainty and ravishingly beautiful.

"Martial Aunt Ping, why did you bring me along on your visit to the Myriad God Ridge? You know I do not like such matters. I'm better off spending this time cultivating," the girl said indifferently.

Her voice sounded like the lingering tunes of a zither, exquisite and pleasant. She was none other than the successor of the Clear Lunar Island, Jing Yuesha. Forty years ago, she had been conferred the title of successor of Clear Lunar Island. She was personally taught by the Clear Lunar Island's Grand Elder and had gone on an experiential journey two decades ago. She spent eighteen years on that journey.

She returned to Clear Lunar Island two years ago, with her cultivation level greatly improved. She was not only invincible among peers her own age, but even some outer-sect Elders from the older generation would not dare claim victory against her.

She had enjoyed success from a young age and had unparalleled talent. It gave her confidence and indeed, she had the right to be arrogant.

The woman said with a smile, "The Grand Elder suggested it. The Heavenly South Peaks Meet will have quite a number of elites gathered. You will have the opportunity to get to know them and

see if anyone catches your eye."

Upon hearing the woman joke at her expense, Jing Yuesha pouted. She had no interest in such matters. "Martial Aunt, there is no need for me to have a Dao partner, much less rely on men. If I were to take over as Island Lord, I know I would be able to make Clear Lunar Island prosper and thrive with my own strength."

Jing Yuesha was an ambitious woman, so how could she rely on men?

The woman continued smiling but she did not say another word. Jing Yuesha was indeed outstanding. Even the Grand Elder had nothing but praise for her. Perhaps, she could really achieve her claims.

"We are about to reach the Myriad God Ridge's peak and meet the Myriad God Sect Master. When we do, try to appear a bit more humble in front of him. Do not be too rash, for we are guests after all."

"Got it," Jing Yuesha said inattentively. As she spoke, she shook her lustrous feet that were as white as jade.

Jing Yuesha had no interest in meeting the Myriad God Sect Master. Her impression of the Myriad God Ridge was that it was entirely too open when it came to accepting disciples.

She had heard that the Myriad God Ridge would open itself every

three days for a large-scale test as a disciple recruitment drive.

What did that three days mean? It meant they would recruit disciples more than a hundred times in a year. In comparison, the Clear Lunar Island only recruited disciples once every few years.

Despite being a powerful sect, the Myriad God Ridge recruited disciples like it was harvesting cheap napa cabbages. It was unknown how much riff-raff had been recruited. The disciples had extremely little talent as a whole, and there were many mediocre or ordinary ones. This stood in stark contrast to the Clear Lunar Island, which had less than a few thousand disciples with each disciple being meticulously selected.

It was for these reasons that Jing Yuesha thought lowly of the Myriad God Ridge. From her point of view, the Myriad God Ridge would definitely have fewer geniuses in the future if it continued on in this manner, eventually losing its position as one of the top factions in the Calm Sea.

The barge was extremely fast. As she conversed with her martial aunt, the barge had already landed in the square in front of Jade Emperor Palace.

Jing Yuesha gently floated up and landed softly on the square.

The tips of her feet did not touch the ground. All she did was hover slightly above the ground, leaving her unstained by even a speck of dust.

At that moment, there were a group of Myriad God Ridge Elders and personal disciples standing in front of Jade Emperor Palace's door.

When the personal disciples saw Jing Yuesha, they felt their hearts jolt. Even though they were accustomed to seeing gorgeous beauties, they could not help but be attracted to Jing Yuesha. It was not only because of her physical beauty, but that she also had a stunning comportment and beauty that came from within.

"Fairy Ping, nice to meet you."

The leading Elder was Elder Sun. For the past half year, he was one of the main Elders in charge of the Myriad God Ridge's miscellaneous matters while Yi Yun was in seclusion.

"You must be Elder Sun. Thank you for welcoming us." Jing Yueping replied courteously.

In fact, they did not know each other. The Clear Lunar Island and Myriad God Ridge seldom interacted, but before the meeting they had communicated through voice transmissions, so they were able to recognize each other from their Yuan Qi fluctuations.

"Fairy Ping, you are too courteous. My sect master is waiting for the both of you in Jade Emperor Palace," Elder Sun said as he gave a welcoming gesture to lead the way.

As Jing Yueping chatted with Elder Sun, she followed him at an

unhurried pace. As for Jing Yuesha, she scanned the Myriad God Ridge personal disciples present.

She had very high standards and typical geniuses hardly impressed her. She shook her head gently when she finished her scan. Indeed, due to the unbridled recruitment of disciples, the general standard of the Myriad God Ridge personal disciples was going from bad to worse. She did not even need to compare herself to them. Even a random core disciple of the Clear Lunar Island would stand atop these people.

Such a group of people naturally failed to stir her interest. She could not continue scanning and so she stopped as she had arrived outside the Jade Emperor Palace's main hall. The hall's doors were open but Elder Sun came to a halt when he arrived in front of them.

He gave another welcoming gesture and said, "Fairies, please enter."

"Oh? Elder Sun, aren't you coming in?" Jing Yueping was somewhat surprised. She believed that Elder Sun would accompany them throughout the meeting.

Upon hearing Jing Yueping's words, Elder Sun gave an embarrassed smile. "I won't be entering. Sect Master finds old fogies like us to be an eyesore. We tend not to disturb our sect master, so I won't be entering to be an eyesore. Fairy, if you have anything you need to talk about, just discuss it with Sect Master directly. I'll be waiting outside," Elder Sun said very naturally as though he was accustomed to it.

However, when the words landed in Jing Yueping's ears, she was astonished. The Myriad God Sect Master was truly domineering. Elder Sun held a rather esteemed position in the Myriad God Ridge and it was evident from the way the surrounding people treated him. However, Elder Sun appeared fidgety and horrified in front of the Myriad God Sect Master. It was a testament to how almighty the Myriad God Sect Master was.

Chapter 1299: Rules

The usual tradition in martial sects was that the Grand Elder and the sect's patriarch were the people that held absolute authority. As for the sect master, he was only an executive.

This was a result of warriors having extremely long lifespans. Some sects had patriarchs that lived for years and when they entered their advanced years, they would relinquish their position as sect master and hand it down to their disciples.

Many a time, the chosen disciple would become sect master. The other disciples would become Elders. There was a difference in their statuses, but it wasn't that great in the grand scheme of things. Few sect masters could make his fellow Elders fear him. That authority was typically reserved for the sect's patriarch.

"This Myriad God Ridge isn't much but its sect master sure puts on airs," Jing Yuesha said disdainfully through a curled mouth when she saw how the group of Elders and personal disciples waited from afar. From her point of view, the only reason why the Myriad God Ridge could be ranked as Clear Lunar Island's equal was because of its massive numbers.

Jing Yueping helplessly shook her head when she heard Jing Yuesha's words. She knew Jing Yuesha had very high standards and was filled with confidence when it came to the Clear Lunar Island's future. This made her think lowly of the Myriad God Ridge that was only going from bad to worse.

Jing Yueping said, "Do not underestimate the Myriad God Ridge's heritage. This Myriad God Sect Master has an unusual authority in the Myriad God Ridge, so he naturally must be somewhat special."

As they spoke, they went through a large door which opened automatically. They were greeted by a magnificent grand hall.

The hall was simply decorated but majestic. In the middle, there was a rectangular table made of Mystic Numinous White Jade. A person was sitting on a seat of honor on the other end of the table.

He was actually a youth.

A youth?

Jing Yuesha was momentarily taken aback. She could sense that the youth was not one of those old freaks that only had the appearance of a youth. He was definitely not old for she could sense endless and vigorous flames of vitality within him. It was as though his body contained unlimited vital potential.

Furthermore, his cultivation level was only at the Dao Palace realm. This was indication that he could not be that old.

Who was this youth who dared to sit alone in the hall? Where was the Myriad God Sect Master?

Yi Yun pointed calmly at the seats across him when he saw Jing Yuesha and Jing Yueping arrive. He said lightly, "The both of you

came from quite a ways away. Please have a seat."

Jing Yuesha felt like Yi Yun was acting as if he was the host, based on his casual attitude. He did not even stand up to welcome them or bow to greet them. This made her knit her brows slightly. Did this punk not understand that he was a junior? Who the hell did he think he was?

When Yi Yun noticed that Jing Yuesha and Jing Yueping had no reaction except to look at him, Yi Yun pricked his brows. "Ladies, is there something wrong?"

"Who are you?" Jing Yuesha asked. She was arrogant by nature and the tone she asked with sounded somewhat aloof.

Yi Yun naturally noticed the displeasure in Jing Yuesha's tone. He changed his posture slightly and leaned back onto the chair. He still did not stand up as he looked at Jing Yuesha nonchalantly.

Yi Yun did not conceal his gaze. It was one that displeased Jing Yuesha greatly. Having been the successor of Clear Lunar Island all these years, she had always been placed on a pedestal. She was used to having people fawn over her, especially members of the opposite sex. Most of them would be ashamed of their ungainly appearances. Many men clearly admired her, but none of them dared to look into her eyes because she was too dazzling.

As for Yi Yun, not only did he size her up brazenly, his look was a scrutinizing one. This made Jing Yuesha's expression turn cold. "We are here to meet the Myriad God Sect Master. How can a

junior like you think he can boss others around? Do the Myriad God Ridge disciples not abide by rules?"

Jing Yuesha lost her patience and no longer spoke courteously.

"What do you mean by not abiding by the rules?" Yi Yun countered with a question. Although the girl's words were offensive, he was not angered. He knew the situation with the Clear Lunar Island's successor. As an arrogant swan, it was normal for her to have such a reaction.

"The one who came with me is my Clear Lunar Island's Deputy Island Lord, Perfected Ping. As a Myriad God Ridge disciple, you should stand up to greet her. You should come to a halt more than ten feet away and bow, addressing her as Martial Aunt. Yet you sit there in such a wide, open stance. What sort of etiquette is that?"

Jing Yuesha was disgusted by these Myriad God Ridge disciples. They recruited disciples every three days, so it could be ignored if they recruited those of mediocre breed, not to mention low strength. But the disciples they recruited lacked even the most basic etiquette.

As for the Myriad God Sect Master, he sure was one to put on great airs. He had sent a rash youth with his nose in the air to receive them. Where was he?

Upon hearing Jing Yuesha's words, Yi Yun nodded and said, "You are right. When disciples of large sects meet the elders of other large sects, they should bow... You are currently about ten feet

away from me. It's time for you to bow. My surname is Yi. Just call me Martial Uncle Yi."

When Yi Yun said the first half of his sentence, Jing Yuesha's cold expression warmed up a little. She believed that Yi Yun would stand up and bow at her martial aunt. By standing beside her, it would be as if this punk was bowing his head at her. But when she heard the second half of Yi Yun's sentence, her beautiful eyes widened in anger.

She nearly thought she heard wrong!

This punk had not only requested that she bow, he actually wanted her to address him as Martial Uncle?

"Punk, are you still sleeping!?" At that moment, Jing Yuesha truly had the intention to attack him. She wanted to beat Yi Yun up, to make him search for his teeth that would be spewed onto the ground. In a way, she would be helping the Myriad God Ridge teach a disciple who did not understand the rules.

As for the Myriad God Sect Master, she couldn't be bothered anymore. Since he did not treat their Clear Lunar Island with respect, why should she give him respect?

Jing Yuesha almost went forward but Jing Yueping held her shoulder. She was older after all, and although she was incensed by of Yi Yun's lack of propriety, she suddenly realized an impossible possibility after analyzing the meaning behind Yi Yun's words.

"Young lad, what do you mean? You told Yuesha to address you as martial uncle... Don't tell me you are Myriad God Ridge's sect master!?"

Jing Yuesha was taken aback when Jing Yueping said that. Only then did she understand what she could not comprehend previously.

The hall only had Yi Yun alone. Previously, Elder Sun had respectfully invited them to enter to meet the Myriad God Sect Master; yet, they did not meet the sect master, only this youth. The only possibility was that this youth was the Myriad God Sect Master!

Upon realizing this point, Jing Yuesha looked at Yi Yun in disbelief. Her tiny mouth gaped and did not close for a long period of time.

How could this be possible!?

The Myriad God Ridge was a large sect that was ranked alongside the Clear Lunar Island and the Heavenly Pivot Chapter. The position of Myriad God Sect Master was prestigious and he held immense power. He controlled the lives of those that were within a radius of several million kilometers. But he was actually such a young youth?

Jing Yuesha had outstanding talent and none of her peers could match her. She enjoyed an esteemed position in the Clear Lunar Island and wherever she went, she was the highlight. But even so,

she was only the Clear Lunar Island's successor. She was at least ten thousand years away from inheriting the position of Island Lord.

But the youth in front of her was... already the Myriad God Sect Master!?

Chapter 1300: Heavenly South Peaks Meet

"Impossible. Although our Clear Lunar Island does not often interact with the Myriad God Ridge, we have heard that the Myriad God Sect Master is an elder quite advanced in age. How can that be you!?"

Jing Yuesha found it unbelievable. Although she did not make an effort to be up to date on matters regarding the Myriad God Sect Master, she had heard others describe him as an old man that was on his deathbed. His body had a cadaveric air to it, as though he was half a step in a coffin. That description stood in stark contrast with the youth in front of her.

"There was a change of personnel. Is there a need for you to ask something so obvious?"

Yi Yun no longer spoke courteously towards the arrogant girl.

"Change of personnel..." Jing Yuesha stuttered. Why did Yi Yun make it sound as simple as switching chefs at a restaurant?

"You are only at the Dao Palace realm and you can't be more than three hundred years old, right? Even if the Myriad God Ridge wanted to replace its sect master, it shouldn't have switched to a disciple as young as you. How can you become the Myriad God Sect Master?"

Jing Yuesha's cultivation level was lower than Yi Yun's but she could still easily determine his cultivation level. She could even

roughly gauge a Supremacy's cultivation level as well.

She could tell that Yi Yun was only at the eighth-storey Dao Palace. Based on the cultivation speed of Clear Lunar Island's personal disciples, the eighth-storey Dao Palace could be attained at the age of three to four hundred. That was way too young for a sect master.

Yi Yun was frustrated by Jing Yuesha's continuous questioning. "Did you only come to meet me to ask how I became sect master? As the Myriad God Sect Master, I'm your senior. Yet, you keep doubting your senior. Did the Clear Lunar Island not teach you etiquette or the need to respect your elders?"

"You..."

Jing Yuesha was dumbstruck by Yi Yun's tirade. When she toured the world on experiential training, she met members of the opposite sex that were her age. They yearned to exchange a few more words with her and even if she said something nasty, they would gladly endure it. Yet, Yi Yun was directly reprimanding her. She had never experienced such nastiness from a member of the opposite sex, so she was instantly fuming and aggrieved.

Yi Yun looked up to glance at Jing Yuesha. He could tell that the girl had been smoothly sailing through her entire life. She had been placed on a pedestal and was accustomed to being aloof. Yi Yun did not necessarily dislike such girls, but he would not be controlled by one either.

"You speak to elders in such a tone immediately upon meeting them. Is this how you behave in front of your Clear Lunar Island's Island Lord? Just a while ago, you demonstrated your understanding of etiquette by saying that my Myriad God Ridge's disciples do not abide by the rules. So why did you not bow to me when you met me?"

Jing Yuesha was close to tears from her anger. The most frustrating thing was that he had used her own words against her. And worse, she had no way to rebut.

Upon seeing Jing Yuesha's expression, Yi Yun suddenly felt that being the sect master of Myriad God Ridge had its perks. At the very least, he could teach others a lesson with firm reason.

Jing Yuesha's face turned red from the short exchange with Yi Yun. She could not utter another word and she felt that, in front of Yi Yun, she would only be bullied into a frustrated punching bag.

She was now certain that Yi Yun was the Myriad God Sect Master. It would be impossible for him to pretend to be the sect master for so long. If he were a fake, the true Myriad God Sect Master would have exposed him by now. This baffled her. How did a junior become revered by the other Myriad God Ridge Elders?

The Myriad God Ridge was truly crazy to choose a young punk as sect master. At this rate, it probably wouldn't take long for them to collapse!

"Sect Master Yi, please calm down. Don't tease Yuesha any

longer. It was impolite of her to question your identity. I apologize on her behalf," said Jing Yueping lightly.

Her tone was naturally defensive of Jing Yuesha. There was also no need for forcing Jing Yuesha to bow to Yi Yun as she would definitely not let her own martial niece suffer such a grievance.

Yi Yun stopped pressing the issue when Jing Yueping spoke out. He asked, "Alright then, what did you come here for?"

"It had to do with the Heavenly South Peaks Meet, but now that I see the youthful and uninhibited heroic spirit of Sect Master Yi, I believe you would not be interested in joining."

"Oh? What's the Heavenly South Peaks Meet?" asked Yi Yun casually.

Jing Yueping was left taken aback by Yi Yun's question. This Myriad God Sect Master did not even know of the Heavenly South Peaks Meet?

What sort of sect master was he? Although the Calm Sea factions did not typically participate in the Heavenly South Peaks Meet, it was something that he should have at least heard of.

Jing Yueping disdained Yi Yun in secret but politely explained, "The Heavenly South Peaks Meet is a grand meet held in the Heavenly South Great World. This meet has many events. Most important of all is the meeting between the Heavenly South Great

World and the authority figures of the surrounding Great Worlds' factions. There will be Dao discussions and martial sparring. Together, the profundity of the martial laws will be probed."

"There will also be a treasure exchange. Every party will obtain what they need and help to supply each other's needs."

"Other than that, there is an important itinerary. The young disciples of the various large sects will spar. The ultimate winner will be given handsome rewards. This is something that all sect masters of major factions will be invited to watch. They will act as judges, as well as give some pointers to the younger generation."

Jing Yueping finished her explanation. After listening to the itinerary of the Heavenly South Peaks Meet, Yi Yun figured out her goal in seeking him.

She had been planning to invite him to be a judge at the Heavenly South Peaks Meet's martial contest. They could also participate in the treasure exchange and even give lectures on the Dao.

To the Heavenly South Great World, the Calm Sea was relatively small. Although the Clear Lunar Island was participating in the meet, it felt it was lacking when compared to the larger factions of the Great Worlds. It wanted to rope in the Myriad God Ridge, making it appear mightier. If not, be it at the treasure exchange or the Dao lectures and martial sparring, they might be overshadowed by the local sects of the Heavenly South.

But for them to come to the Jade Emperor Palace with such plans

only to see the true Myriad God Sect Master, Yi Yun, they must've had a string of expletives running through their heads.

How could such a young fellow participate in the Heavenly South Peaks Meet? How could he be a judge? How could he lecture on the Dao or spar? Wouldn't it only make others laugh their heads off?

It was no wonder Jing Yueping had described him as being youthful and having an uninhibited heroic spirit, giving her reason to believe that he would not be interested in joining.

When he realized this, Yi Yun noticed Jing Yueping's solemn expression. She did not give it away, but Yi Yun knew that the old woman was probably cursing at all his ancestors. When she returned to Clear Lunar Island, just Jing Yuesha alone would probably make what had happened today a huge joke, much less Jing Yueping. The turn of events will likely be described vividly to the bevy of girls in Clear Lunar Island.

The disdain and criticism for him were inevitable. From Yi Yun's point of view, women had a gossipy nature. It was the same even for female cultivators. Furthermore, Clear Lunar Island was a place where men did not step foot in. He could only imagine how much gossip prevailed among the women.

"I wonder how they would demonize me."

Yi Yun found it amusing.

At that moment, Jing Yueping wished to stay there no longer. She did not wish to waste her time on a young punk, so she said, "I have long heard of the deep heritage the Myriad God Ridge has and its potency. Today has truly broadened my horizons. Sect Master Yi, you are truly an extraordinary young hero. If there's nothing else, I'll bid you farewell. It was truly quite a worthwhile trip to see Sect Master Yi's fine grace."

After Jing Yueping finished her words, she planned to leave without even staying for tea. Yi Yun naturally could tell, however, that 'young hero' and 'fine grace' were just sarcastic remarks. But he did not mind that. He said, "Fairy Ping, don't be in such a hurry to leave. Aren't you here to invite me to join you at the Heavenly South Peaks Meet? I'm actually rather interested. Being a judge or whatnot sounds fun. When does the Heavenly South Peaks Meet begin? I would like to get in on the action."

He could ignore the discussion of the Dao and the sparring, or the martial arts competition among the younger disciples. But Yi Yun was rather interested in the exchange.

As it was an exchange held by the Heavenly South Great World, it was possible that there would be all sorts of stunning divine treasures available.

Yi Yun also needed many rare materials to further his cultivation in the Dragon Emperor Technique. He was certain he could find a portion of what he needed at the exchange.